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## HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN ALL AGES.\*

THE history of modern opinion upon the subject of supernatural phenomena is a history of fluctuations. There is perhaps no point in the entire range of human knowledge or speculation upon which the England of to-day differs so entirely from the England of past times. Indeed, without some familiarity with our earlier writers it is impossible to imagine how deep and vast is the chasm by which we are separated from them with regard to this question. To quote an instance, the best authors of the sixteenth century were not only themselves believers in witchcraft—and witchcraft of the most degrad-

ed kind—but they accounted it a species of impiety to doubt its existence. That women could leave their beds, and transport themselves many miles through the air by the aid of evil spirits to be present at their nocturnal orgies, where the demons planned with them all kinds of mischief to the surrounding country, was a belief which holy and learned divines accounted it a sin to ridicule. Bishop Hall, in one of his soliloquies, discovers a proof of Satan's supremacy at that time in "the marvelous number of witches abounding in all parts. Now," he continues, "hundreds are discovered in one shire: and, if fame deceive us not, in a village of fourteen houses in the north are found so many of this damned breed. Heretofore, only barbarous deserts had them; now the civilised and most religious parts of the

\* *History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan: demonstrating a universal Faith.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. Two volumes. London, 1863.

world are frequently pestered with them." Baxter repeatedly refers to witchcraft and apparitions as furnishing convincing proof of the truth of religion. In the *Saints' Rest* he introduces them to confirm the believer's faith in the existence of a future state; in his *Reasons for the Christian Religion* he adduces them as an argument likely to convince those infidels who reject the evidences of Scripture, and acknowledges that he had himself been too incredulous of these things till cogent evidence constrained his belief.

Times have changed. In our own day it has generally been considered as no slight evidence of the divine origin of Christianity, that it has outlived such defenders and such arguments. The sudden spread of modern spiritualism seems to indicate a revival—whether permanent or only momentary, the lapse of time alone can show—of those ancient beliefs which writers of all classes during the last eighty or a hundred years have agreed to brand as superstitious. It is long since any professed champion of the Bible has ventured on the use of these rusty weapons, which Mr. Howitt and the spiritualists are refurbishing with all the enthusiasm of knight-errantry. One of the last who protested against the disuse of some at least of these weapons was John Wesley. The infidels, he said, had hooted witchcraft out of the world, and complaisant Christians in large numbers had joined in the cry, so that men of learning throughout Europe had given up not only the argument but the facts; but he for one would protest to his dying breath against "this violent compliment paid by those who believe the Bible to those who do not believe it;" for "the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible." Our living divines are of a different opinion, and go to the opposite extreme. A recent biographer of John Bunyan, than whom no one was a more sincere believer in these marvels, could not let the subject pass without asserting the superior science of the nineteenth century. "The world is grown too old, and the church too wise," writes Dr. Philip, "to dream or drivel again about the devils of superstition; these are all gone for ever with the ghosts and hobgoblins of antiquity—science and common-sense cast out these imps, and therefore no superstition can bring them back."

It is a reflection which can scarcely fail to occur to any one who is conversant with

the present aspects of religious thought, that this is precisely the kind of language which is now frequently employed respecting the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. That professed unbelievers should doubt or ridicule these miracles is to be expected; but it is a new state of things when avowed—and we doubt not sincere—believers in the truth of Christianity represent them as an element of weakness rather than of strength. The character of our holy religion, it is held, and of its Great Teacher, form sufficient proof of its divine origin; and it were to be wished that the miracles could be quietly got rid of, as unsuited to the intellect of a scientific age. It is secretly felt to be somewhat of a degradation to receive truth, which ought to be self-evidencing, upon the strength of supernatural phenomena. The sublime fixity of the laws of the universe is regarded as a grander proof of the existence and character of its great Author, than any occasional infraction of those laws can possibly be—just as a clock maker by his antics in moving the hands of the timepiece backwards and forwards, or in making it strike different ways, may afford huge amusement to children; but grown persons will rather estimate his skill by the regular performance of the machine, and the nicety with which it keeps unvarying time. Hence the anxiety which is now displayed by many defenders of Revelation to resolve miracle itself into the operation of regular law, though of a higher and more recondite kind than those physical laws which miracle appears to disturb. Hence the intimation—intended apparently as a sort of concession to that physical philosophy which has now been for some time in the ascendant—that, if we possessed a more perfect acquaintance with the laws of the universe, we should probably discover that these exceptional phenomena which theology regards as miraculous interpositions are in reality as dependent upon fixed law, and would be as accurately ascertainable by calculation, provided we were in possession of the requisite data, as the phases of the moon or the occultations of Jupiter's satellites. Hence the tendency to concede that, although the fact of the recorded miracles having actually taken place must be maintained, the old theological doctrine of special interference in regard to them may be only a result of our present imperfect acquaint-



ance with the higher laws of the universe—just as Crusoe's man Friday would not have attributed the scalding of his hand to evil magic, if he had known that water would naturally boil when placed over the fire; or as the savages of Guadaloupe, had they understood the rudiments of astronomy, would not have worshiped Columbus as a man supernaturally endowed because he had foretold the eclipse of the moon.

This is the doctrine maintained by Mr. Howitt, in the laborious *History of the Supernatural* now given to the world. At the same time, so far is he from accepting the conclusions of those who would get rid of miracle altogether, that he believes in the continuous presence of miracle. He

"intends by the supernatural the operation of those higher and more recondite laws of God with which being yet most imperfectly acquainted, we either denominate their effects miraculous, or, shutting our eyes firmly, deny their existence altogether. So far from holding that what are called miracles are interruptions or violations of the course of nature, he regards them only as the results of spiritual laws, which in their occasional action subdue, suspend, or neutralize the less powerful physical laws, just as a stronger chemical affinity subdues a weaker one, producing new combinations, but combinations strictly in accordance with the collective laws of the universe, whether understood or not yet understood by us."—Page 5.

These spiritual manifestations, in various forms, have been present, according to our author, in every age and in every country. The marvels of spiritualism are so far from being entirely new, that he is astonished at the profound ignorance of the literary world respecting similar phenomena which have displayed themselves, not rarely and obscurely, but openly and often, in past ages.

"So profound is the ignorance of the great subject of spiritualism, which is but another term for belief in the supernatural, in this age—an influence pervading all ages and all nations, wide as the spread of the sun's light, repeating its operations as incessantly as the return of morning, so thoroughly has the ocean of mere mundane affairs and affections submerged us in its waves—that if presented with a new phase of a most ancient and indestructible power, we stand astonished at it, as something hitherto unheard of. If our knowledge reaches yesterday, it is absolutely at fault in the day before. This has never been more conspicuous than in the estimation of

American spiritualism in this country. Because it has assumed a novel shape, that of moving physical objects, and has introduced spirits speaking through the means of an alphabet, rapping, drawing, and writing, either through the hand of mediums, or independently of them, it has almost universally in this country been regarded as an entirely new phenomenon. We still continually hear of spiritualism as originating in America within the last ten years. The evidence produced in this volume will show that no view of the matter can be more discreditable to our knowledge of psychology. Nothing can be more self-evident than that American spiritualism is but the last new blossom of a very ancient tree, colored by the atmosphere in which it has put forth, and somewhat modified in its shape by the pressure of circumstances upon it. In other words, it has burst forth from the old, all-prolific stem, to answer the needs of the time. As materialism has made a great advance, this grand old Proteus of Truth has assumed a shape expressly adapted to stop its way. As materialism has tainted all philosophy, spiritualism has spoken out more plainly in resistance of it."—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

In evidence of this universal presence of the supernatural, Mr. Howitt has brought together a vast and miscellaneous mass of very curious information. And it is easy to see that his chief difficulty has been that of selection; so abundant are the stores from which he has drawn his illustrations. By way of connecting former ages with the present, he prefaces his history by sketching the development of spiritualism in Germany and Switzerland during the last century; and the stories of Jung-Stilling and of Madame Hauffe, of Lavater and Oberlin, of Eckartshausen and Zschokke, of Swedenborg and Gassner, are made to constitute a connecting link between the supernatural in past ages and in our own. Beginning, then, with the earliest appearances of angels as recorded in the Book of Genesis, he reviews all the supernatural events of the canonical books of Scripture, taking the stories of Tobit and his dog, and of Bel and the Dragon, as equally authentic with the account of the passage of the Red Sea, or of the feeding of the five thousand, and closes his summary of Scripture evidence by reminding his reader that no church, according to St. Paul, can be a living church without spiritual gifts, and that the lack of supernatural endowments in the present day is an evidence of the absence of a living faith. Turning from sacred history to profane, he ransacks the histories

of Assyria, Chaldea, and Persia, adducing the predictions of the Magi concerning Cyrus, the testing of the oracles by Cræsus, the warnings given to Alexander, in proof of a supernatural prophetic faculty existing in those nations. In Egypt, "the land of bondage and of wisdom," he finds abundant evidence of the supernatural, of mesmerism, and of clairvoyance in their more recondite manifestations, and of healing in the temples. In ancient India and China evidence is found in the Vedas and laws of Menu, in the idea of the Nirwana, in the vast numbers of spirits in the Indian mythology, in the Chinese worship of ancestors, and in the history of Apollonius of Tyana, who studied in India.

From the East spiritualism passed to ancient Scandinavia; and, as might be expected from so successful a student of Scandinavian lore, Mr. Howitt calls up a strange array of Disir and Valkyrior, of prophetesses, elves, and apparitions, from the sagas of old Norway and Denmark. The Greeks were the most "spiritually receptive" of all people; the decline of the Roman faith in oracles is lamented as a decline of wisdom and of piety. "From the patristic writers it would have been easy to collect a much greater number of illustrations than Mr. Howitt has presented, as to their belief in the continuance of miracles—a belief which, according to him, constitutes one great element of superiority in the Romish Church as compared with the Protestant. The history goes on to trace the supernatural in the Greek Church—in the Waldensian Church with its wonderful interpositions of Providence—among the heretics and mystics of the middle ages, and the early Reformers. George Fox and the early Quakers, Madame Guyon and the French mystics, the Cevenot prophets, the Wesleys, the Moravians, Jacob Böhme, Edward Irving, and a host besides, are included in this multitudinous compilation; one object of which appears to be to render less incredible the statements of American mediums, by placing them in juxtaposition with other statements equally astounding in various ages and countries; while another object is to reduce the disbeliever in spiritualism to a dilemma:

"either to reject this universal evidence, by which we inevitably reduce all history to a gigantic fiction, or to accept it, in which case

we find ourselves standing face to face with a principle of the most authoritative character for the solution of spiritual enigmas and the stemming of the fatal progress of infidelity."

That principle is, that supernatural forces are always at work; that neither miracles nor prophecy, nor tongues have ceased; that as time rolls on new evidences are required of the truths of Christianity; that such new evidence is supplied in the spiritual manifestations of the present day, and that although it might not be improper to term these manifestations miraculous, yet in reality, like other supernatural manifestations which are recorded in the annals of past ages, inspired and uninspired, they are only the results of spiritual laws which, if we could fully understand them, would be seen to be as fixed and regular in their operation as physical laws.

We have here a curious illustration of the proverb that "extremes meet." Those who would fain get rid of miracle and of the supernatural altogether, and those who, with Mr. Howitt, believe in their constant presence with us, agree in the wish to reduce them under the operation of regular and recognized law. We can fully agree with neither. The facts of modern spiritualism, so far as they are related on trustworthy evidence, do not appear to require a supernatural solution, but may be accounted for, if not fully and in all respects, yet to an extent sufficient to prevent our considering them in any sense miraculous by the operation of natural laws. Yet we are not disposed to exclude the supernatural from every department of the history of man, or absolutely and altogether to deny the influence of unseen beings. Incredulity has been carried too far, in regard to the possible influence of spirits in this physical sphere. It does not even appear impossible that in an exceptional case here and there, some invisible demon may have had to do with the manifestations of spiritualism. This may be consistently allowed, notwithstanding a total disbelief in the pretensions of the mediums that spirits will come at their call. While the phenomena in question may be generally due to natural causes, it is not impossible that invisible beings may be at work in particular instances to facilitate the process of infatuation and deception. But even if this be so it does not amount to a confirma-

tion of the spiritualist doctrine, but the reverse. Looking at the whole subject of mediæval and modern supernaturalism in its relations to popular opinion and to the notions of such writers as Mr. Howitt, there is a course to be taken which at first sight may appear open to the charge of inconsistency; but the inconsistency is apparent only, not real. In view of the extravagant credulity of spiritualism it may be contended that the wonders of mediumship are generally capable of being accounted for by natural causes, the possible exception being allowed which has just been referred to. In view of the skepticism which declares that science has forever disposed of the witchcrafts and possessions and ghosts of past history, it may be maintained that there are some things which science has not satisfactorily disposed of, and which appear inexplicable on any other supposition than that of the interposition of spirits.

We can be at no loss to account for the prevalence of a skepticism of this kind.

The marked increase of this tendency to idolize physical laws can scarcely be deemed surprising if we reflect how greatly, during this present century, the domain of the preternatural has been reduced through the continual advances of physical science. The appearance of a comet, for instance, was formerly regarded as a prodigy of baleful import—and this not by the common people only but by learned divines, the foremost men of their age, who did not neglect to inculcate upon their flocks the duty of attending to the special warning, "so that," as John Spencer writes, "a comet creates in them more solemn thoughts than hell doth." At present we can not boast much, it is true, of our knowledge of comets. Sir John Herschel has lately stated that it is a subject calculated rather to show us the extent of our ignorance than to make us vain of our knowledge; yet at all events we have learned that they form part and parcel of the system of planetary bodies circulating about the sun, and are to be classed among natural phenomena. In like manner—and notwithstanding all the ignorance and imposture which have followed in their wake, like degraded camp followers in the rear of a brave army—the researches of the last fifty years in animal or vital magnetism have in the opinion of many considerably limit-

ed the domain of the supernatural. These researches have gone far to *suggest*, (we will not say to *prove*,) that in reference to many of those strange and singular manifestations of which we have apparently authentic narratives, from the pythones of ancient Greece to the clairvoyante of our own day—ecstasies, predictions, distant vision, and other unusual matters—we are not necessarily driven to the alternative of unbelief or superstition; either of refusing credit to evidence which would be deemed sufficient upon any other subject, or else, if we credit the evidence, of taking refuge in the notion of diabolical interposition. It may prove that these extraordinary phenomena, though uncommon and hitherto unaccountable, are not, after all, supernatural, but are due to the operation of a definite physical or zoö-physical law.

It would be easy to adduce other instances of the transference, in consequence of advancing science, of whole classes of phenomena from the region of prodigy into the region of known law. But the instances now given will sufficiently prepare the way for the observation that the word "supernatural," in the sense in which we ordinarily use it, is just an expression of our ignorance and no more. When we speak of an event as supernatural, we mean that it is above or beyond nature; but with this always understood, that by "nature" we intend only what is known or ascertained of the laws and processes of nature. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; many narrations must be judged incontestably true if we look only at the evidence which substantiates them, yet utterly inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. Take, for example, the famous story of the disturbances at the Epworth parsonage. That strange noises were heard in every part of the house, rappings, and knockings, and crashings as of breaking china; that the hand-mill turned swiftly round without any hand being applied to it; that an invisible person, rustling and trailing along as if dressed in a silk night-gown, seemed to follow the members of the family from room to room; that the dog invariably knew when these disturbances were approaching, trembling and creeping away: these are facts which, however we may account for them, we can not disbelieve except in contravention

of all the established laws of evidence; more especially as the occurrences, though uncommon, are not by any means unexampled, there being other similar accounts equally well attested. A philosopher no less distinguished than Mr. Isaac Taylor has suggested that these disturbances at Epworth may have been caused by some invisible spirit. "While intent upon these quaint performances, one seems to catch a glimpse of a creature, half intelligent or idiotic, whose pranks are like those of one that, using a brief opportunity given it by chance, is going to the extent of its tether in freaks of bootless mischief." There may be gradations, Mr. Taylor argues, among unseen as well as among visible beings. There may be some, perhaps, not more intelligent than apes or pigs. These creatures have ordinarily no liberty to infringe upon the solid world. But just as a stray Arabian locust, tempest-borne, has alighted once or twice in a century in Hyde Park, we know not how, so one of these occult folk may have as accidentally come in contact with our world of sense. Assume for a moment this explanation to be the correct one. Suppose we had arrived at a knowledge of the existence of these unseen creatures, and had investigated their habits, and had ascertained that when a chance offered itself they would play such pranks as those at Epworth. The whole transaction would then lose its supernatural character, having been brought within the limits of ascertained law. It is thus that the wider our knowledge of nature, using that term here in its widest sense, becomes, the narrower become the limits of the supernatural. Many things which our ancestors deemed to be supernatural we now know to be within the range of ordinary causes. With invisible beings, superior in knowledge to ourselves, and in a position to understand the relations of the physical universe to the spiritual, many things which to us are supernatural may be the commonest and simplest of occurrences. To the Infinite One, nothing can, strictly speaking, be supernatural; although it is perfectly conceivable that he may see fit, in the exercise of his free will, to disturb occasionally that order of things which his fixed will has established.

It is at this point that we become sensible of the distinction between the supernatural and the miraculous; a distinction which is so far from being trivial or merely

verbal, that, failing to apprehend it, our theological views can not be clear, nor can our speculations upon such unusual and difficult subjects as those which will presently come under review be otherwise than obscure and unsatisfactory.

And here we must be prepared to encounter a great deal of ambiguity in the language even of popular and accomplished authors who have treated of these subjects. Mr. Howitt, in the work named at the head of this article, animadverts with much warmth upon Bishop Douglas for refusing to employ the word "miraculous" in characterizing certain wonderful cures performed in 1662 by Mr. Valentine Greatrakes. The bishop, nevertheless, was perfectly right; for, as Mr. Greatrakes pretended to no divine commission, but exercised his gifts simply as intrusted to him by God, in connection with prayer and faith, his performances, though wonderful, could not be properly called miraculous. It is a source of much confusion that the term "miracle" is so loosely employed. Sir William Hamilton, in one of his metaphysical treatises, complains pathetically of the inaccurate and clumsy way in which the terms most in use in metaphysical science are popularly used; so that it becomes impossible for the mental philosopher to express his meaning with delicate precision. We can not refer to Hamilton's exact words; but the comparison which they suggested and left in the mind was that of a microscope-maker doomed to work with the pick-axe of a navvy and the hammer of a blacksmith. The vague and loose employment of the term "miracle" which is common even among divines, is unfavorable to the attainment, and still more to the expression, of clear and definite views. We may adduce a single instance. An eminent doctor of divinity, about fourteen years since, published a most able book upon America. In crossing the Atlantic, the steamer was met by a westerly gale and heavy sea. The author describes the scene in eloquent terms, and the gallant way in which the ship made head against the storm, and then remarks:

"We decry miracles; what is a steamboat crossing the Atlantic, in the midst of opposing powers, but a miracle? Have we not here a force above nature? Is not a miracle the mastery of natural elements by mind, whether immediately by God, or mediately by commission to man?"



He then proceeds to argue for the probability of the miracles of Revelation. The ocean steamer has now become part of the daily arrangements of civilized life, and has ceased to excite astonishment. Yet even in the first irrepressible outburst of amazement at its powers, it could not be called supernatural, inasmuch as every thing connected with it proceeds in conformity with known physical laws. Still less could it be termed miraculous, for there is no doctrine to be attested, no man's divine commission to be proved; but the *religious object* enters essentially into the definition of a miracle, according to the proper theological usage of the term.

In stating the distinction between the supernatural and the miraculous it is necessary to distinguish, first, what they have in common, and then wherein they differ. That a miracle is a supernatural occurrence—that is, an occurrence for which we are unable to account on the basis of any known natural laws—is generally understood. But a miracle, properly speaking, is a supernatural occurrence with a particular object. It is in its very nature a *sign*, and thus it can not be separated from the thing signified. It is a phenomenon for the purpose of beckoning and attracting men's attention to some particular person or truth—ringing the great bell of the universe, as Foster expresses it—and in this sense it can not be separated from that to which it points; or it is an *attestation* of the truth of some doctrine, or the divine commission of some messenger; or else an integral part of the plan and system of divine truth, not in itself an evidence thereof, but itself a part of the system, and indissolubly bound up with it. Thus a miracle, properly so called, can never be considered as a supernatural event merely; it is always linked with divine revelation.

We have dwelt the more particularly upon this distinction, for the purpose of removing an obstacle which, in the apprehension of many, lies at the very threshold of all investigations respecting the supernatural. There are those who can not readily rid themselves of the idea that every thing supernatural is invested with a peculiar sacredness. Looking upon all supernatural phenomena as direct divine interpositions, they are afraid of incurring the guilt of presumption in pushing their inquiries too far—in curiously prying into

the mystery of the sacred bush. Whereas, in truth, there is no more religious sacredness about these than about any other legitimate subjects of scientific or practical inquiry. An event, or phenomenon, is not necessarily sacred because it is, or seems to be, supernatural. Others, again, are afraid lest the whole miraculous evidence of our holy religion should be put in peril—should be invalidated and, so to speak, vulgarized—as the result of pushing too far such spiritualistic inquiries as have recently occupied a considerable share of attention. There has been, of late years, a marked aversion—perhaps contempt would not be too strong a word—on the part of our most prominent scientific men, for all such inquiries. The church has, in this sense, conformed to the world, till the unseen and the supernatural have been almost banished from many pulpits, and religion has been placed merely upon what Sydney Smith thought was the best basis, “the solid foundation of interest.” There are not wanting, however, some indications of a reaction, and of a more healthy tone of inquiry respecting the unseen.

A grave difficulty encounters us at the threshold of such inquiries. To the everyday mind, unaccustomed to decide upon the value of evidence except in connection with the ever-recurring facts of the outer life, it may appear no difficult matter summarily to pronounce, in any given case, whether the evidence is credible and sufficient or otherwise. Yet this question of the sufficiency of evidence, as applied to subjects remote from, or presumably contrary to, the ordinary experience of mankind, is one which, notwithstanding all that has been written upon it, still continues to occupy the closest thinkers of our own time. The assertions of the modern spiritualists have revived this question. When we are told that all the extraordinary supernatural phenomena which have been recorded in past ages are being reproduced in our own, with certain new appearances besides, to which there exists no parallel in history; that Mr. Home has been seen repeatedly to rise from the floor without any visible force being applied, and to float in the air for several minutes together, with his head touching the ceiling of his apartment; that a table has similarly risen into the air, although half-a-dozen men have been seated upon it; that the hand of an invisible body has appeared,

and shaken hands with the astonished visitors all round; that writing and drawing have been executed, not once or twice, but in hundreds of instances, upon blank paper, by unseen hands, without the possibility of a trick being practiced; that all these things have taken place, not in Honolulu or in Kamschatka, but in the most populous cities of the civilized world; and that these or similar facts are attested, not by a little knot of half-a-score enthusiasts, on whom the suspicion of monomania might be permitted to rest without any glaring violation either of probability or of charity, but by two or three millions of American citizens, and by a much smaller yet still considerable body of persons in England, including lawyers, bankers, scholars, and clergymen—we are absolutely compelled, unless we yield at once a blind and puzzled credence to statements which appear as improbable as they are extraordinary, to institute some kind of examination into the credibility of evidence.

In the religious world these statements have been received with something like contempt. The whole idea of spiritual manifestations has been dismissed as nonsense, or ridiculed as superstition, or rebuked as blasphemy. It is not impossible that this contemptuous tone may, in some instances, be owing to a half-defined, half-unconscious fear. Have not we Christians been taught that the whole proof of our religion rests upon the truth of certain alleged facts, and that these facts are attested to us by the evidence of testimony? Have we not been taught that the evidence of a reasonable number of credible, capable, and disinterested witnesses is a sufficient proof of the truth of any statements as to fact, however contrary to general experience? And if we employ this argument in support of revealed truth, will not logical consistency compel us to accept as undoubted facts all the marvels of modern spiritualism, provided they are attested to us by a number of respectable people? Or, at least, should we not be compelled to acknowledge—which would be a humiliation as great as that of being obliged to believe in American mediums—that the miraculous facts upon which Christianity itself rests are dependent on no better evidence than that which modern spiritualism has to offer? that the miracles of the gospel are attested by evidence no better than that which is

produced in confirmation of a ghost-story? Such are the fears, more or less clearly defined, which prevent many persons from attempting to investigate this subject, and which impel them to treat the whole matter with that kind of derision which, it must be confessed, is often found in company with conscious weakness.

Now without attempting to hazard a conjecture as to the conclusion at which an examination of such books as those of Mr. Howitt and Mr. Home would land us—without wishing in any way to prejudice, still less to foreclose, their examination—we may unhesitatingly say that such fears as those we have just indicated are absolutely and altogether groundless; yet as the subject has assumed some importance, it may not be improper to show a little in detail in what way the evidence for the Christian miracles excels not merely any evidence which actually is offered, but any which can possibly be offered, in support of the marvels of modern spiritualism.

It is a mistake to suppose that the whole proof of the truth and divinity of Christianity rests upon the testimony of eye-witnesses to certain facts. That testimony is only one link—an important and essential one, we admit, yet still only one link—in the chain of the Christian evidences. Take, for example, the great miracle of the New Testament, the resurrection of our Lord. Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, has urged with singular cogency the argument from testimony in support of the reality of the resurrection. Is it conceivable, he asks, that a dozen plain good men, too plain to be capable of inventing an unmatched sophistry, and too good to be suspected of concurring in an unmatched falsehood, should agree to declare that they had seen their Master risen from the dead, should firmly assert it before opposing magistrates and under terror of death, should continue under all circumstances unwavering and consistent in their declaration of the fact in spite of all the blandishments and all the threats which could be employed against them, and that they should continue this statement in the very city where the alleged event occurred, without being substantially confuted—is it conceivable that all this should have taken place on any other supposition than that the statement of the men was true? Yet forcible as undoubtedly this argument is, it does not consti-

tute the whole strength of the case. It is open to this reply: that though exceedingly unlikely, yet it is conceivable that such a collusion might possibly have taken place; that consequently the case must be regarded as one of degrees of probability rather than of absolute demonstration; and further, that the transcendently important issues involved were almost too great to be suspended merely on the evidence of fallible witnesses. Nor, on the hypothesis that the proof of Christ's resurrection depends *solely* on the testimony of eye-witnesses, would it be easy entirely to obviate the force of this reply. But the case is totally altered if we take a broader view. If we bring into consideration the whole facts of our Lord's manifestation upon earth, his incarnation, baptism, doctrine, miracles; if we consider what a sublime spirituality, what an exquisite unity, what an unearthly wisdom, what a marvelous combination of infinite power with infinite tenderness pervades this whole manifestation; if we bear in mind that our Lord's whole ministry was one continued assertion of his own divinity, of his equality with the Father, and of his coming again in supreme power, and that he must have been indeed the Son of God, unless we accept the alternative that the holiest and purest and most graceful and gracious of beings was a deceiver and a blasphemer; if we bring into consideration all these things, we shall find how immensely strengthened is the apostles' attestation of the fact of his resurrection. The doctrine comes in aid of the facts. The harmony of the alleged fact with all else that we know of the character and person of our Lord enables us to receive the testimony of those who saw him risen from the dead, and renders their evidence indubitable. Had the alleged fact of this resurrection stood alone, had we known nothing of Christ but this one circumstance, not even the statement of the twelve might have been sufficient entirely to dispel every misgiving as to its reality. But supported as that statement is by the whole character and life and teaching of the Son of Man, every misgiving as to the fact of the resurrection is obviated, and the risen Christ, like the risen sun, is seen by the light which flows from himself.

The same reasoning will apply to the miracles of the New Testament generally.

We are in possession of outward historical evidence in abundance of the actual occurrence of most of these miracles. The evidence is, to say the least, as strong and as conclusive as any which history can produce in support of its narrations, and on the strength of which the accounts of Alexander and of Hannibal and of Socrates have received universal credence. At the same time we can not but feel that the extraordinary character of the alleged facts demands an extraordinary completeness of evidence; the more so, since men are confessedly liable to excitement when in the presence of what they deem to be supernatural agencies. This does not amount to saying, with Hume, that it is impossible to establish a miracle by testimony—far from it. All that we are here concerned to show is that, as a matter of fact, we are not required to credit the miracles of the New Testament *solely* on the strength of what may be called the outward historical evidence; but that there are other matters to be taken into consideration which immensely strengthen the evidence of the eye-witnesses, and render that evidence perfectly credible, notwithstanding the astounding character of the facts which they relate.

For example: each miracle related in the four Gospels must be viewed in its connection with Christ. We can not be allowed to select any particular miracle, and judge of it by the outward evidence as an isolated phenomenon. Before disproving the truth of any of these miracles, we must dispose of the whole question of the appearance of Christ. For let the fact that Christ was the Divine Son once be admitted, and there can be no longer the slightest difficulty in regard to any of them. And until you have effectually set aside that great fact, with all its marvelously complicated yet harmonious evidence, it is of no use nibbling at the historic evidence or at the intrinsic improbability of this or that particular miracle. Each eye-witness who furnishes his attestation of the mighty works of our Lord, instead of having to submit to a disrespectful cross-examination on the ground that his statement is *prima facie* incredible, comes forward in reality backed by a prepossession in his favor, founded upon the whole character and manifestation of Christ. You are in no theoretical perplexity what to do with these miracles considered as a class of events. With

exquisite aptness they fit into their place in the plan of Christ's manifestation; and so far from being improbable or monstrous, they are so exactly in keeping with the whole manifestation of him whose works they are, that it becomes difficult to decide whether it is the Saviour who more conclusively attests the miracles, or whether it is the miracles which more conclusively attest the Saviour.

The credibility of these miracles is further increased by a consideration of their character. It will not be denied that the fact of a miraculous interposition—or, as we should prefer to put it, the fact of the manifestation of the Divine Son—being once admitted, the character of the miracles attributed to Christ is perfectly in accordance with such a manifestation. Their benevolent, gentle, and merciful character is familiar to all. The variety of power which they display is equally remarkable. There is power over the human frame, power over the mind, power over beasts and plants and fishes, power over winds and seas, power of absolute creation, power over the tenants of the unseen world. The moral and spiritual teaching of these miracles is not less wonderfully varied. Each of them is an acted parable, and a treasury of instruction; and many of them are manifestly and singularly symbolic and prophetic. The miracles viewed collectively present new features which are not to be discerned in them when viewed individually. All this comes in support of the merely external evidence.

It will thus be seen how defective and one-sided are the notions of those who imagine that the evidence of eye-witnesses and of cotemporaries is the only prop which the Christian fabric has to lean upon. It will be seen how irrelevant it is to attempt to invalidate that evidence on speculative and metaphysical grounds. And, what is more to our immediate purpose, it will be seen how the supernatural events recorded in the Scriptures rest on a variety and wealth of evidence which is altogether without parallel. Our belief in the reality of these supernatural events does not rest upon outward testimony alone; but that testimony, in itself intrinsically good and trustworthy, is confirmed to an extent which language can but feebly express, by other considerations entirely independent of the actual witnesses. Nor need a believer in the supernatural

events recorded in the Scriptures fear the taunt of inconsistency, if he hesitates to give credit to all the marvels of spiritualism, although those marvels appear to be attested by witnesses as numerous, and individually (let it be assumed for the sake of argument) as trustworthy, as those who have attested to us the miracles of Christ. The admission of the one does not logically follow from the admission of the other. For even granting the external evidence to be equally good in both cases, there is so marked a difference in the amount and force of that kind of evidence which, in matters beyond the ordinary range of our observation and of our reason, is at least as important as the evidence of the senses, that the force of demonstration may fairly be considered doubtful in the one case, while in the other case it is complete. As the era of the establishment of Christianity recedes further and further into the past, it becomes more and more important to show that our faith in it does not depend *wholly* upon the evidence of the senses of those who witnessed its attendant miracles.

The case is widely different with modern spiritualism. The witnesses of the wonders of mediumship can not in support of their statements rest upon the intrinsic excellence of the new revelation. Mr. Howitt indeed labors hard throughout his work to represent the recent communications with the invisible world with which, according to him, "thousands of sober and intelligent persons" have been favored, as constituting a new evidence of Christianity. He imagines that the historic evidence of our faith, unlike the shoes of the Israelites in the desert, wears away with the lapse of ages, and needs new patches to prevent its falling to pieces. Thousands of people, according to Mr. Howitt, have been reclaimed from deism or atheism, and have become so convinced of the reality of a future life as to exhibit a visible change in their conduct, solely through the impressions made upon their minds after intercourse with spirits! As there exists in every country a numerous class of persons who are more ready to be impressed by visions than to be guided by reasoning, we see no improbability in this statement. We have heard of persons being converted under sermons preached on texts grossly misunderstood: but no one would argue from this that ignorance



is better in a minister of religion than correct acquaintance with the meaning of Scripture. In the same way the thousands of converts spoken of by Mr. Howitt, and the "results in the highest style

of sanctitude" anticipated by the preface-writer in Mr. Home's volume, must go for nothing unless their system as a whole can be otherwise established.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

From Chambers's Journal.

## GLEANINGS FROM DARK ANNALS.

### COMING TO LIFE AGAIN.

ONE of the most beautiful poems in *In Memoriam* speculates upon the kind of reception the dead would meet with from their relatives, supposing that they could resume their life once more, with all their privileges of heirship and of marriage. As for the writer, he avers that whatever change the years have wrought, he finds not yet one lonely thought that cries against his wish for his dead friend; but with regard to others there is some reasonable doubt.

"'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,  
To pledge them with a kindly tear:  
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,  
To count their memories half divine;

"But if they came who passed away,  
Behold their brides in other hands:  
The hard heir strides about their lands,  
And will not yield them for a day."

Certainly, it would be the height of inconvenience for the widow, who has just given permission to Captain Dangleton to entertain a golden hope of becoming her No. 2, to find her No. 1 resuscitated; and still worse, if she has actually become Mrs. D. in the interim. Nor would it be altogether gratifying to the most devoted of sons to exchange the tangible proceeds of a rent-roll for the old expectancy, or rather for a worse one, since *post obits* would never be renewed for him after such a catastrophe. And yet such resuscitations have happened, not once only but very many times.

In 1685 a miller at Abbeville, passing by the gallows where a robber had been

suspended on the previous day, perceived some signs of life in him. Being moved with compassion, he managed, with the assistance of his servant, to take him down, and convey him home in his cart. Then he tended him carefully until the felon was quite restored to health, with the intention of dismissing him with a sum of money, in order that the poor wretch might be enabled to recommence life in an honest manner. Unfortunately, however, this good Samaritan delayed the execution of this design too long; and on a certain Sunday—of all days in the week—this ungrateful scoundrel left the hospitable mill with as much of the money and valuables of the owner as he could lay his hands on. Now it so happened that the curate of Abbeville had preached an unusually short discourse, and the miller and his men came home from church in time to overtake the robber. This they did; and without wasting any more valuable time in reforming him, they took him to the gallows upon which they had found him, with many apologies for having disturbed him there, in the first instance, and there they hanged him, with particular care; "pulling his wicked legs," adds the chronicler, "to make sure that he should thieve no more." Nevertheless, the doers of this most righteous deed had to flee the country, until a pardon was obtained for them from the most Christian king.

This seems to confirm the poet's theory, that in most cases dead people should remain so; keeping in mind the excellence of the saying: "Let bygones be bygones;" nevertheless, here is a case to the

contrary. In the Church of the Apostles at Cologne, there is a large picture descriptive of the restoration to life of Reichmuth Adolch, the wife of a counselor of that city, under circumstances which have been borrowed for materials to construct many fictitious stories of a similar kind. This lady was supposed to have died of the plague, which devastated Cologne in 1571; but being buried with a valuable ring on her finger, the sexton of the church thought it a pity such good jewelry should be wasted, and opened her coffin on the very night of her interment. This conduct she resented by sitting up and collaring him on the instant, whereupon he fled with excusable precipitation, under the idea that he had irritated an inhabitant of the other world. Mrs. Adolch, however, was far from dead; and leaving the vault, at once proceeded, in her grave-clothes, to her own house. She was not, however, "out of the wood" yet, except in the literal sense. The maid-servant, who was roused by her ringing, declined to let her in, although she narrated the circumstances of her reëpearance, through the keyhole, in order to still her fears. The girl was either really too terrified, or preferred a situation without a female head to it, for she did not open the door, but ran to her master's room, who informed her, for her pains, that she was a mad woman; and all this time the poor lady was shivering in her shroud, and almost wishing herself back again under cover. At length she was admitted, and by means of proper treatment so entirely recovered that "she afterwards had three sons who were clergymen."

A still more wonderful death-in-life experience is that of François de Cville, who, to use his own words, was "thrice dead, thrice interred, and thrice, by the grace of God, restored to life." The mother of this gentleman, having died before his birth, was buried in her husband's absence without any attempt being made to save her offspring; but upon the return of the good man immediately afterwards, he caused her to be disinterred, when, by means of the Cæsarean operation, a living child rewarded his pious care. This child was five-and-twenty years old and a captain in Rouen when that city was taken by Charles IX. Being dreadfully wounded, and having fallen from the rampart into the ditch, some pioneers threw him, with another dead body, into a hole, and

covered him with a little earth. Here he lay for seven hours, until his faithful servant came at dusk and dug him up, when, finding some signs of life, he was removed to his own home, where he lay for five days and nights insensible and speechless. The city being taken by assault, the besiegers, who required his apartment for their own uses, threw him out of the window upon a dunghill; and from this couch, which seems to have possessed none of those disadvantageous qualities which modern science ascribes to it, he was rescued after a few days by a relative, who removed him to a place of safety, where he obtained a perfect cure. Extraordinary as this story appears, it seems to have at least considerable foundation; nor was François de Cville a Gascon, as may be supposed, but a gentleman of Normandy.

An undoubtedly true experience of resuscitation is that of Margaret Dixon, of Musselburgh, who was hanged at Edinburgh for child-murder in 1728. There seems to be great doubt as to her being guilty of the offense of which she was charged, and therefore her narrow escape is as satisfactory as strange. At the place of execution, while owing to many sins, she avowed her total innocence of the crime in question, and her husband—who had much to forgive—implicitly believed that statement. After the body had been suspended the usual time, it was delivered to her friends, who put it in a coffin, and sent it in a cart to be interred in her native place. The persons in charge stopped to drink at a public-house on the way, and while they were refreshing themselves, Mrs. Dixon gave indications to the bystanders that she should like to take a little something, or, at all events, to get out also. Most of them ran away in terror, but one had the presence of mind to bleed her, and got her put to bed; and by the following morning she was well enough to walk to her destination. By the Scottish law, it seems, that a person upon whom judgment has once been executed can not suffer a second time, while the marriage of the party supposed to have been executed is held to be dissolved. All that the king's advocate could do, therefore, was to file a bill in the High Court of Judiciary against the unfortunate sheriff for omitting to fulfill the law, which was accordingly done. The husband of the revived lady married her pub-

liely within a few days of her resuscitation, and she was living so late as the year 1753.

In the second series of Captain Gronow's *Recollections*, just published, there is a curious narrative of escape from premature interment.

In the retreat of the French army, he tells us that General Ornano, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Comtesse Walewska, and a distant relation of the Bonaparte family, received a severe wound from the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse and several soldiers who were near him. The general's aide-de-camp, on looking round, observed Ornano lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived, and declared that life was extinct. The aide-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave; but the ground was so hard, owing to the terrible cold that prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and being pressed for time, they arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow instead of earth. After this was done, the aide-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was not far off, the loss that the army had sustained in General Ornano, who was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army. The emperor, who was very fond of the general, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed: "Poor fellow! He was one of my best cavalry officers!" and turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound which had caused his death. The officer, in order to satisfy himself on this point, had the dead man taken out of the snow, and on looking at the wound, observed that the body was still warm. Furs and flannels were accordingly heaped upon the corpse, which was placed upon a shutter, and taken to head-quarters. After much care and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the joy of the emperor and the whole army.

"General Ornano," concludes Captain Gronow, "is now (1863) a marshal of France and Governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last summer."

The most striking of all known cases of premature interment, however, is that related in the *Causes Célèbres*, and which has formed the text of many a tale, and

the trellis-work of many a moving ballad. Shelley, for instance, has embalmed it in his *Ginevra*, and Leigh Hunt in his beautiful *Legend of Florence*.

Two tradesmen of the Rue St. Honoré, in Paris, being old friends, and possessing one a son, and the other a daughter, had early determined, as their betters have often done, upon the marriage of these two young people. They looked forward to thus uniting their two "establishments" with the same pride that two country gentlemen sometimes feel in joining their adjacent estates by the union of the young squire with the heiress, while they were more fortunate than fathers in a similar position sometimes find themselves, since that which they had set their minds upon, their offspring were equally anxious to accomplish also. Not very long, however, before the time actually fixed for the celebration of these nuptials, a rich banker took a fancy to the young lady, and having won golden opinions from her parents, obtained her hand, all previous promises and contracts notwithstanding. They discovered that uniting the two establishments was not of such paramount importance after all, and that carriage-exercise was essential to the health of their beloved daughter. The dutiful girl obeyed their wishes without much opposition; but so far from improving her constitution, she fell into a state of morbid melancholy, which resulted in lethargy and apparent death; whereupon the banker buried her in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Now, like a virtuous young woman as she was, she had forbidden her former lover ever to present himself before her again, and to this prohibition he had bowed; but since she was interred, and given up by her husband, he thought it no harm to bribe the sexton of the vault in which she lay to let him have one farewell look at her loved face before its beauty withered into dust; and this the more—it must be confessed—since once already she had fallen into a prolonged trance, which gave him a scintillation of hope that she might not be actually deceased even yet.

Having carried the body to his own house, and using every means of restoration he could think of, he really did succeed in bringing her back to life. The astonishment of the lady upon resuscitation was of course extreme, but we do not hear so much about her sorrow; and yielding to the many plausible arguments

he urged in favor of his suit, she consented to accompany him to England, where they married, and lived together in much content. After several years, desiring to revisit his native land, and feeling convinced that nobody would suspect his wife's identity, the husband returned to Paris, and within a very few days the happy pair came suddenly upon the be-reaved banker, in the public street. If the young woman had been alone, she might perhaps have pretended to be a spirit, or hit upon some other ingenious expedient to hoodwink the widower, but seeing her arm-in-arm with her former lover, the coincidence was a little too striking to be explained away. The banker, who does not seem to have set any extraordinary value upon her while she was his own, was transported with the desire of repossessing her, and laid his claim at once before a legal tribunal. The cause was argued at length upon both sides. The advocate for the lover argued, that but for him the lady would have now had no existence, would have been dead, and neither the wife of the banker nor of any body else; that her first husband had divested himself of all his rights in interring her; and even that he might think himself lucky in not being indicted for homicide for consigning her to a living tomb. But although the spirit of the law might be with husband number two, the letter was against him; and seeing that the court was inclined to favor his adversary's suit, he prudently anticipated its decision by returning once more to England, where

the lady and himself remained until the banker died. How the law of Great Britain would decide so extraordinary a matter, I can not tell; but with respect to incomplete executions—however it may have been in Scotland at the period of Mrs. Dixon's case—the idea that a resuscitated malefactor is no longer answerable for his crime seems to be the merest assumption; the sentence runs, that he is to be hanged by the neck until he be *dead*; and if he be *not* dead, it is clear that the sentence has not been carried out, and that the offender is still subject to the forfeit. The crown, of course, would be able to remit the penalty, but only by a free pardon, as it might have done before the first execution; and, indeed, there is a case in point.

In 1350, a criminal named Walter Wynkbourne was hanged at Leicester, and having been taken down after the lapse of the usual period, was found to be yet alive. Some were for recommencing the execution, but the more humane took him to sanctuary, in the church of Saint Sepulchre in that town, until the will of the king should be known. Edward III., the then monarch, happened to be with the religious in Leicester monastery at the very time, and an application was at once made to his clemency. The king thereupon forgave the criminal in Latin, which, I hope, was translated to him without delay—*Deus tibi dedit vitam, et nos tibi dabimus castam* (God hath given thee life, and we will give thee pardon.)

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## THE WILLOW BROOK.

Cold flowing over the creases,  
Cold flowing over the stones,  
Cold flowing over the pebbles,  
With little rippling moans.

Level over the speckled trout,  
Level over the weeds,  
And long green tresses trailing,  
Whither the current leads.

Glittering over the deeper pools,  
Glittering over the sand,  
Whene'er the sun comes flashing  
From over the Eastern land.

But shining broad and silvery,  
What time the moon looks on,  
When the cattle cease their lowing,  
And the long June day is gone.



From the London Society Magazine.

## TRAVELING IN THE AIR.

"ILLI robur et ses triplex  
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus."—HOR. Ode III, lib. 1.

"Or oak, or brass with triple fold,  
Around that mortal's bosom rolled  
Who first to the wild ocean's rage  
Launched the frail bark."—*Francis*.

HORACE was the timidest of sailors, and dedicated an ode to the ship in which his friend Virgil was about to venture upon a voyage which nowadays forms part of a gentleman's summer tour. But if he thought oak and triple brass necessary to the breast of the first sailor, how does his horror rise, in the Ode from which we have quoted, at the daring of the "expert Dædalus" who first ventured to tempt the void of air *pennis non homini datis*, with wings not to mortals given! Many mythical and mythological stories of flying are told from the olden times. That of Dædalus and Icarus, though it probably had its truth in adventures on another element, has yet sufficient of interest to entitle it to mention.

Dædalus is reported to have been a most ingenious mechanic, and also the inventor of sails for ships. The romantic tradition concerning him is as follows: Having committed a great crime he fled from Athens to Crete, taking with him his son Icarus. He there constructed for Minos, king of that island, the famous labyrinth with which every one is familiar; but having incurred the king's displeasure, he was himself confined therein. In order to effect his escape, he made wings of feathers and wax, for himself and his son, and with these attempted to fly away; but Icarus soared so high that the sun melted the wax by which his wings were fastened, and he fell into that part of the sea which, by way of testimony, bore his name for hundreds of years afterwards. Dædalus, however, more careful, arrived safely in Sicily.

There is generally some germ of truth as the origin of the most absurd mytho-

logical story. Most likely Dædalus and Icarus escaped in a boat, and the latter fell overboard, which solution the report that Dædalus invented sails would seem to favor. Uncivilized minds are prone to class things unfamiliar to them with those they know about. Thus the South Sea Islanders conceived the ships of the first discoverers to be gigantic birds; and the late Christopher North, in his fine poem of the "Isle of Palma," describing the surprise of a child at the first sight of a ship, makes her say:

"A cloud has fallen from the sky  
And is sailing on the sea."

It is said that Archytas, a clever geometer of Greece, who was lost in a storm on the coast of Calabria, fashioned a dove which made its way through the air for a considerable distance. In more modern times, Müller of Königsberg, thence called Regiomontanus, is recorded to have made a dove on similar principles, which extended its wings, and flew before the Emperor Charles V. when he made a public entry into Nuremberg. This story is very pretty and circumstantial, and only fails in one point—namely, that Regiomontanus died sixty years before Charles made his visit to Nuremberg.

Roger Bacon is the first English philosopher who asserts the existence of a machine for flying; but how much value should be attached to it may be judged from his own words. He says "not that he himself had seen it, or was acquainted with any person who had done so, but he knew an ingenious person who had contrived one."

Though men of the highest genius had turned their speculations to the subject of flying, they did not succeed in finding out the means of doing it. After a time a lower class of men, with some smattering of knowledge and much conceit, but little of real ability, appeared on the stage as pretenders to the art of flying. In the sixteenth century a person of this kind visited Scotland, James IV. being at that time king. He introduced himself as a professor of alchemy, and made friends with the needy king by promising to find out for him the philosopher's stone. This charlatan was appointed by royal favor to an abbacy; but having failed in his promise of producing wealth, he saw the necessity of some new excitement, and therefore made a pair of large wings, with which he undertook to fly from the walls of Stirling Castle. As he had probably played his game out, and become desperate, he actually put his foolhardy scheme into practice; but those of our readers who know the situation of Stirling Castle will not be surprised to hear that he broke his thigh in his consequent fall to the ground. The quibbling and sophistical logic of the age, aided by his own cool impudence, sufficed to excuse him from the contempt he deserved. "My wings," said he, "were composed of various feathers; among them were those of dunghill fowls, and they, by a certain sympathy, were attracted to the dunghill; whereas, had my wings been made of the feathers of eagles, the same sympathy would have attracted them to the regions of air."

There were, during the two succeeding centuries, many attempts to fly; all of them, of course, ending in failure, and many terminating tragically. In 1617, Fleider, rector of the school at Tübingen, lectured on the art of flying, but he wisely refrained from attempting to put his theories into practice: however, an unhappy monk tried to do so, but fell down, and, breaking both his legs, perished a miserable victim to a stupid experiment.

About 1680 it was demonstrated by Borelli, by means of numerous comparative experiments on the pectoral muscles of men and birds, that it is absolutely impossible to find adequate force in the human muscles to perform the act of flying, even if wings could be attached. Before this, however, men of genius had, in retirement, evidently hit upon the principles of the balloon, although it was to be so

many centuries before the idea should be perfected. Albert, of Saxony, although his assumptions are erroneous and fanciful, yet foreshadowed the principles of the modern balloon. He assumes that essential fire (whatever that may be) is lighter than air, and floats above the region of our atmosphere; and so conceived the idea of inclosing a portion of this ethereal substance in a light hollow globe, which he imagined might be raised in this manner to a certain height, and there kept floating, while, by an infusion of the grosser fluid, it could be made to descend at pleasure.

How anxiously would Albert speculate upon the means of procuring this "ethereal fluid," which he was convinced would raise his hollow globe, if only he could have obtained a supply! Had he known of the light gases, doubtless the discovery of aerial navigation would have been precipitated by three or four hundred years. In most instances, indeed, the person who obtains the credit of discovery is merely the one who puts the top spoke in the ladder by which the special truth is reached—the said ladder having been built up laboriously by other men, without whose exertions the last operator would never have been able to attain the place where his efforts would have a chance of success.

Mendoza and Schott, Jesuits, of Portugal and Germany respectively, took up the speculations of Albert nearly two hundred and fifty years later. The latter sighed for some supernatural power to bring down the "ethereal essence" which he wanted. Father Laurus supposed the early morning dew to be the condensation of this essence, which had fallen in the night; and put forth many equally absurd propositions, which indicated the extreme shallowness of the knowledge of men at that time, who pretended to learning, and who indeed were learned according to their day and generation.

Cardan, soon after this, and later still Fabry, proposed the use of fire, but they appear to have confined themselves entirely to speculation.

About 1645, Cyrano de Bergerac, an accomplished man in every branch of knowledge, wrote a satirical book, which he calls *The Comical History of the States and Kingdoms of the Sun and Moon*, which we can only allude to here as containing a mass of witty exposure of fallacies, and clever suggestions of truths,

and which, no doubt, gave to our own Swift the idea of *Gulliver's Travels*.

John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, (ob. 1672,) who was very clever as a mechanician, maintains in a pamphlet *Concerning the New World*, that it would be possible to make a journey to the moon if he could be conveyed for a starting-point to some place beyond the reach of the earth's attraction. These "ifs," indeed, are the bugbears of speculators in scientific as in other matters. "If," said Archimedes, "I had whereon to stand, I would move the world;" and "If," said Bishop Wilkins, "you will cause the suspension of an imperative and necessary law of nature, I will go to the moon."

Francis Lana, (c. 1660,) a Jesuit, proposed to make hollow spheres of copper, which being exhausted of air would float in our ordinary atmosphere; but every tyro in natural philosophy at the present day will at once see the utter absurdity of the scheme.

A vacuum, then, or some hypothetical ether, seems to have been the only means of ascension which suggested themselves to men up to this time; and ballooning then seemed to be in a fair way of dying in the protracted throes of birth, for the practical experimenters do not seem to have encouraged the idea of employing fire, though we have seen that it was suggested theoretically by some before this time.

The first persons who tested their aerial theories by actual demonstration, and showed by this best of all proofs the possibility of men rising into the air, were the Montgolfiers, paper manufacturers of Annonay, a town not far from Lyons.

It is singular that the idea which led them to a successful elucidation of their problem should have been rather of a poetical than a practical kind. They observed that smoke and clouds ascended into the air, and thought, by forming an artificial smoky cloud in the interior of some light receptacle, to insure the rising of the vessel in the air. They fancied they could supply the place of the air inside their machine with smoke, which was to be the rising power. However erroneous was this notion in conception, it led to a right practical result—not, however, by supplying the place of the contained air with smoke, but by rarefying that air by the action of heat.

The first balloon they made was in the

form of a parallelopiped. This machine was of the capacity of about forty feet; and there was an opening in the lower part in which was inserted or suspended some burning material, the heat of which rarefied the air inside, and caused the balloon to ascend in the manner now so familiar to every one.

The Montgolfiers, encouraged by the success of their first experiment, proceeded to enlarge the capacity of their trial machines. In 1783 they made one of spherical shape, thirty-five feet in diameter, and containing twenty-three thousand feet. It was capable of raising five hundred pounds.

We have here an instance of the numerous minor difficulties which attend inventors: instead of the sponge saturated with inflammable oil or spirit of our times, they effected their purpose by the combustion of a mixture of chopped straw and wool, the latter ingredient seeming to show that the idea of the cloud was not yet eradicated from the minds of the inventors. This, the first real balloon ascent, was most successful. The bag rose six thousand feet above the surface of the earth, and, after a time, fell nearly a mile and a half from the point of its departure.

Stephen Montgolfier made several experiments under the auspices of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, each time constructing a larger balloon, and achieving a more successful ascent. The inhabitants of Annonay still celebrate the memory of their distinguished townsmen by an annual fête, an indispensable feature of which is the ascent of a huge Montgolfière.

When these marvels were attracting the attention of all the French world, a noted chemist named Pilatre du Rosier first made his appearance as an experimenter in this science, attracted thereto by the success of the Montgolfiers. He was the first to attempt an actual ascent himself, though on several prior occasions small animals had been dispatched to the azure. M. Pilatre du Rosier attached himself to a balloon much larger than any before constructed (namely, seventy-four by forty-eight feet); and after several experiments while the balloon was confined by ropes, at last ventured to cast himself off from earth and commence an aerial voyage. This was a very encouraging trial. He ascended to a height of about

three thousand feet, and came down at the distance of five miles from the spot whence he rose.

We must leave M. Pilatre du Rosier for the present, but shall have to renew his acquaintance under melancholy circumstances; meanwhile we shall conclude this account of air-inflated balloons with a short description of the largest one of which we have any account. This monster was made at Lyons, 1784. It was a hundred and thirty feet high, and a hundred and five feet in diameter, while it would hold five hundred and forty thousand feet of rarefied air. Its lifting power is stated at six men and thirty-two hundred pounds of ballast. On 19th January, 1784, having only taken seventeen minutes in preparation, it ascended with seven persons in the car. After attaining an elevation of something more than three thousand feet, a sudden rent of about fifty feet in extent brought the machine and party quickly to the ground, but happily without injury to any one.

In the succeeding month the *European Magazine* says that eighteen persons ascended from Naples; and in *Cunningham's Cyclopædia* it is stated that in 1784 fifteen persons went up by a large balloon at Rouen, and in the same year Lunardi made his first ascent in London. This therefore brings us to the consideration of gas-inflated balloons.

Hydrogen gas had long been known; but its nature and peculiar qualities were, to a great extent, unknown, especially its weight, as compared with common air. Mr. Henry Cavendish having occasion to experiment upon it about the year 1766, found that its weight was only about one seventh part of that of an equal bulk of atmospheric air. So apparent a method of obtaining the lifting power for balloons did not, of course, escape the attention of aerial philosophers. Dr. Black, about 1768, made some suggestions as to its employment; and Mr. Tiberius Cavallo (name of terrible import!) actually succeeded in elevating, by means of hydrogen gas, some soap bubbles!

The Messrs. Roberts and Professor Charles were the first to make an actual ascent in a balloon inflated with this gas. Several experiments with small balloons by themselves and the Count Zambeccari were so successful as to induce them to trust themselves to a larger one of the same kind.

Accordingly one was made about twenty-seven feet in diameter, and possessing raising power sufficient for two persons, with the necessary ballast. On this occasion we find the first use of the valve, for the escape of gas in the elevated regions to which they aspired to ascend, by which they guarded against danger from explosion. On the 1st December, 1783, one of the Robertses and Professor Charles made an ascent from Paris in this balloon; they only attained, it is said, the height of six hundred feet, and came down at the distance of twenty-seven miles, an hour and three quarters having been occupied in the transit. Mr. Roberts having left the car, his companion thought he would have a solitary cruise, and so set out; he found himself, after about twenty minutes, at an elevation of nine thousand feet from the earth. The aéronaut suffered on this occasion very much from cold, and found the expansion of the gas so great that he had to congratulate himself on having provided a valve for its liberation, otherwise doubtless an explosion would have caused the destruction of the balloon and the precipitate descent of the aéronaut from his fearful elevation. The extreme height attained was 10,500 feet.

M. Blanchard made an ascent in 1784, when he tried some contrivances for steering; these consisted of a rudder and two wings. He found them, however, of no use either in this or subsequent ascents; although MM. Morveau and Bertrand reported the same year that they found a similar apparatus to exert a very perceptible influence. The Messrs. Roberts also reported that they found oars useful in a calm, inasmuch as by their aid the balloon described the segment of an ellipse, whose shortest diameter was six thousand feet. On this journey they accomplished a distance of one hundred and fifty miles in six hours and a half. In July, 1784, they made another ascent, in which the Duke of Orleans took part. This was a very perilous affair; for, getting into a region of hurricanes, the balloon became so distended as to be in danger of bursting, and they were obliged to rend the silk in two or three places, and thus at great risk reached the ground again.

Two plans were now proposed for economizing gas and ballast by the use of compound balloons; the first plan was to have a bag of atmospheric air within the balloon, to be acted upon by means of bel-



lows. The Duc de Chartres was the first who experimented under these conditions; but the unfavorable state of the elements prevented the invention from being fairly tried, and the duke had a narrow escape of his life.

The second plan for a compound balloon was to have an upper one of gas and a lower one of rarefied air. It was supposed that by the application of fire to the lower machine which acted as ballast to the upper one, its weight would be diminished and the whole affair would ascend, while a tendency downwards would be produced by merely letting the fire die out, when the air inside the lower balloon would gradually cool and resume its original density, or be supplemented by an influx of the surrounding atmosphere. Pilatre du Rosier, whom we have seen to have been a daring adventurer in the realms of air, with a companion, M. Romaine, anxious to return a visit which had been paid to France by Dr. Jeffreys and M. Blanchard, started, in a machine of this construction, from Boulogne, 15th June, 1785, with the intention of crossing the English Channel. Their ascent was made without accident, and every thing seemed to promise a favorable termination to the adventure; but before long the spectators noticed the upper balloon to swell considerably and the aeronauts to be in some confusion, as if trying to bring the valve into action. Shortly afterwards, at an altitude, as is conjectured, of about a mile from the ground, the lower balloon caught fire. Whether the fire communicated itself to the upper one can not be known, for both the ill-fated aeronauts were killed. No explosion was heard, but the upper balloon collapsed soon after, and came down with terrific rapidity with its unlucky passengers. Pilatre du Rosier was dead when taken up; M. Romaine lived a short time after, but was unable to give any account of the disastrous transaction.

A remarkable voyage was made soon after this time by M. Testu; his balloon was made of tiffany, and was supplied with oars or wings. He started from Paris in the early evening, and after attaining a height of two thousand eight hundred feet, to avoid the waste of gas he endeavored to use the wings for the purpose of descent; he found them, however, of little use, and only after a considerable period came to the

earth. Here he was surrounded by the occupier of the field and his neighbors, who demanded payment for damage, and in default took him prisoner, drawing the balloon along by ropes. The oars having been broken off and his mantle taken from him, he found the buoyancy of his machine so much increased that he ventured to cut the ropes by which he was held prisoner, and left the surly country people to their own disappointment. He re-ascended to some considerable height, when, hearing the "horn of chase," he pulled his valve, and came near the ground. A huntsman rode up, and M. Testu, fearing perhaps a repetition of the farmer's incivility, threw out some ballast and ascended for the third time. It was now night, when, having passed through some dense clouds, he came into a region of storms, and spent several hours in the midst of the most terrific thunder and lightning. He accomplished his descent about four o'clock in the morning, having been afloat twelve hours and traveled sixty-three miles.

Let us now, again retracing our steps a little, see how matters went on in England.

The first balloon ascent in London was from the Artillery Ground, and was launched by Count Zambeccari. It was filled with hydrogen gas, and was ten feet in diameter.

Mr. Tytler of Edinburgh ascended from that city on the 27th August, 1784; and Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, made the first personal ascent in England on the 15th September, 1784. His balloon had no valve, the gas being discharged by pressure from the neck, which was left open. This ascent was also made from the Artillery Ground, and Lunardi took with him two or three small animals. After a two hours' voyage he descended near Ware. Lunardi made many interesting ascents in Scotland, which he described in a series of letters published in 1785.

The next was made by M. Blanchard and Professor Shelden. The latter was landed fourteen miles from Chelsea, whence they started, but M. Blanchard reascended, and made his final descent near Rumsey in Hampshire, a distance of seventy-five miles.

Sadler, of whom more anon, made his first ascent from Oxford in 1784, and in the ensuing winter M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffreys crossed the Straits of Dover.

The point of departure was the top of Shakspeare's Cliff. Owing to some deficiency of gas it was found that the balloon was scarcely equal to the task of carrying two men, so that nearly all the ballast had to be thrown away before starting. They rose gently, and proceeded slowly on account of the lightness of the winds, and soon after starting had the horrid conviction forced upon them that they were descending. They directly threw out half their ballast, but as that did not check their descent the rest followed, together with some books, by which for a time the balloon was relieved, and they began to ascend. When nearly across the Channel they again approached too near to be pleasant to the surface, and were obliged to part with the remainder of their books and every ponderous article that could be dispensed with. This proved scarcely enough, and they made preparations for cutting away the boat or car, having previously made themselves fast to the net-work by slings. This last resort, however, was unnecessary, for when the balloon felt the land breezes she began again to ascend, and they finally came to the ground in the forest of Guignes. M. Blanchard received from the King of France a gift of twelve thousand livres and an annuity of twelve hundred.

M. Blanchard was the inventor of the parachute; and in the course of a journey of three hundred miles from Lisle, he sent down a dog by means of one of these instruments, and the innocent victim of the experiment reached the ground in safety. Garnerin improved on the parachute, and often used it, both in the way Blanchard had done and by descending himself. On one occasion he went up from North Audley street; and when at such a height as scarcely to be distinguishable in the car, he left it, attached to the parachute. The machine came to grief in some way, and so did M. Garnerin. He fell in a field at St. Pancras, and was severely cut and bruised by the fall (1802.)

In the next year we have an account of the first ascent made ostensibly for scientific purposes independent of the science of aërostation itself. This was undertaken by MM. Robertson and Schoest, from Hamburg; and was succeeded by observations atmospheric and magnetic by Mr. Robertson and another coadjutor, M. Sacharof. This kind of inquiry was pursued with greater results by Gay-Lussac

and his assistants, who prepared a great number of data for inquirers into those subjects. They also made many interesting experiments and observations in electricity. During his ascents Lussac attained a much greater elevation than any of his predecessors. In one the barometer marked only 12.95 inches, which he calculated to indicate a height of nearly four and a half miles.

In 1806 M. Mosment fell out of his car near Lisle, and was dashed to pieces.

A proposal about this time by a German to facilitate walking by attaching a balloon to the head of a man, yet not sufficiently powerful to raise him from the ground, produced the following epigram:

"The Frenchman, volatile and light,  
Aspires to wing the air in flight.  
The German, heavy and profound,  
With nimble feet would trip the ground.  
Philosophers! do what you will;  
But—'Nature will be Nature still.'"

The widow of Marshal Villeron, in her eightieth year, was incredulous, but when she saw an ascent, exclaimed: "There can be no doubt about it: the secret of living for ever will be found out when I shall be dead." The prince, who was afterwards Louis XVIII., made the following impromptu on seeing an ascent:

"Les Anglais, nation trop fière  
S'arrogent l'empire des mers,  
Les Français, nation légère,  
S'emparent de celui des airs."

In 1807 Garnerin continued his ascents in France—on one occasion traveling forty-five leagues in seven hours, and on another three hundred miles in about the same time. This speed was much exceeded in one of his excursions from London. He made the distance thence to Colchester, sixty miles, in three quarters of an hour.

Sadler in 1813 attempted to cross from Dublin to England, and commenced his voyage under favorable auspices. In three hours he approached very near to the Welsh coast, but a change of wind drove him off. Fearful of the consequences, he descended into the sea in the neighborhood of some ships that were beating down Channel, but was mortified and disgusted to find that no notice was taken of his perilous position. Having got rid of his ballast, he was fortunately able to rise

again, and after some time to espy some other ships; but when he again descended to the surface he found the wind so strong and his motion so rapid that none of the ships could overtake him. He at last checked the rapidity of his motion by letting out a considerable quantity of gas.

When he was overtaken the sailors were afraid to go near him, for fear of being entangled in the netting; but Sadler's fertile imagination, sharpened by the peril of his situation, suggested to them the plan of running the balloon through with their bowsprit, and at the same time throwing him a rope, by which he was hauled on board. An account of somewhat similar adventures by a Mr. Crosbie, from Dublin, occurs about the same time.

Lieut. Harris ascended from the "Eagle Tavern" in 1824, accompanied by a lady. He had two valves: the cord of the larger one was incautiously fastened to the hoop, so that when the balloon elongated after expansion the line tightened, permitting a considerable escape of gas. The *aéronaut*, quite ignorant of the real cause of the mishap, fancied the silk had rent near the top, and seems to have been able to do nothing to avert the impending catastrophe. The balloon was precipitated with such force to the earth that Harris was killed on the spot; the young woman, however, afterwards recovered.

*Aéronauts* were now busy all over the world; but we can do no more than mention the names of Major Money, Zambecari, and Baldwin, who did good service in the early times of ballooning (1785, *et seq.*); Hampton, Cocking, Captain Lowden, Gale, Gypson, and a host of other adventurers in the regions of air. Even our notice of the veteran Green must be confined to his voyage to Nassau, in company with Messrs. Robert Hollond and Monck Mason. This remarkable adventure took effect in 1836 from Vauxhall Gardens. Great preparations had been made to perform such a journey as had never before been; provisions and ballast sufficient for any emergency had been got together, with passports directed to all parts of the continent; guide-ropes, which were intended to trail on the ground, and fix the distance from the surface, were provided, with hollow floats of copper to be used at sea. The travelers having started in the afternoon, took an easterly direction, and passed directly over Canterbury, then crossing the sea, Belgium, and

the Rhine, finally descended at dawn of day the next morning at Nassau, whence the balloon was afterwards named. The drag and guide-ropes did not answer the expectations formed of them; and indeed none but enthusiasts would dream of dragging ropes over the surface of the earth to the danger and discomfort of the people dwelling thereon.

Mr. Green, during many years of his public life, was the friendly rival of Mr. Henry Coxwell, who is the *aéronaut*, *par excellence*, of our times, and by far the most ready and experienced manager of a balloon that the world has yet seen. For many years, we believe indeed during his whole life—he has been engaged, though not exclusively, in this and cognate pursuits.

This gentleman is a member of an old county family resident at Ablington House, Gloucestershire, in constant succession since the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth.

The *aéronaut* is the youngest son of the late Captain Coxwell, R.N., and was himself intended for the military service, but disappointed of the requisite influence by the untimely death of his father. He had achieved a continental reputation as an *aéronaut* many years ago. We have now before us an immense batch of German literature occupied chiefly with descriptions of his ascents. In Prussia he has on several occasions experimented with his war-balloon to the wonder and gratification of the members of the government who employed him. He has frequently, also, been in communication with our own government; but without inducing them to take much interest in the matter.

Mr. Coxwell has made very nearly five hundred ascents. We must content ourselves with noticing only a very few. Perhaps the most remarkable, on many accounts, is that in which he accompanied Mr. Gypson, Mr. Albert Smith, and Mr. Pridmore, 6th July, 1847. The ascent was made with Mr. Gypson's balloon from Vauxhall; and at a considerable elevation a display of fireworks took place from the car, immediately after which a tremendous storm arose, of which Mr. Coxwell writes:

"Grand as our fireworks appeared, we were presently called upon to behold a scene that was more awfully grand and impressive. As if to show the puny effects of man's most skillful methods of displaying fireworks, indig-

nant Nature blazed forth one immense sheet of lightning,"

which extended far throughout the regions of space. The storm passed over quickly and all was fair again; but soon, after, from some cause still unexplained, a rent occurred near the top of the balloon, which immediately collapsed and began to descend with frightful rapidity. With admirable presence of mind Mr. Coxwell with his knife liberated the neck of the balloon, which, ascending towards the crown, allowed the machine to assume the form of a parachute. This precaution proved successful, for although they came to the ground with terrific violence, none of the aeronauts sustained serious injury.

Another remarkable voyage of Mr. Coxwell's was commenced 16th June, 1857, at North Woolwich, and terminated near Tavistock, the distance (nearly two hundred and fifty miles) having been performed in five hours, or considerably less than the time occupied by the express railway trains. Recently Mr. Coxwell, in company with Colonel McDonald and several officers of the Rifle Brigade, traveled from Winchester Barracks to Harrow (nearly seventy miles) in one hour and six minutes.

Of the ascents made last and continued this year for meteorological observations many papers have lately appeared; ours confines itself more to the history of balloons, and especially are we interested in the Mammoth balloon and its clever contriver Mr. Coxwell, the intrepid manager of those ascents. The last ascent of the past year's series took place at Wolverhampton on the 5th September. Mr. Glaisher's testimony to the ability of the aeronaut is hearty and enthusiastic. He expressly says that the power of taking observations at a great height depends absolutely on the skill of the conductor of the balloon. He congratulates the Association on having secured the services of Mr. Coxwell, who has made four hundred and eighty ascents, has great scientific knowledge, and knows the "why" and the "because" of all his operations.

They reached on this occasion to a height of over six miles, and sufficiently ascertained that this was almost the limit to which the endurance of man's physical capacity can carry him. For some time before that height had been reached Mr. Glaisher had been unable to record his observations, and had become insensible,

while Mr. Coxwell was somewhat overcome by the effects of the rare atmosphere in which they were moving; indeed, when he at last became convinced that he had gone as high as was consistent with prudence, and endeavored to reach the connecting cord to open the valve, he found his hands black and benumbed so as to be utterly powerless; and here Mr. Coxwell's never-failing presence of mind availed them in the last extremity—for, seizing the cord with his teeth, he opened the valve, and as a consequence they were soon speeding toward the lower regions. What might have been the result if Mr. Coxwell's teeth had failed him as well as his hands is too horrible for conjecture. The two daring aerial sailors might have died, while their ship traversed the vast realms of space, like Coleridge's specter-ship, or the "Flying Dutchman." It is just possible that it might have continued its weird voyage for years in those quiet realms where the action of the elements for the effects of decay in either organic or inorganic substances we suppose to be almost inappreciable.

We are all familiar with Nadar's recent perilous ascent in the "Giant" balloon, which he seems to think destined to solve the aerial problem. Since the directors of the Crystal Palace will allow "London Society" to form a judgment at the rate of a shilling a head, we may pass over the "Giant" without further notice in our historical summary.

The French have used balloons in warfare on several occasions. It is said that at the battle of Fleurus a surprise was prevented by a reconnaissance conducted in this manner. In the battle of Liege, during the French Revolution, the success of the victors was for the most part secured by the same means—the weak places of the enemy's lines were detected, attacked, and forced. A balloon was also used to examine the fortress of Ehrenbreitzen, which on account of its height could have been seen in no other way.

Explorations have been undertaken in Australia and America, and many daring ascents made in those countries—but our space is exhausted. Should any one object to the science of ballooning, "*Cui bono?*" we can not do better than reply in the words of Mr. Coxwell, extracted from a recent publication of his:

"If astronomy, geology, steam power, elec-



tricity, and nautical science can not boast of having made one bound towards perfection, why should ballooning? We have only just succeeded in making ships go against the wind, and why should we despair of mastering an aerial vehicle? The difficulties to be surmounted are well understood, and for a time baffle ingenuity; but I would urge renewed attempts, for remember it is not more than eighty years since the first balloon traveled the air, and if we could now inspect a specimen of a boat constructed eighty years after men began to venture on the water, depend upon it we would sooner cross the Atlantic in the Great Eastern than venture to Gravesend in the primitive pigmy of our forefathers. Ballooning as an

art is, I am convinced, steadily advancing; and although the uninitiated may not observe much progress, because the machine does not strikingly deviate from the wind, yet the various appurtenances gradually undergo improvement, and in a short time I have no doubt that balloons, like the old men-of-war, will be cast aside for new models; and then, just as the application of steam requires a reconstruction of our war vessels, so will some new power demand a similar alteration for vessels in the air—so that the difficulties which appeared insurmountable at the beginning of the nineteenth century may be at last dispelled, and the great highroad to all the nations of the earth may be traveled triumphantly."

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From Chambers's Journal.

## PHENOMENA OF SUN-STROKES.

SOME years ago, when I was living in Bengal, there happened to be an eclipse of the sun which was nearly total. As the weather was cloudless, we saw the phenomenon admirably, and at the period of greatest obscuration observed the twilight-gloom which overspread the sky, deceiving the birds into premature preparations for bed. But the fact which impressed us most was, that at mid-day, during the hottest season of the year, we could stand with impunity bare-headed in the open air. We all agreed that if the eclipse were a permanent affair, India would be a delightful place to live in. Possibly the rice crop, and the indigo crop, and all the other crops would suffer; but we should be relieved from the presence of a personage whom, I am sorry to say, we regarded as a personal enemy—namely, the sun. Can it be wondered at? In the early morning, just as you are enjoying your ride, (the only active exercise you will get during the twenty-four hours,) up pops that luminary—not as in England, with a sober red face, which you can bear to look at, but with a brilliant, blazing, blinding physiognomy, such as he will wear throughout the day. It is advisable to turn your horse's head homewards at once, for the early sun, striking angularly on the face, is more unpleasant,

though not so dangerous as that of mid-day.

In India, for the greater part of the year, the sun acts as a turnkey to the hundred thousand Europeans who dwell between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Except at the hill-stations, he locks them all up at eight in the morning, and does not let them out again till six P.M. It is a weary time for those who have no compulsory in-door employment, especially for uneducated persons, such as our private soldiers mostly are. Amusements are all very well, but a man can not be all day at play. Play then becomes dull work. No wonder the rum bottle, or the still more poisonous juice of the date-palm, is brought into requisition to pass the lagging hours. Let us hope that as the system of railways becomes more and more perfected, the bulk of our European soldiers will be quartered at cool stations in the hills; and that no man, from the governor-general downwards, will be compelled to spend more than twelve months together in the burning plains.

Untraveled Englishmen are apt to fancy that the atmospheric heat of India is something tremendous, and that, on this account, their countrymen are confined to the house during the day. But this is an erroneous idea. Save in some exceptional

places, as among the scorching rocks of Seinde, or the furnace heat of Mooltan, the day-temperature in the shade seldom rises above one hundred degrees. The same thermometer, with its bulb blackened and exposed to the direct rays of the sun, will probably rise twenty degrees higher. But the thermometer affords no true indication of the force of the solar rays, for it is a singular fact, that the further we recede from the equator, the greater appears to be the effect of the sun in raising the mercury exposed to its direct influence. In other words, the difference between a sheltered and an exposed thermometer is less in Jamaica than in Quebec, and less in Quebec than in the polar regions. "The true indication of the force of the solar rays," says Herschel, "would seem to be, not the statical effect on the thermometer, but their momentary intensity measured by the velocity with which they communicate heat to an absorbent body." It is this "momentary intensity" which causes the phenomenon of sun-stroke. When the bare head is exposed to the sun, the scalp, being protected by hair, does not blister, as the skin of other parts of the body would, but its temperature becomes elevated, and the caloric causes inflammation of the contents of the skull. The sufferer experiences intense headache, succeeded by vomiting; he then falls breathless, and, unless instant assistance be given, turns black in the face and expires.

We hear of such cases occasionally, even in our own misty island, during unwontedly hot summers. The victim is usually a harvest-laborer, and long-protracted hours of work, combined with inordinate draughts of beer or cider, are probably as much concerned in his attack as the solar rays. Intoxicating drinks must of necessity tend to promote inflammatory action. I have walked about Calcutta in the heat of the day, protected by a pith hat and a double umbrella, without injury, so long as I abstained from alcoholic drinks; but a single glass of pale ale would induce giddiness, and compel an instant return in-doors. The stocks and tight shirt-collars worn by Europeans—though fashion and military reform have modified them of late years—have a very prejudicial effect, as tending to retard the circulation of blood between the head and the body. The native, while he carefully covers the head with a many-folded turban, (an ex-

cellent non-conductor of heat,) and guards the vital regions of the body from the solar influence by means of the *cummerbund*, invariably leaves his neck bare and unconstrained. A well-known surgeon in the late company's service, of somewhat eccentric habits, always dressed and lived like a Hindu during the hot season. He shaved his head, wore loose-flowing garments, and supported nature's waste on vegetable curries, rice, and water. In the cold season, he put on European broad-cloth, and returned to roast meat and malt liquor.

It is a curious fact that mental depression has a great effect in inducing sun-stroke. I will give two instances. During the rainy season of 1857, a body of European troops, who were engaged in suppressing the sepoy mutiny, encountered an overwhelming force, and met with a reverse. They had been for weeks exposed to the sun at all hours of the day without losing a man. But in that retreat the dispirited men fell by scores, never to rise again, under the burning influence of the solar rays. Again, a much-respected police-sergeant in Calcutta, who had been for years in India, and accustomed to brave the sun at all seasons, received the intelligence of his wife's sudden death. As he sorrowfully crossed the barrack-yard, letter in hand, to communicate the sad news to his superior officer, he fell down, smitten as with a thunderbolt by *coup de soleil*.

It is well known that this baneful effect of the sun's rays varies exceedingly in different tropical and semi-tropical places. In the West India islands, although they are nearer the line than the northern parts of Hindustan, men expose themselves to the sun with comparative impunity. A Barbadoes planter, who came to settle in Madras, insisted on riding out in the sun, as he had been wont to do in "Little England" (so that island is fondly termed by the inhabitants.) He laughed at well-meaning advisers, and lost his life from sun-stroke. Even in Ceylon, though that dependency is nearer the line than Continental India, the Europeans do not dread the sun as they do on the other side of Palk's Strait. On board a ship in the open sea, I have lain for hours basking in the full blaze of an equatorial sun without ill effect. Lastly, I have frequently crossed the Hooghly in an open boat from Howrah to Calcutta. While on the water,

I could stand boldly exposed to the sun's rays, but the moment I set my foot on shore, unless I raised my umbrella, the solar heat began to bore like a two-inch auger into my skull.

These various instances afford a solution to the puzzle, why, under similar latitudes, the effect of the sun's rays should be so different. It arises from the difference between radiation and reflection of heat. Those substances which are powerful absorbers of heat are also powerful radiators and bad reflectors. Dark-colored objects with rough surfaces are good radiators; light-colored objects with smooth surfaces are good reflectors. We all know that polished fire-irons are preferable to unpolished, as they do not become so hot to the touch; they reflect the rays of caloric which strike upon them, instead of absorbing them. On the contrary, a stove, which is intended to warm a room, should be made of unpolished cast-iron, as in that case it diffuses its heat more readily to the surrounding air. Now, earth and water may be taken as two excellent examples of these opposite qualities: earth absorbs and radiates heat; water reflects it. Consequently, on small islands, and on the open sea, we only experience the direct influence of the solar rays, which, even in the tropics, are comparatively innocuous; whereas, in continental regions we have the effect of the solar rays complicated and intensified by terrestrial radiation. In this matter, as we have shown, the thermometer is an untrustworthy measurer of our sensations; exposed to the sun, either by land or by sea, it would—all other things being equal—give a similar result: yet, in the one case, a sailor might be mounting the rigging bareheaded without danger; in the other case, a momentary exposure would induce sun-stroke and death.

In no other way, except by this theory of terrestrial radiation, can we explain the peculiar intensity of the solar rays. The position of the earth in her orbit, in other words, the sun's verticality, will not account for it. If it did, the sun ought to be more powerful in London at mid-day than in Calcutta at sunrise; nay, further, the sun ought to be more powerful in London at mid-day on the 21st of June, when it is only twenty-nine degrees from the zenith, than it is at Calcutta on the 21st of December, when it is forty-six degrees short of verticality, or just about half-

way between the horizon and the zenith. I have gone out for a brisk walk on a cold winter morning in India, when the thermometer marked fifty-five degrees, and my feet were benumbed with cold, yet no sooner has the sun risen than the intensity of his rays has been most oppressive.

It is necessary to regard this terrestrial radiation on a very extended scale—that is to say, to view the distribution of land and water over the whole surface of the globe, in order to ascertain its real influence; otherwise, if we select only small portions of the world for our examples, we shall be led into error. I will give an instance from two places which I have visited. The island of Malta is situated in latitude thirty-six north, the town of Melbourne, in Australia, is situated in latitude thirty-seven south. During the heat of the summer-day, the streets of Valetta are deserted by everybody except British sailors, (who, it is well known, bid defiance to the sun all over the world,) the green shutters of the houses are carefully closed, and all the inhabitants are enjoying their *siesta*. During the corresponding season in Melbourne, the streets are full of life and bustle, and laborers are at work paving or laying gas-pipes, with little more inconvenience than they would feel in London in hot weather. Yet, apparently, the difference should be the other way. Valetta is situated on a small island surrounded by an extensive sea; while Melbourne lies fifty miles from the open ocean, and is situated on an island large enough to be styled a continent. But take a common globe, and observe the position of the two places. It is true that Malta is a small island, but it is placed in a sea which is a mere lake in comparison with the continents which bound it on three sides; whereas, the whole mass of Australia appears of but small account in the gigantic basin of the Pacific. Malta, consequently, represents a region of terrestrial influences and exalted radiation; Melbourne represents a region of marine influences and defective radiation. It is fortunate that it is so—that we possess a practically boundless series of colonies, where the man of the North can labor without calling the baneful toil of the negro to his assistance.

I may remark, by the way, that no other race appears so thoroughly fitted for tropical residence as the negro. We

are told that newly-imported Africans do not find the climate of Cuba hot enough for them, and lie naked on the flat tops of the house in order that they may not lose a single ray of solar warmth. In India, on the contrary, the natives complain as lustily of the heat, during the hot season, as we in England do of the cold in winter-time; no man of condition stirs out on foot during the heat of the day; the clerks and writers hire hackney-carriages or palanquins—the palanquin-bearers carry an umbrella over their heads; while the lowest *coolie* rubs himself with cocoa-nut oil, on the strictly philosophical principle which we have mentioned, that polished substances reflect heat instead of absorbing it. Possibly the sufferings endured by the natives of India from the heat of the climate may be explained on the ground of their not being an aboriginal race, but the descendants of northern invaders, whose energies have gradually become enfeebled by intertropical fervor.

In conclusion, let me say that among our countrymen in India, especially of the higher class, there exists an undue dread of exposure to the sun. This is particularly the case in the presidency towns; the indigo-planters and other rural residents spend far more time in the open air: and a comparison of their brawny shoulders and bronzed faces with the wasted

frame and pallid complexion of the city-merchant, proves that in India, as elsewhere, want of sunlight brings want of health. All sensible Indian doctors inveigh against the closed shutters and “darkness visible” in which it is still too much the fashion for Indian ladies to spend the hotter hours of the day. My own belief is, that Englishmen and Englishwomen might venture far oftener into the open air in India than they do at present. But in order to do this safely, they should dress in semi-oriental fashion, and eat very sparingly of animal food between April and November. Above all, they should become uncompromising teetotallers during the same period. I have tried it, and found that I could maintain excellent health on tea and iced lemonade. Having cooled the blood by these precautions, a man, armed with a *solah topee* and a white umbrella, may safely walk out in the sun. And when Europeans set the fashion of walking, foot-pavements will be laid down in the principal streets, while a row of awnings will extend overhead. I am sure the health of the community will be improved, and that the ladies of moderate income will prefer the attendance of a single *ayah*, who walks behind them as they make their purchases, to the lumbering paraphernalia of coachman, carriage, and footmen.

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From the North British Review.

## THE SEAFORTH PAPERS.\*

In the Castle of Brahan, in Ross-shire, the picturesque seat of the Mackenzies of Seaforth, “*Lords of Kintail*,” is a mass of correspondence, from which a volume has been compiled for private circulation. A larger selection will, we hope, be some day given to the world; but in the meantime we may be permitted to cull a few extracts illustrative of family or general history. It is an obvious remark that from such sources the historian derives his best

materials—true pictures of social life and manners, and traits of character developed only in the confidence of familiar intercourse. The *Seaforth Papers* are mostly of modern date. Clan feuds and Jacobite risings, proscription and exile, were ill suited to the preservation and transmission of such memorials, which probably were never very numerous. The Highland chiefs of old were not frequent or voluminous letter-writers. Even when fully aware of the value of a crown-charter or “sheepskin title”—and most of them were eager to obtain this security—many

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\* *The Seaforth Papers: Letters from 1796 to 1843.*



disdained the accomplishment of writing. The services of some slender clerk or legal functionary sufficed; and we have, for example, a Baron of Kintail, a Privy Councillor of King James the Fifth, and a man noted for extraordinary prudence and sagacity, signing himself "Jhone McKenze of Kyntaill, with my hand on the pen, led by Master William Gordone, *Notar.*" This vicarious style satisfied the

"Chief of domestic knights and errant,  
Either for cartel or for warrant."

The Mackenzies can be early traced to their wild mountainous country, *Ceannda-Shaill*, the Head of the Two Seas, or two arms of the sea, Loch Duich and Loch Long. They were strong in their alpine territory, guarded by Ellandonan Castle, and approachable only through narrow glens and passes, amidst vast mountain screens, beyond which lie miles of green pasture, wood, and wilderness. By feats of war or strokes of policy, and by intermarriages, the chiefs of Kintail waxed great and powerful. The sunny brae lands of Ross, the well-cultivated churchlands of Chanonry, the barony of Pluscarden, in the fertile *laigh* of Moray, even the remote island of Lewis, a flat, treeless expanse of bog and turf, but surrounded by the prolific sea as with a belt of gold, all these were added to the Caberfae possessions. There were desperate battles with the Macdonalds, the Munros, and the Macleods, frequent raids and irruptions, with letters of fire and sword (which meant power from the Crown to slaughter and exterminate); but in the end the Mackenzies seem always to have been successful, and to have sat securely in their "pride of place."

The last Baron of Kintail, Francis Lord Seaforth, was, as Sir Walter Scott has said, "a nobleman of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by painful natural infirmities." Though deaf from his sixteenth year, and though laboring also under a partial impediment of speech, he held high and important appointments, and was distinguished for his intellectual activity and attainments. He represented Ross-shire in Parliament, and was lord lieutenant of the county; he raised and commanded a regiment; he was for upwards of five years Governor of Barba-

does; he took a lively interest in all questions of art and science, especially natural history, and he kept up an extensive correspondence. His case seems to contradict the opinion held by Kitto and others, that in all that relates to the culture of the mind, and the cheerful exercise of the mental faculties, the blind have the advantage of the deaf. The loss of the ear, that "vestibule of the soul," was to him compensated by gifts and endowments rarely united in the same individual. One instance of the chief's liberality and love of art may be mentioned. In 1796 he advanced a sum of £1000 to Sir Thomas Lawrence to relieve him from pecuniary difficulties. Lawrence was then a young man of twenty-seven. His career from a boy upwards was one of brilliant success, but he was careless and generous as to money matters, and some speculations by his father embarrassed and distressed the young artist. In his trouble he applied to the chief of Kintail. "Will you," he said, in that theatrical style common to Lawrence, "Will you be the Antonio to a Bassanio?" He promised to repay the £1000 in four years, but the money was given on terms the most agreeable to the feelings, and complimentary to the talents of the artist—he was to repay it with his pencil, and the chief sat to him for his portrait. Lord Seaforth also commissioned from West one of those immense sheets of canvas on which the old academicians delighted to work in his latter years. The subject of the picture was the traditionary story of the royal hunting in which King Alexander the Third was saved from the assault of a fierce stag by Colin Fitzgerald—a wandering knight unknown to authentic history. West considered it one of his best productions, charged £800 for it, and was willing some years afterwards, with a view to the exhibition of his works, to purchase back the picture at its original cost.

In one instance Lord Seaforth did not evince artistic taste. He dismantled Braban Castle, removing its castellated features, and completely modernizing its general appearance. The house, with its large modern additions, is a tall, massive pile of building, the older portion covered to the roof with ivy. It occupies a commanding site on a bank midway between the river Conon and a range of picturesque rocks. This bank extends for miles, sloping in successive terraces, all richly

wooded or cultivated, and commanding a magnificent view that terminates with the Moray Firth. The place abounds in exquisite walks, wooded dells, and hollows. One spacious promenade extends on high under the gray rocky cliffs, and another lies at the bottom of the valley, where the river Conon sweeps past in a broad stream, shaded by rows of old trees and evergreens. "It is a wild and grand place," says Sir James Mackintosh, "and we were particularly delighted with the rock and river walks." In front of the castle, one day in August, 1725, was witnessed a melancholy procession. In pursuance of the Disarming Act, General Wade repaired to Brahan with a detachment of two hundred of the regular troops in order to receive the arms and submission of certain of the Jacobite chiefs. "On the day appointed," he says, "the several clans and tribes assembled in the adjacent villages, and marched in good order through the great avenue that leads to the castle; and one after another laid down their arms in the court-yard, in great quiet and decency, amounting to 714. The solemnity with which this was performed had undoubtedly a great influence over the rest of the Highland clans." There is reason to believe that the submission was in a great measure delusive; but it must have been a bitter pill for these haughty chiefs to swallow. The solemn march and surrender of the cherished weapons were humiliation enough, but worse than all was the presence of the two hundred Hanoverian soldiers. "Lord Percy sees me fall."

Every old Highland family has its store of traditionary and romantic beliefs. Centuries ago a seer of the Clan Mackenzie, known as Kenneth Oag, predicted that when there should be a deaf Caberfae, the gift-land of the estate would be sold, and the male line become extinct. The prophecy was well known in the North, and it was not, like many similar vaticinations, made *after* the event. At least three unimpeachable Sassenach witnesses, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, had all heard the prediction when Lord Seaforth had two sons alive both in good health. The tenantry and clansmen were of course strongly impressed with the truth of the prophecy, and when their chief proposed to sell part of Kintail, they offered to buy in the land for him that it might not pass

from the family. One son was then living and there was no immediate prospect of the succession expiring; but, in deference to the clannish prejudice or affection, the sale of any portion of the estate was deferred for about two years. The blow at last came. Lord Seaforth was involved in West India plantations which were mismanaged, and he was forced to dispose of part of the "gift-land." About the same time the last of his four sons, a young man of talents and eloquence and then representing his native county in Parliament, died suddenly, and thus the prophecy of Kenneth Oag was fulfilled:

"Of the line of Fitzgerald remained not a male  
To bear the proud name of the Chief of  
Kintail."

Lord Seaforth himself died a few months afterwards, in January, 1815, and the estates, with all their honors, and duties, and embarrassments, devolved on his eldest daughter, then a young widowed lady:

"And thou, gentle dame, who must bear to  
thy grief,  
For thy clan and thy country the cares of a  
chief,  
Whom brief rolling moons, in six changes,  
have left  
Of thy husband, and father, and brethren  
bereft;  
To thine ear of affection how sad is the hail  
That salutes thee the heir of the line of Kintail!"\*

The lady, however, had, as Scott admitted, "the spirit of a chieftainess in every drop of her blood." When, in 1805,

\* Mary-Elizabeth Frederica Mackenzie was born at Tarradale, Ross-shire, March 27, 1783. She married at Barbadoes, November 6, 1804, Sir Samuel Hood, afterwards K.B., and Vice-Admiral of the White. Sir Samuel died at Madras, December 24, 1814. Lady Hood then returned to England, and took possession of the family estates, which had devolved to her by the death of her father without male issue, January 11, 1815. She married again, May 21, 1817, J. A. Stewart, Esq., of Glasserton, who assumed the name of Mackenzie, was returned M.P. for Ross-shire, held office under Earl Grey, and was successively Governor of Ceylon, and Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands. He died September 24, 1843. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie died at Brahan Castle, November 23, 1862, and was interred in the family vault at Fortrose or Chanonry. Her funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in the North, several thousands of persons being present on foot, and the number of vehicles about one hundred and fifty. The deceased lady is succeeded by her son, Keith-William Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth.

she returned from the West Indies, the young and happy wife of Sir Samuel Hood, her beauty, her varied accomplishments, and fascinating conversation, rendered her society greatly courted. The world of fashion was thrown open to her. The young wife, however, was aware of the dangers of the society of that time. "I know," she wrote, half demurely but all earnestly, "how much depends on my first outset as a married woman." She did not, however, consider it incompatible with her matronly gravity and prudence to visit the opera; and though smitten in conscience at first by the character of some of the dances and dresses, she was charmed with the singing of Mrs. Billington, and could have listened, she said, for days to her heavenly voice. Sir Samuel Hood was a Whig. During the short administration of "All the Talents," he contested the representation of Westminster, and, after a desperate struggle, was successful. "We carried the election hollow as to myself," he writes, "and although they tagged Sheridan to me, we succeeded in that also; but I believe ministers are convinced that his interest alone would never have brought him in." Among the acquaintances of Sir Samuel was the Princess of Wales—the unfortunate Caroline. Lady Hood writes to her mother:

"WIMPOLE STREET, Oct. 15, 1805.

"I am this moment returned from attending the princess to Covent Garden Theater. She was very gracious and pleasant indeed. The Duke of Cumberland was of the party. She did me the honor of introducing me to him, which was a great favor, you know, and promoted conversation. When we attended her to her carriage, she shook hands, and desired to see us as soon as we returned, when she intends to visit us in our new house. She desired us to dine with her the day after in a quiet way. We did so, nobody but ourselves, and very pleasant it was. She did not dismiss us till after midnight, and I had the honor of winning six shillings from her Royal Highness."

The coarser features of the princess's character had not then become prominent, or we should have had them noticed by an observer at once acute and delicate.

A favorite correspondent at this time was the Marchioness of Stafford, afterwards Duchess-Countess of Sutherland. She was countess in her own right—the nineteenth head of the family possessing

the earldom. Her manners, as Byron remarked, were truly *princessly*. She had traveled far and seen much, and had a taste for music and art. Her letters are generally short sensible notes, more hurried and careless, perhaps, because the writer could always command franks. Here is an extract:

"The balls are to me excessively tiresome; indeed I have never been able to bear the *bore* of them since I left off dancing years ago; and I think the best part of London is late in the year, in a smaller sort of society, which one sometimes finds when there are fewer people. I have been to-night at Vauxhall, which is the prettiest thing possible to see once or twice. . . . This beautiful moonlight night turns everybody's head, and makes them romantic. I regret much being so far from Tunbridge, and not having a husband belonging to the Barouche Club, and not being able to see Penshurst along with you. Walter Scott must have been highly pleased with seeing it in such good company. Lord Stafford says he hopes it will set him to write something of a more southern nature than what he proposed to do of our northern clans and their squabbles, which sometimes become a little tiresome to the English ear. I like the Border stories, I own, better than the very Highland ones of Macleans and Macdonalds, which never go beyond their own hills, and I like the hills themselves better than the traditions of a Maclean kicking a Macdonald down one of them, or *vice versa*. I do not, however, mean to say, that when you come to stories of the Thanes of Ross, Sutherland, etc., they are not really interesting; but it is the endless traditions of the Western Highlands to which I object in detail. However, Walter Scott throws so great a charm over what he writes, that he may take any subject he pleases."

This was abundantly verified by the publication of the *Lady of the Lake*, and subsequently by the *Lord of the Isles*. In the latter the poet showed how well and powerfully he could deal with the scenery and traditions of the West Highlands. It is true, however, that in both of these great metrical romances Scott added the attraction arising from popular historical names and events, from the appearance on the scene of the gay and chivalrous James the Fourth, and from Robert Bruce and Bannockburn. Such characters irradiated, as it were, local incidents and descriptions, imparting to the whole a national interest.

Regarding a conspicuous character in the West Highlands, the supposed original of Scott's chieftain, Fergus MacIvor, Lady Louisa Stuart relates an amusing anecdote

told her, she says, by Lord Montagu, and which, in a comedy, would certainly be called *outré*:

"Macdonell, of Glengarry, came with a great staring lad of fourteen to enter him at Eton. The poor boy, almost of a man's size, being lamentably deficient in grammar and prosody, and pronouncing Latin à l'*Ecossaïse*, was placed in the third form with children of ten years old. Meanwhile, the father desired to speak with Dr. Keate himself, and the Doctor left his dinner to receive the laird's commands. These were to observe a point of great importance, namely, that his son should be entered in the books Macdonell, and not Macdonald. 'Sir,' said he, 'Macdonell was the true ancient name from time immemorial. It had always been Macdonell till the invasion of the Romans; then they corrupted it into *Macdonaldus*, but we have nothing to do with the Latin termination.' The little Doctor did nothing but bow and assent to the formidable chieftain; but in repeating it, he said: 'I could have told him, if I durst, that *Macdonellus* was much better Latin than *Macdonaldus*, and thus have exculpated the Romans altogether.'"

Glengarry, like Don Quixote, was born at least a century and a half too late.

Sir Samuel Hood had gone to the East Indies as the naval commander-in-chief. Extraordinary attentions were paid to Lady Hood by the native princes, and some of her progresses through India were marked by a sort of regal splendor. In 1812 she made a journey in her palanquin from Madras to Seringapatam and Mysore, and traditions of her beauty, her high spirit, and love of field-sports, still linger among the people. Of these progresses Lady Hood kept journals, but their interest has been superseded by the accounts of later travelers, and by the vast changes in India.

While the great lady from the West was thus gratifying her enlightened curiosity, and receiving homage in India, her friends at home were assiduous in acquainting her with English occurrences and gossip. Lady Anne Barnard, authoress of the fine Scottish ballad, *Auld Robin Gray*, was one of those friendly and accomplished correspondents whose genial epistles were welcomed at Madras. She was of the family of the Lindsays, a daughter of the Earl of Balcarras; and having removed to England, where her sisters, Lady Fordyce and Lady Hardwicke, were settled, she became the wife of Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, who was some time secretary

to Lord Macartney at the Cape. Lady Anne was now a widow—her husband died in 1807; she was lively, good-humored, and observant, noted for her active kindness, and delighting the higher circles in which she moved by her conversational talents and gayety, which the weight of seventy years scarcely diminished. The fact of her authorship, notwithstanding the immense popularity of her song, she concealed till she was on the verge of the grave, when she avowed it in a letter to Sir Walter Scott. When Lady Hood was at Portsmouth, on the eve of her departure for India, Lady Anne sent her an affectionate farewell:

"When far away, remember if there is any thing I can do for you, command me freely; your order will be accompanied by a letter, and that will be something gained. Pray do not exceed your three years. Sir Samuel knows well that the full extent of human good humor is but three years. After a great man has been anywhere, those who were rejoiced to have him, and who looked on him as a godsend, long to see his back, in the hope that they may effect more points with his successor; and if he does not go quite so soon as they calculated on, they become provoked with him."

There is something of native shrewdness, as well as courtly experience, in this estimate of human nature. Lady Anne, like most of the ladies of her acquaintance, dabbled a little in politics, and she predicted truly (February 4th, 1812) that when the restrictions on the Prince Regent were removed, there would be little or no change in the ministry:

"The Houses of Lords and Commons are met to wrangle, and look forward with hope and fear to the momentous day, the 18th of February, when the prince is to be taken out of his go-cart to walk alone. What he is to do no one knows, and I fully believe he himself does not know; for he is not in a state of body or mind fitted to make decisions. I should think, as the H. family, who live almost exclusively with him, and have alone the opportunity of recommending or suggesting, are with the present administration, that he will continue them all in, a very few excepted."

A more general letter of gossip may be quoted:

"BEAUFORT, BATH, NOV. 12th, 1813.

"Last winter London was supposed to be later in its hours, and more expensive in all its ways, than it was ever known to be before. The parties and balls began late; they went on



unremittingly when they did begin; and it is the fashion now to have a side-board covered with all manner of ices, fruits, wines, cakes, and even cold meat. This, I should have imagined, would have made them less frequent, but no such thing. The regent, in spite of his greatness, goes about wherever he is asked; and the quantity of royal dukes is voluminous. It has been supposed, in the course of this last year, that a certain royal heart is not quite so much devoted as it has been to a handsome marchioness; but as we see no new person on the ground sharing the attentions, we can only conjecture about this; all the charms there increase rather than diminish. The Princess Charlotte is a lively, good-looking girl, and seems to long much for an establishment of her own, but that, I hear, is not likely to be granted to her yet. I was at one ball he (the regent) gave at Carlton House—the most splendid thing that could be seen. I went in the full glory of finery, and looked like nothing but a mad old ostrich! However, the fashion of the times must answer for this, not me. The regent having appointed my cousin, Colonel Barnard, to be his aide-de-camp, and done me the honor of letting me know that my strong recommendation had much aided the colonel's own meritorious services, I went to say 'Thank you,' in all the jewels that my friends chose to bedizen me with, together with twenty-two high, white ostrich feathers, and a white satin gown, all embroidered with silver! In short, I was most splendid, and, *of course*, very well received. The whole of the female part of the company were loaded with feathers and jewels. Oh, how sleepy and tired I was! . . .

"You naturally say, 'Where are you?' At the house of Sir James Burges, to whom my sister Margaret was married a year and a half ago. It was late in life for her to change her state, but as she had known him for forty years he could not be called a new acquaintance; and as she is fond of a large and jolly society of young people, he has made her at once mother to seven good-humored men and women, who are all satisfied with her, and with whom she is happy. Since her marriage, a dozen of old couples have led off in the hymeneal dance, which seems to be the fashion at present; but not for chickens—for the old hens and gamecocks. Witness the old Marchioness of Clanricarde and Sir Joseph Yorke, Lady Sligo and Sir William Scott, etc. . . .

"It is said there is to be no opera this season; so much the better; the fine ladies will have money in their pockets. Waltzing, which was begun to be in fashion when you left us, gains ground. It was supposed to be a dance fatal to the interests of husbands, but there have not been any divorces in consequence of it, that I have heard of. . . . I will now close, for I hear the word *dinner*. This is a letter of *chatter*, but not the worse for that to a friend far away. God bless you, you pretty good creature!

"Yours, ANNE BARNARD."

A letter from Miss Berry, the eldest of the dual sisterhood at Little Strawberry Hill, and the friend of Horace Walpole, has the pleasant flavor of antiquated literary gossip:

"GROVE, BATH, Dec. 30th, 1811.

"Of chit-chat, Miss Long's immediate marriage with young Mr. Wellesley Pole is the great subject. A friend of mine, connected with Rundell's house, writes me: 'Her diamonds, which they are preparing, are much more splendid and magnificent than ever were furnished to a subject.' To what a height are the Wellesleys rearing their heads, and decollation is out of fashion nowadays! . . . In Herefordshire I passed three weeks, at the house of a mutual friend, with Mrs. Apreece, and as you know her, you can appreciate the value of three weeks in her society. The following lines were sent me from town. But I have not a guess at their author. It may be as well Sir Harry Englefield himself as any other wit, notwithstanding the sneer at his Catholicism. I hope your ladyship may be pleased with them. I think they are good, especially the first stanza, which seems to me quite happy; but after this estimate of their merit, it would not do for me to be in the same page, and I shall therefore turn over a new leaf.

'Have you seen the famed Bas-bleu,  
The gentle dame, Apreece,  
Who at a glance shot through and through  
The Scots Review,  
And changed its swags to geese?  
Playfair forget his mathematics,  
Astronomy, and hydrostatics;  
And in her presence often swore  
He knew not two and two made four!

'To the Institution then she came,  
And set her cap at little Davy;  
He in an instant caught the flame,  
Before Sir Harry said an *Ave*;  
Then, quick as turmeric or litmus paper  
An acid takes, begun to vapor;  
And, fast as sparks of fire and tinder,  
Was burned, poor fellow, to a cinder.'

"I am anxious to hear of your safe arrival in India, and I shall long to know how you like that country, so different from Europe in many respects, and in few for the better. Ladies are in high estimation there, but your ladyship, who was the admiration of London, will little value attentions at Madras or Bombay. You will, however, prize the conversation of such men as my friends Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Samuel Auchmuty. How I wish the latter had deferred his conquest of Batavia till your admiral might have shared in the spoils! The former, I fear for your sake, and rejoice for my own, is soon returning home. Of myself I will only say (and that because I flatter myself it will be gratifying to your ladyship) that I am really quite well, and had I not,

as I fortunately have, the feeling of health, I should soon be talked into it, so daily am I complimented on my good looks. I pray heaven your ladyship's may continue, and that I may have the pleasure to see you return in spirits, health, and riches to your friends and country. I need not add how much this would delight your obliged and faithful M. B."

This rumored alliance of Davy with the rich widow (which actually took place next year, when the philosopher was also knighted) seems to have astonished the world of fashion and art. Mrs. Apreece was believed to be too ambitious and artificial to marry for *mind* only. She did not mean, it was said, to make so unequal a match, till her long flirtations accustomed her to it. Sydney Smith called it a new chemical salt — *Davite of Apreece* — though he admitted that this was a bad joke. The courtship is humorously alluded to in another excellent letter, which we must quote. Lady Hood had transmitted a farewell note and the present of a book — *Mémoires de la Reine Marguerite* — to her friend Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, who replied by a long and affectionate letter, containing some amusing details, criticism, and information, tinged with a cynical spirit or coloring worthy of Matthew Bramble:

"(1812.)—I have no doubt you will find in India a great deal to amuse, and a good deal to interest, a mind so active and so cultivated as yours; and should you ever feel disposed to communicate the result of your Asiatic researches to two immovable Europeans, whose annual migrations from Yorkshire to London constitute the whole of their travels, pray bestow it on one of us, and you shall hear in return that we live and are grateful. A *recueil* of Indian ghost stories is a desideratum in Western literature, though, as Indian souls migrate from one living being to another, they have not time to make visits to their friends like the spirits of departed Gaels. I rely on your zeal in the cause of the seers for settling this disputable point. . . .

"London just now is overwhelmed with politics, and I am sure they would amuse you as little as they have done me. When there is time for tittle-tattle, I think the most general subject is the announced and approaching union of Mr. Davy and Mrs. Apreece, an event which I contemplate as the triumph of English philosophical courtship over the cautious advances of the Edinburgh Professors. Poor Playfair will be in despair when he finds that the heart which he failed to conquer was not impregnable; but what can resist galvanic batteries and the persuasive powers of oxygen gas? Such are the most prominent philosophi-

cal transactions of the year of grace 1812. Gell is gone on a mission from the Dilettanti Society to Asia Minor with two good draughtsmen, and we expect much fruit from his labors. He was last heard of from Malta, whence he sailed for Smyrna. There are ruins innumerable on the south coast and in the north-east provinces of Asia which are very little known, and of all these we are to have fac-similes in views, architectural drawings, maps, plans, etc. What an antiquarian paradise in prospect for the elect! Walter Scott has again sounded the trumpet, and announced another poem, which is to come out next year. In the meantime the booksellers here tell me he has sold his unborn progeny for £3000, of which £1500 is to be paid in May next, and the other half whenever he publishes. He is not doomed, at least, to meditate a thankless Muse, and I most sincerely hope his fame will keep pace with his profit. He has bought a farm at Abbotsford, near Melrose, is building a cottage, and sowing acorns; and he tells me he never was so happy in his life as in having a place of his own to create. In this Caledonian Eden he labors all day with his own hands, though since the fall he and his wife will not find many luxuriant branches to prune in Ettrick Forest. I sent him a bushel of Yorkshire acorns, which, except docks and thistles, are, I believe, likely to be in three years the largest vegetables upon the domain. The new poem is to pay for all these luxuries; and should it be ranked with the three he has already published, he will have a good right to enjoy them.

"Mrs. Morritt has been at a most amusing scene at Mrs. Stanhope's, where a large party invited to a dance were promised amusement from a very fashionable set of waltzers, who came uninvited to perform, shut themselves up in Mrs. S.'s dressing-room, and continued dancing by themselves to the only music there was provided, and left the dame of the mansion and the rest of the world to amuse themselves in the best manner they could. If this had happened in St. Giles it would have been thought ill-breeding. I hope these European graces have not yet crossed the Pacific. Here we are likely to improve more and more. Lord B. has just announced his marriage with the fair daughter of a washerwoman in Mount-street, whose cruelty, I believe, by no means compelled his lordship to this very decisive measure. The Marquis of W., seized with a noble emulation, has proposed, it is said, to the sister of the new peeress, who is of an equally kind and liberal disposition. How the ghost of Catherine Swinford must rejoice in this second contamination of the blood of Plantagenet. Surely this is the *comble* in the history of *mésalliances*. . . .

"All the world here are *émervillés* with a new poem of Lord Byron's: the fashionable world because he is a lord, and the blue-stocking world because he is a poet. It is called the *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*, and combines a description of a young nobleman,

evidently drawn for himself, and an account of his own tour through Spain and Greece, which he says is to be continued. It is written in Spenser's stanza, and with great spirit and force of poetry. Of his hero's character he lets you know that he is a rake, a misanthrope, a cynic, and an unbeliever; of his tour, that he saw all descriptions of people and scenery without ever being made happy by either. The finest stanzas in the book inculcate the comfortable doctrine of the non-existence of a future state. He celebrates a lady under the name of Florence, who I understood to be no other than Mrs. Spencer Smith, and bewails the loss of another by the name of Thyrsa, who, he says with great justice, had done what others shrunk from, because she certainly was introduced by him in man's clothes to several of his unconscious friends in England under the name of *Mr. Byron*. The feminine appellation of this amazon is not known to fame.\* With all this you can not imagine a more beautiful strain of poetry than he has clothed his story with. He has attacked Lord Elgin with fury for dismantling Athens, and nobody feels much for Lord E.; but how he contrives to pour out the vials of his wrath with impunity is singular enough, as few men have gone so far as Lord Byron without at least a dozen challenges and half-a-dozen actual combats. Perhaps the reputation he labors under of being able to hit a half-crown at twelve paces may be the cause of this phenomenon, so creditable to the forbearance of this martial age. His old opponents, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are retiring from the field. Brougham and Horner are swallowed up in politics, Sydney Smith batten on the good things of Foston, and Jeffrey himself too much occupied with Scotch pleadings to anatomize authors any longer. Poets unborn will now come forth in security, and unless they leave a legacy to Lord Byron in their next number, *Childe Harold* will escape their abuse, and the world will not be amused with a supplement to the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

"J. B. S. MORRITT."

Of court gossip we have abundance, some of it pungent enough. The reputation of George the Fourth has been so shattered of late years, that we need not hesitate to pour in some additional small shot:

"(1813.)—There was a most extraordinary dinner given at Carlton House, of which every person has some curious story to tell. The host, that he might distinguish himself on the occasion, began by drinking two large tumblers

\* Mr. Morrill is correct in his information as to "Florence," but "Thyrsa" was an imaginary heroine. There was, however, some foundation for the scandal as to the nameless amazon.—See *Moore's Life of Byron*, under date of 1808.

of a liquor stronger than brandy; and thus prepared, he entered on a conversation, or rather such a torrent of abuse of individuals, both absent and present, (some of whom gave him quite as good as he brought,) that at last his daughter, not much accustomed to such scenes, burst out a-crying and ran out of the room. The two Gr.'s, he said, were d—d rogues and scoundrels for throwing him into the hands of the still greater rogues and scoundrels whom he now had to deal with; but he thanked God he depended on nobody but himself! The Princess Charlotte's politics are more violent than ever; and the other night she nearly tumbled out of her opera-box in her great zeal to kiss her hand to Lord Grey. F. P."

"(1813.)—You will see that the Duchess of Leeds has succeeded Lady de Clifford, who resigned, they say, for this reason: The Princess was playing at *vingt-un* at the Duke of Cambridge's; she was asked whether she chose a card, and what card; she replied: 'She was happy to declare she had no predilections'—the famous phrase, you know, in the Regent's letter, and in the parody.\* The Duke of Cambridge called her saucy, and told her he should get a rod. 'Then it must be for yourself,' she said; 'pray look at home.' For this Lady de Clifford lectured her, and they quarreled."

Another letter says the princess gave Lady de Clifford a box on the ear! The writer states that the Regent addressed the following distich to the "Statira of the moment:"

"Je n'aime pas ces grands yeux noirs,  
Qui disent fièrement, 'I make war.'  
Mais j'aime ces yeux languissants et bleus,  
Qui disent tout doucement, 'I love you.'"

A courtship and marriage in the royal family may serve as companion pictures:

"You have, of course, heard of the great feats which his Highness of Clarence has achieved *auprès des dames*. First, he proposed to Miss Long, and I think he took a new and singular method to recommend himself. Having painted to her imagination all the felicity she was likely to enjoy as his wife, he finished by saying: 'I understand, ma'am, you have a bad temper; now, ma'am, that would be an objection to many people, but with me it is none at all—quite the contrary. In short, ma'am, it

\* In the letter from the Prince Regent to the Duke of York, February 13th, 1813, the Regent is made to say: "I have no predilections to indulge." Moore, in his witty parody, repeats the phrase:

"I am proud to declare I have no predilections."

In this parody Moore has a very happy couplet, in which the Regent, alluding to his father, says:

"A strait waistcoat on him, and restrictions on me,  
A more limited monarchy could not well be."

shall be no further trouble to you, for I will undertake to manage it for you. Mrs. Jordan, ma'am, had the worst temper, but I managed it for her for twelve years, and she had no trouble with it at all.' In spite of this temptation, the young lady resolutely declined his proffered hand, and so he went home and penned an epistle to Miss M.; there, however, he met with the like success, and it is said he afterwards tried Miss B., but of this I am not certain. I think the story of Miss Long not bad. F. B."

"(1818.)—Have you heard that at the Hom-burg wedding the bridegroom at first only nodded assent to the questions which were asked him? Being desired to express his serene will more explicitly, he bellowed out 'I villy,' which burst disconcerted the poor archbishop so much, that in his turn, when he addressed the princess, he asked her whether she would take this *woman* for her wedded husband, at which her Royal Highness paused. The happy couple then set out for Windsor, and proceeded joyously as far as Hammersmith, when the bridegroom was so sick with riding in a close carriage that he got out, mounted the dickey, though it was raining torrents, and having got his pipe (which is his comfort on all occasions) proceeded most prosperously. E. C."

Lady Anne Hamilton adds some choice touches:

"Prince *Home-bug* is married. All the ministers of Europe tried to get him into a bath, but tried in vain. After an hour's consultation they did prevail with him to wash his feet; but to wear, buy, or possess a pair of stockings was quite beyond their art. He said it was very well for us to wear stockings to encourage our manufactories, but he had not the same reason; he had never done it, and never would; his boots were quite enough for him. The princess says she loves him of all things! Love is blind, and is, I suppose, equally deficient of all other senses."\*

The advent of Lord Byron in London society was an event of supreme interest in the fashionable circles. "I hear of no new books worth reading," writes the Marchioness of Stafford, "except Lord Byron's poem; it has made a great sensation, and occasioned much fuss about him by the ladies, at whom he appears to laugh in his sleeve." A true and shrewd remark. Lady Keith (Johnson's *Queeny*) says:

"Lord Byron is the person now that all the ladies are setting their caps at, and are in anxious hopes of a nod or a smile, which are

not easily obtained from him, and therefore, I suppose, are so highly valued. I never see him speak to any unmarried lady but Miss M., who, you know, is quite a distinct person."

An accomplished correspondent writes:

"There is less of novelty than usual in London this year. Waltzing is quite at an end; and when one has seen and talked over Lord Byron and the new Spanish ambassador, one has nothing to do but the regular routine. Lord Byron, whose very beautiful poem will, of course, be sent to you, is just now the rage. He is a little, sickly, wan, cross, lame youth, who is, however, reckoned (and not without reason) handsome; by some, indeed, quite killing. He bears on his face all the expression of every bad quality belonging to Childe Harold. They say he is very agreeable, very lively, very wicked—in short, he is *la coquette des dames*; and (as Mr. Rogers the poet told mamma, he knew from experience to be too true) that distinction of being their favorite is a most transient gratification."

The greatest of all Byron's cotemporaries, Scott, joined in this chorus of admirers and critics:

"(1813.)—By your letter of the 10th January, my dear Lady Hood, I regret to perceive that you have not received a copy of *Rokeby*, packed and sent from the India House, with one for my brother-in-law, Carpenter. I send another, which I shall recommend to the care of my friend Croker, at the Admiralty; and I will endeavor to obtain a few pages of an unpublished volume of the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, containing a brief sketch of Leyden's earlier life. How much do I regret your not meeting him! You would have prized his real merit and goodness of heart, and excused the eccentricities which shocked those fine dames who have more nicety than taste or discernment. But thus passes this weary world. Those formed to associate most happily together are daily separated by fortune or by death, while persons totally unsuited to each other are coupled up like cross-grained spaniels in the strong links of external necessity. I am very glad you have found something to like in my brother-in-law. I never saw him, and am truly happy to think that we shall like each other when it is our fortune to meet. He is quite enchanted with your goodness, and I approve of his taste therefore."

"You ask me, dear Lady Hood, for literary news. There is not much of any consequence. Lord Byron, so quizzed of yore by the *Edinburgh Review*, has shone forth a great luminary in the poetical world. *Childe Harold*, a sort of sketch of his travels, and reflections while engaged in them, has probably reached India. It is a work of great poetical talent, but indicates a gloomy and rather misanthropic

\* In a similar strain Mr. W. Fremantle writes to the Marquis of Buckingham. See the *Buckingham Memoirs*.



cal turn of disposition. Childe Harold has exhausted the round of all pleasures, licensed and unlicensed, and wonders to feel the goblet, which he has drained even to its luscious dregs, fall upon his taste when again replenished. And pretty nearly the same course of experience which made Solomon of old proclaim that all was vanity, induces our modern Epicurean to quarrel with the system of the universe, and to disbelieve its being guided by supreme benevolence and wisdom. Another beautiful and eccentric production by the same hand is the *Giaour*, a Turkish romance. It is a poetical fragment, obscurely written, but abounding with high and spirited passages. The tale is the intrigue of a Christian with the favorite of a Moslem. Hassan murders his wife, and the *Giaour*, in revenge, waylays and kills Hassan, and dies a monk, without having the good fortune to become a penitent. The sentiments of this poem indicate the same deficiency of virtuous feeling which throws a shade on Childe Harold's character. The passion, so well and powerfully described, is of an unworthy and bad kind; and I shrewdly suspect Lord Byron would be improved by a drachm of chivalrous sentiment, and a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous and disinterested principle added to his very extraordinary powers of intellect and expression. As he is, however, he has done deadly, or almost deadly execution among the ladies of fashion. Lady Caroline Lamb, despite having married Charles [William] Lamb for pure love and kindness, has fallen desperately in love with Childe Harold, and being disobliged at something he said to her at an evening party about her waltzing, she snatched up a dessert knife, and, after exclaiming against the cruelty of man, attempted to plunge it into her bosom—really did give herself a wound, and cut grievously two fingers of Lady Ossulton, who caught at the instrument of destruction to prevent a catastrophe. Very absurd all this, and a proof that the world is not grown better since your ladyship left Britain.

W. SCOTT."

This incident of Lady Caroline Lamb has been related in the recent *Memoirs of Lady Morgan*, but without the clearness or correctness of the description by Scott, or of the following by a lady:

"(1813).—You heard, I suppose, of the dreadful mad scene which terminated Lady Caroline Lamb's display of eccentricities at Lady Heathcote's. Irritated by some observation of Lord Byron's upon her waltzing, she darted up stairs with a knife which she took from the supper table, and Lady Ossulton, who followed, could hardly prevent her, at the risk of her own life, from executing her design of cutting her throat. They say she was carried home in a strait-waistcoat. I am sure, poor thing, she ought to be under regular confinement, for every one of her actions bears

the stamp of insanity. It is impossible not to blame the indolent good-nature of Mr. Lamb, who sits by a passive spectator of conduct which, in every way, dishonors him. The chief care of all her family seems to be to keep the knowledge of her eccentricities from the Dowager Lady Spencer, who is very fond of her, and just enough aware of her character to be in constant fear of some dreadful scene. There is no accounting for the taste of fine ladies, but certainly one would think that both Lord Byron's appearance and avowed sentiments would prevent his being a very fascinating object to any woman; yet, without seeing it, you can not conceive the set that was made at him by a great many, and among others by Miss M. E., who would certainly have consoled herself for all her disappointments could she but have dispelled the smile of sarcastic contempt which never leaves his countenance, and with which alone he condescends to listen to the advances of his fair besiegers.

C. P."

The marriage of Byron with Miss Milbanke, and their separation at the end of a year, gave the ladies their revenge—if any such feeling could have mingled with the general grief and surprise at that utter desolation and destruction of the poet's home and household gods. In April, 1816, Byron's verses, "Fare-thee-Well," and "A Sketch," were published in the newspapers, and immediately afterwards printed as a pamphlet, with the title of *Poems by Lord Byron on his Domestic Circumstances*. A copy of this reprint had been lent to Professor Playfair, and the following is the philosopher's opinion of one of the poems:

"Mr. Playfair returns Lord Byron's Poems to Lady H. Mackenzie, with many thanks. The 'Sketch' is terrible. One would almost say of it that it is the picture of one demon drawn by another."

Madame de Staël had previously, after meeting Byron in London society, applied to him the epithet of "demon." Of Lady Caroline Lamb's abuse of the poet, and of the poet himself, with other matters, Lady Louisa Stuart thus writes:

"June 17, 1816.

"I am like you, I think the *Antiquary* rather inferior to its two predecessors, but better than any thing else. It has been less talked about, and I verily believe less read here than you would expect, from coming out at the same time with Lady Caroline Lamb's precious *Glenarvon*, a heap of nonsense, which would have been still-born if not known to be the

work of a mad woman of fashion; but being so, people find out, in the modern affected phrase, 'a great deal of talent in it.' I suppose her character of *Glenarvon*, or Lord Byron, is pretty just. That man must have a black heart. He told Lady Byron, the moment their marriage ceremony was over, that now he had her in his power, he would be revenged for her repeated refusals of him. She took it for a lover's joke, but said she had reason since to recall his words, and think their meaning literal. This, Mrs. Siddons repeated to a friend of mine. She (Mrs. S.) was at Sir Ralph Noel's in the autumn, while Lady Noel went to London to settle the separation, and Lady Byron said much to her on the subject, particularly that the horrible company he brought home, and the conversation she was exposed to hear, had driven her to accept of a parting, first, however, proposed by himself. 'Why, surely,' cried Mrs. Siddons, 'he must be his own Childe Harold.' 'Rather his own Lara,' replied poor Lady Byron. He is Belphegor, I believe, let out for a season, not any thing human; for how beautiful is that 'Farewell,' although one knows it to be dictated by no true feeling, and its being openly published was an insult the more."

Another lion, or rather lioness, appeared about the same time in the London salons, scarcely inferior to Byron himself. This was Madame de Staël, who had contrived to escape from the thralldom of the French police, and reached England by the circuitous route of Russia. Her *Corinne* and *De l'Allemagne* had been extensively read and criticised, and she came heralded by the *Edinburgh Review* and Sir James Mackintosh. The good and placid Marquis of Lansdowne, lately lost to us, thus notices the lady:

"(1818).—Madame de Staël and her work engage the attention of all who like extraordinary books and extraordinary ladies, though I do not think she will make many converts to the German system of metaphysics: *le vague* is more adapted to the regions of sentiment than those of philosophy; and the good Christians of Wilberforce's school will hardly understand a theism which, under the name of religion, begins by rejecting the external proofs of the existence of a Deity to prove the intensity of their internal belief in it. Mackintosh has reviewed the work in the *Edinburgh Review*, and done great justice to its merits, which in point of style, and the most refined and acute delineation of the character and pleasures of social existence, are very great indeed."

A female observer—acute, sensible, and domestic—is somewhat more critical:

"(1813).—London is as empty as if the plague were in it. His Royal Highness [the Prince Regent] has been for some time at the Pavilion, enjoying the sea-breezes. The parties he has given there have not been very merry, for Madame de Lieven, the Russian ambassadress, writes to a friend of mine that 'On y pèris d'ennui, toutes les dames d'un côté du salon, tous les hommes de l'autre, le triste intermédiaire entre les deux sexes. Ah! c'est une abominable façon de passer le temps!' Madame de Staël has not joined this merriment. She remains at Richmond, writing books no one can understand, and saying things which every one repeats and pretends to understand, though when you ask them to explain for the benefit of country gentlemen, you find they are as ignorant of her meaning as probably she was who first said these *mots profonds*. She said the other day, 'Bonaparte n'est pas homme—c'est un système.' On being presented to Canning, she said: 'Ce n'est pas du plaisir que vous me faites, ce n'est pas de l'admiration que vous me causez—c'est de l'émotion que vous me donnez.' What all this means, I profess I can not tell; but it is fine fun to see all the geese going about cackling their delight at these wondrous sayings. She got into some furious mistakes when first she came to London; among others, going up with the most extravagant compliments on her transcendent beauty and figure to Mrs. Bankes for Lady Hertford. She has a Monsieur Rocca, a young Swiss, whom she carries about in the most shameless manner."

"S. S."

We subjoin some scraps of letters by the late Duchess of Wellington—a lady comparatively little known, for she sought retirement, and was in delicate health. All that transpires concerning the Duchess is calculated to add to the high appreciation of her accomplishments and goodness of heart entertained by her friends. The following may be considered as prophetic:

"(1813).—I believe I had better not begin the subject of Lord Wellington: it would be an endless one. I will only just tell you that his noble character rises upon every trial, and that I am more convinced than I ever was, that he will be the savior of Europe. I recollect you once told me the titles which you liked the best were those of viscountess or marchioness. I have tried both and like them equally well, all my titles being acquired, as my little Douro says, 'Because papa does his duty so well.' I am proud of them all, and much gratified by his having just received the Blue Ribbon, vacant by the death of the Marquis of Buckingham. . . . My little boy's title is Baron Douro. They wanted to change his title and raise his rank, but I roared and screamed. The passage of the Douro, the most brilliant

and least bloody of all his father's achievements, shall not be forgotten, and he shall keep the name."

"MONDAY, June 26, [1815.]

"The intelligence of these last two days, or rather of yesterday morning and evening, is of the most interesting and wonderful nature, and, at the same time, the most probable result from the late events at Waterloo. It is not yet official, but it is credited. Bonaparte, after the battle of the 18th, made an effort to collect his troops and rally them; finding it impossible, he hastened with all speed to Paris, and reached it on Tuesday night. He immediately assembled the Corps Législatif, stated with more truth than he had ever told before, although with much lying, that the French arms had been completely successful till four o'clock on the 18th; that at that time, unfortunately, the *Neu Guard* made a charge to which they were unequal; that they were unexpectedly repulsed by a body of British cavalry, and not being accustomed to fighting, had given way and fled, drawing with them in their flight the *Old Guard*; that some ill-intentioned person gave the word, *Sauve qui peut*, on which the flight became general; and that half his army had disappeared, and his artillery *en totalité*. He concludes, 'Thus terminated this day so glorious for the French arms, yet so fatal!' He desires them to take the measures necessary for the glory of France without delay. Such are the accounts received yesterday morning. Last night arrived the continuation: that in pursuance of the directions received from Bonaparte, the legislative body proceeded to deliberate, and in a few hours came to the determination of informing Bonaparte that, having lost a fine army in a few days, he no longer possessed the confidence of the people, and that he must make up his mind to abdicate; that he has accordingly abdicated a second time, and it is imagined, but not asserted, that he is under arrest. Did I not tell you the spurious would vanish when opposed to the true hero? What is he now, if these accounts are confirmed? To those who have lost their friends, this result, which secures, or rather promises future peace, will be the best consolation which Heaven in this world could bestow.

"C. WELLINGTON."

"PARIS, Nov. 15, 1815.

"I have just received the *Field of Waterloo*, and had I expected much, must have been disappointed. But the subject of battles is exhausted, and there are a few beautiful flashes.

"Of Paris there is not much to say. There is no society of French, nor any amusement except what the theaters afford. There are, however, many of these, and most of them very gay, and we go to one almost every night. Lady Castlereagh has a supper every night after the play, which everybody goes to, and nobody likes, for it is indeed very dull. The weather has for these last few days been bad;

and I have been confined with so severe a cold, that I have not been able to see even the shell of the Louvre. I was there last year in its glory, and am curious to see what it is like now that it is stripped. In a few weeks I shall have my children."

Connected with children we have, in a subsequent letter, the following interesting passage:

"I shall have great pleasure in being god-mother to your little girl. I know you will make her good and happy, or rather, if you follow my way, make her happy first, and then she will like to be good. Will you teach her, when she is old enough to learn, the first poetry my mother taught me—seventeen lines of the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, beginning

'Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,'

and ending

'Rejoice, my soul, for all went well to-day!'"

"APSLEY HOUSE, February 19, 1818.

"You will have heard of the horrible attempt to assassinate my husband, the preserver of Europe, the first, the greatest of men. But the same hand that has ever protected him in the day of battle protected him now—the same eye watched over him, and ever will, I am sure. Why, then, do I still feel such horror when I think of this attempt? He is now, however, guarded in every possible way, and, I do believe, is more safe than he has ever before been at Paris. I wish for all that he was at home."

"March 4, 1818.

"No discovery is yet made of the assassin. I never trembled for the duke in battle, but now I have not a quiet moment. Yet I hope my trust in God is implicit—God will not forsake him. It is not true that he ran after the assassin. He did not even know that he had been shot at; if he had, the man would surely

\* The duchess refers to Rowe's paraphrase of the Golden Verses; and as the piece is now rarely met with, and is invested with some additional interest by the above notice, we subjoin the seventeen lines:

"Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,  
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,  
Ere every action of the former day  
Strictly thou dost, and righteously, survey.  
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand  
And answer justly to thy own demand:  
Where have I been? In what have I transgressed?  
What good or ill has this day's life expressed?  
Where have I failed in what I ought to do?  
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?  
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,  
From morning's dawn till evening's gloom has passed:  
If evil w're thy deeds, repenting mourn,  
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn;  
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,  
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,  
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day!"

have been taken. He thought the report was from a musket of one of the sentries, which he supposed had gone off accidentally."

For this attempted assassination, it will be recollected two men were tried, Cantillon and Marinot; but they were acquitted, as the *corpus delicti* had not been established. No trace of the ball shot at the duke could be discovered. The fact of Napoleon leaving Cantillon a legacy of ten thousand francs, is perhaps the most despicable of all his petty crimes. "Cantillon," he said, "had as much right to assassinate that oligarchist as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena," a statement, as Scott has re-

marked, striking not merely for its atrocity, but from the inaccuracy of the moral reasoning which it exhibits. "Napoleon has drawn a parallel betwixt two cases, which must be, therefore, both right or both wrong. If both were wrong, why reward the ruffian with a legacy? but if both were right, why complain of the British government for detaining him at St. Helena?" The inconsistency is palpable, but Napoleon did not reason on the matter. He had been baffled, defeated, and overthrown, and all ideas of truth, justice, or morality were lost in his rage and his egotism.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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From the London Society Magazine.

## HERBERT FREER'S PERPLEXITIES:

A LOVE STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

"A LUCKY YOUNG DOG."

WHEN Herbert Freer first settled in Severnsbury he would have seemed to you, or indeed to any one, about the most unlikely man in England to have furnished such a title as that which I have prefixed to the story I have to tell.

Perplexities indeed! How should he have any? A young fellow of thirty, he had come down there to manage the Severnsbury branch of the Metropolitan and District Banking Company. He had a salary of six hundred a year, which, as every body knows, is double the income on which (it has been conceded by the *Times*) a man may lawfully marry. Nay, besides this he had, it was known, some interest as partner in the bank itself. His interest, he said, was merely that which Lazarus had in the dinner of Dives. He was allowed to pocket now and then a sovereign which could not be conveniently crammed into the bags of the chairman and directors; but his own profits in that

way were altogether contingent on the success of the exertions of himself and his brother managers to earn more money than these bags could be made to hold. So talked Herbert Freer of himself. But then a young fellow who is doing well in the world is apt to speak banteringly of his income. We know that there are houses where even the post of Lazarus would be sought by many candidates. And every body in Severnsbury knew that the Metropolitan and District Bank was one of those good things in which a share is not to be had by outsiders at any price, and in which a share, being once had, is not lightly surrendered. Then, too, it was known that Herbert's father had died in very comfortable circumstances, and that Herbert had inherited all. Probably gossip was therefore not far wrong in setting down the young manager's income at something like fifteen hundred a year, and in assuming that (though six hundred a year is surely worth looking after) he filled his official post not so much because of the income it gave him as because it gave him some-



thing, without giving him over-much, to do. At the same time it was granted that he did his work in no mere spirit of dilettantism. He had the reputation of being a thoroughly good man of business—not easily over-reached, and yet not over-reaching. Much as his clerks liked him they respected him more. Add to these advantages that he had a frank and winning way, a good temper, good health, and a handsome person, and we may well ask what more need he wish that fortune should do for him?

Herbert Freer, in short, was declared by every body to be "a very lucky young dog;" and, what was more to his credit, (and is not invariably the fact with lucky young dogs as a species,) he was admitted by most people to deserve his luck.

Yet, for all this, we shall see in the sequel that it was not in any serene heaven of his own that he lived; that he had to breathe the common, perturbed air like the rest of us; had his anxieties as we have ours, and walked out often with black care for an attendant; had to wrestle hard with doubts and indecisions; knew how hard is the pillow to which sleep will not come; often "heard the chimes at midnight" while he tried in vain to balance conscience with expediency; in a word, that he too was taken prisoner by the horrid sphinx who tries us all with the riddles that we have to answer on peril of our lives, and was well-nigh drowned in perplexities, as, indeed, too many of us are in this most perplexing world.

Moreover, if a young lady's opinion be of weight, it is undeniable that in Severn-bury there were many estimable young ladies who would have been ready to declare that for a man like Herbert Freer to remain unmarried as he did was nothing less than a clear tempting of Providence, a clear laying of himself open to all manner of troubles and perplexities from which they themselves would, any of them, have undertaken to guard him. For Herbert, it must be admitted, brought with him the reputation of being of a disposition, in matters amatory, vexatious both to mammas and daughters; and it soon appeared that he really deserved this reputation. No angler of course expects to land a salmon as easily as a gudgeon. But allowing that a good fish is worth some little trouble, and indeed has a right

to decline to be caught without giving trouble, yet even the most patient of anglers, of mammas, of daughters, may be provoked and wearied out sometimes; and Herbert, it was complained, would neither take a bait nor leave it alone. No one was more ready than he to join the girls in their pic-nics—to row them on the river—to walk with them—to talk with them—to read poetry to them—even to write verses for them—to dance with them—to take them to concerts and lectures—in short, to be their assiduous dangler in any of the thousand-and-one capacities in which dangles are so useful. But what avail pic-nicings and boatings, moonlight walkings, and moony talkings, if they are to be merely their own reward? Ladies of practical habits, alive to the stern realities of milliners' bills and unmarried angels, look on these trivial gallantries as only the necessary preliminaries to more important negotiations. To persist in them too long is a mere "tarrying in the letter that killeth" deeply-cherished hopes. And somehow these charming junketings, no matter how dexterously contrived or how often repeated, did not bring about that softening of the heart, or softening of the brain, (I am really not quite clear which is the most correct expression,) without which even the best-nurtured young men continue strangely obdurate to those tender impressions which are so beautiful on materials of the due plasticity. Herbert, in short, obstinately delayed to "range" himself. As Napoleon, or some other general, complained of English soldiers that they were by nature so obtuse and thick-headed that when, according to all known rules of war, they had been fairly beaten they could not understand it, but out of sheer ignorance and stupidity went on fighting—so an accusation of precisely the opposite nature might with justice have been brought against the young gentleman now under criticism. His fair foes surrendered to him at discretion, laid down their arms, and craved only to preserve life at the sacrifice of liberty; yet he was so dull he would not understand that they had surrendered at all. He went on still in the trivial warfare of an every-day flirtation, and failed to see that serious opposition was no longer offered to him. As for marching home in triumph with a trembling prisoner in chains behind him, as a gallant young conquer-

ing hero ought to march—this was what Herbert Freer could by no means be induced to do.

To drop the fighting metaphor, as this is to be quite a peaceful story—out of his excessive good-nature—out of his obliging disposition—out of his amiability, his friendliness, his general *bonhomie*, there had grown a belief that these very qualities were what prevented and would prevent him from ever seriously falling in love. It was argued (not certainly by very profound logicians) that a young man who was politeness itself would shrink from doing so uncivil a thing as to pass by and give the cut direct to all the young ladies of Severnsbury save one. Again and again it had been announced by the established gossips that he *was* engaged to and about to marry the eldest Miss Fetherfew, the youngest Miss Fetherfew, the second Miss Fetherfew, Miss Bertha Peacock, Miss Woodley (niece to old Colonel Woodley)—nay, he had even been talked about in connection with the venerable Miss Phillips herself (whose age was guessed to be about a thousand, and whose money in the funds about a million.) But he only let this talk ebb and flow at its own sweet will. When its ripples dashed right up against him sometimes, he skipped out of the way of them; sometimes he met the small deluge with a laugh and a joke. As for a serious denial or a serious confirmation he was too wise to give it. For he knew, as we all know, that in all such gossip the word of the supposed principal in matrimonial arrangements is the last word that is believed. So rumor went on prophesying, and he contented himself with simply letting the prophecies remain unfulfilled. Such had been the state of affairs for nearly two years; and Severnsbury had at last become quite incredulous. A settled conviction had grown up in the minds of Herbert's acquaintance that he had not in him the stuff of which a lover is made. For a lover must have his heats and impetuosities, his eagerness, his strokes (it may be almost admitted) of sharp practice against rivals; and Herbert had shown so far none of these qualities. He had exhibited himself only in the character of an easy, good-tempered, clever, and rather careless fellow. When, therefore, it was blown about by old Mrs. Fetherfew that she was *sure* he was "very sweet on Miss Foster," and that she (Mrs. Fetherfew)

was *quite* sure there really was "something in it" this time, Severnsbury only shook its wise head and declined to have its credulity imposed on any more. Mrs. Fetherfew talked, as the winds of heaven blow, just as she listed; but it was said that if she talked as freely as the winds she also talked as idly; and so it came about that she was just as little regarded as they.

## CHAPTER II.

### "LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE."

HERBERT'S acquaintance with the Fosters was not more than a month old when this latest gossip first began to gain ground; and in order that we may see how far it had really any foundation—how far it merely resembled the many other idle rumors that had gone before it—we shall go back to the beginning of this acquaintance.

Of course when Herbert first came to Severnsbury he came well provided with letters of introduction. And even had he not done so, and had the repute of fifteen hundred a year not been in itself a tolerably good introduction, he would not have been long without acquaintances. Among other notes, he had brought one to Captain Foster; but he had kept it un-presented so long that at last he had become ashamed to present it at all, and so he had, instead of doing so, simply put it in the fire. He had, indeed, met the captain once or twice at other people's houses, and so had come to be on speaking terms with him; but the acquaintance had never become more than a casual one. Wandering, however, one evening down the terrace in which the captain lived, he noticed at the door of his house the figure of a young man, who pulled the bell with, apparently, some little hesitation, stooped down after having done so as if to listen whether it had rung or not, and, seemingly having satisfied himself that it had *not*, descended the steps, and was walking off briskly with that relieved expression of countenance which a man wears when he has suddenly decided to put off a call which he is not over-anxious to make; but in turning to walk off he turned face to face with Herbert.

"Do you often do that, Phil? Are you ringing at *all* the doors and running away, or merely taking them in a casual way?"

The runaway was one of Herbert's most intimate companions, by name Philip Grey.

"Oh! confound it," he said, "I have pulled two or three times, and either it doesn't ring or they have seen me through the window and don't care to answer it. Besides, the captain is such a bore I am glad to have an excuse for going away."

Herbert laughed. "Then let us have a walk," he said, and linking arms they turned and had a walk for about two paces, when they found themselves in the arms of Captain Foster himself, who had come on them at that instant unawares from behind.

"Well, I declare," said Philip Grey; "I was just trying to persuade Freer to call with me and see you."

"Were you, indeed? Then I hope he will at any rate be persuaded by the two of us."

Herbert bowed and said, "Very happy."

The captain rang, and having perhaps the knack of ringing his own bell better than any one else, or being perhaps more in earnest than Philip Grey, his ring was answered at once.

"I wonder whether he heard me call him a bore," muttered Philip.

"I fancy he did," said Herbert.

And, so speculating, the young men entered with their host; and this was the manner of Herbert Freer's first introduction to the house of Captain Foster. How often, I wonder, do hosts and guests meet, and chat, and entertain each other with similar frankness and cordiality! Whether Captain Foster really had overheard that remark of Philip Grey's or not, he made no sign of having done so. But how many of us would like occasionally to let our dear friends know that we are aware of the lie they have just told us, only that courtesy condemns us to silence and hypocrisy! The gallant captain led his friends in and seated them at his table. He gave them of his wine and of his cigars; he entertained them with what he sincerely believed to be very brilliant conversation; and all the while, for any thing I know, he was thinking of that unlucky stricture of Philip's and aiming to prove to Herbert how unjust it was. All the while, possibly, both the young gentlemen were interesting themselves less in his remarks than in certain tinkling sounds which they could barely hear, and which indicated that a piano was being played in some distant room of the house.

For Philip at least knew well enough

who the pianiste was. To say truth there had been some tender passages between him and Miss Foster, and the real cause of his indecision as to whether he should call at Captain Foster's house had arisen from doubt how she would receive him; and from a faint conviction on his part that probably it would be better that these tenderesses should go no further. His valor, therefore, had for once exhibited itself in the better shape of discretion, prompting him to run away. But now that he was in the house he wanted to be with her, and fidgeted under the assiduous courtesies of his entertainer. So he said at last, interrogatively, in a break of the conversation, "Miss Foster *is* at home, then?" and pointed in the direction from whence the sound of the piano came—as if he had not been quite well aware of that fact before he entered the house. And by-and-by, after this hint and another or two like it, the captain led the young men to the drawing-room and introduced them to his daughter, who was playing there alone.

Captain Foster was a widower, and it was no secret that his means were only strait. He had indeed but little income beyond the half pay on which he had retired; and though it could not be said of him, as it was said of Lieutenant Luff, that "his half pay did not half pay his debts," it was known that he always lived tightly up to his resources. His daughter Ida was the eldest of his children, and had now come home, at the age of twenty, to take charge of his house. Besides her there was only Arthur left, a boy of ten. Between them there had been four others. Arthur could remember the time when there was only one little green mound beside the larger one in the cemetery. This larger one had always been there as far as he could remember; indeed it had had to be made as soon as he came into the world. But these lesser hillocks had all been made within the last five or six years, and Arthur, himself a delicate child, was left now without a playmate at all.

It happened that Herbert had never met Miss Foster before. She had during the last year or two been much from home, and had only returned to Severnsbury a few weeks previously. But though he had not seen her he had often heard of her and of her beauty, and he was quite prepared to admire her. And Ida Foster was indeed very beautiful. Tall, dark, healthy,

graceful, and animated, it seemed as if all the vigor which should have been shared by the poor little brothers and sisters had been foreseized by the first-born.

When the gentlemen entered the room she rose, shook hands with Philip, honored Herbert with a gracious inclination of the head; and, being asked to continue playing, did so at once in a ready unhesitating way, which said pleasantly, as plainly as words could have said, that she knew she had a right to play for the reason that she really could play.

There is something very surprising—I had almost said very humiliating—in the way in which music, the most spiritual of all human arts, is often degraded into a merely mechanical work, and the trick of playing made, too evidently, a trick essentially the same in its nature as the sleight-of-hand of a conjuror. We see very ordinary women play, with a dexterity and accuracy that charm their hearers, pieces of music to compose which has tasked all the powers of the greatest masters. They execute the most difficult passages and the most brilliant movements without any apparent effort, and people cry: "What a wonderful player!" And all the while these women may be only clever, trained automata, as soulless and unappreciative of what they do as Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, and as unlike real musicians as that machine is unlike (and unfit to be) a chancellor of the exchequer. Their criticisms on music would probably be the perfection of absurdity or common-place. They have never paused to consider the meaning of what they play, or asked what was intended to be conveyed by the grand passages they execute so readily. Sorrow, joy, anger, love, disappointment, ecstacy, despair—every emotion that thrills our mortal bodies, was felt, it may be, by the mighty master as he swept the chords and brought out these melodies. To the player it is all mere wrist-and-finger work. And yet so wonderfully correct is the mechanical performance that, as the electric current flashes through and gathers strength from the passive insulator, to the hearer all these passions may still come out and live again, evolved by her who neither feels them nor knows them.

Ida Foster was not, however, a player of this kind. Music with her was a true passion and delight, and playing second-nature. Sometimes, it is true, she played, as a certain humble hero whistled, for

want of thought; but oftener she played because she found in playing peace and calm and better thoughts than came to her in the daily wrestle with the world, in the daily cares and anxieties, the daily plottings and small conspiracies with which, unhappily, young-lady life is often disturbed. At any rate, she never played for mere show. And Herbert Freer, as well as his companion, soon felt that it would have been an impertinence to have formally thanked her as she passed from tune to tune and piece to piece.

There was a little air of her own composing which she played at last, and said archly:

"Mr. Freer, I hear you are a poet; will you listen to this air, and when you go home present my respectful compliments to the Muses and request them to inspire you with words to fit it?"

And Herbert, being gallant, said that if he found the Muses sitting up for him on his return home he really would put Miss Foster's requirements before them; though, on account of the great advance which had lately taken place in the price of oil, they had taken to going to bed early, and he doubted he would be too late unless he were off at once.

So, laughing, the young men took their hats and bade good-night.

There was the tinkle of water in the little air, Herbert thought, as if it were water dropping on glass; there was laughter with tears in it; there was the languor of love with its doubts and fears in it. At any rate Herbert felt he could not be far wrong if he wrote nonsense to it, seeing that new music is so seldom set to any thing else. This, therefore, is what he produced; but not before he had considerably disarranged his hair and his temper, had long sat out his fire, and nibbled the feathers off more quills than seemed at all necessary:

"BROWN EYES.

"Dark brown, dark eyes, speaking ever,  
Life, and light, and laughter quiver  
In those eyes; ah me, those eyes!  
Bright brown eyes; ah me, those eyes!"

"Like a planet richly glowing,  
Tender meanings from them flowing,  
Full of moving memories;  
Bright brown eyes; ah me, those eyes!"

And when Miss Foster received the effusion next day, "with Mr. Freer's compli-



ments," she did not need to ask whose eyes were meant, but began, we are sorry to say, to inquire of herself whether she really had made a mark or not.

Whether Herbert also began so early to ask himself deliberately any question similar to that of Miss Foster's it would in the present stage of this history be premature to say. Possibly a new pavement had been put down in the direction of Burton Terrace, and Herbert therefore felt more pleasure in walking in that direction than he used to feel. Possibly Captain Foster's chairs had softer cushions and fewer thorns in them than Herbert found under him elsewhere. Possibly (if the supposition be not libellous) Ida Foster's nimble fingers and gracious glances were more to his taste than those of the Misses Fetherfew. At any rate when Mrs. Fetherfew said so positively that she was quite sure there was "something in it," she had this much of foundation for her assertion, that Herbert, namely, had during the month then just past been less often at her own house and more frequently at Captain Foster's than she found at all agreeable to the plans she had herself matured for Herbert's happiness, and than argued appreciation of the hospitality she so generously proffered him on all occasions of their meeting.

Herbert, in fact, found his intimacy with the Fosters pleasant and agreeable, and it thrived apace. It progressed, said Phil Grey, "like a house on fire." And as Phil felt himself a little eclipsed, and as he knew how narrowly he had himself escaped the flames, if indeed he had escaped at all, it is to be feared he looked on with something of the pleased interest and very doubtful commiseration with which good neighbors, who happen to have had their own house burnt down, generally do look on at other people's tenements in that predicament.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SIRENIA REDIVIVA.

In these days Herbert had a very decided fancy that he was literary; and one of the subjects on which he determined to be especially eloquent was the not very novel one of "The Sirens."

"When the world was very young indeed," he wrote, "and when the heavens

were much nearer to it than they are now—when the father of the gods used to come down and make love to the daughters of men—there was a fair island, in a fairer ocean, and underneath its cliffs of dazzling whiteness you might any day have seen Neptune himself riding on his dolphin in a way you can never hope to see him now. The maidens of that island were very fair to look upon, and their voices were as the hidden soul of harmony. Out of heaven there is now no beauty, nor any music to be compared with theirs. The sailors could not choose but cast anchor and remain always in their blissful company. So none who landed on that island ever returned home with tidings of its wonders.

"In process of time, however, one passed that way who stopped the ears of his crew with wax, and caused them to bind him to the mast, that so they might sail under the shadow of the island, and he might hear the harmony and yet not be induced to stay. Then they saw that the cliffs so dazzlingly white were of the bleached bones of men, and they concluded that the maidens who were so fair, and sang so sweetly, were really no better than they should be; if, indeed, they were not mere cannibal young females.

"Since then the world has grown a great deal older, and its people think themselves a great deal wiser. The stars have gone much further back and become astronomical. That Elysian ocean has wholly dried up. That enchanted island is to be found in no map extant. Only the sirens, under changed names, and wearing modern dresses, still remain, and still retain their old unsocial and disagreeable habits."

That this, and many pages to which it was introductory, was a piece of very fine writing which would be jumped at by any editor in England before whom it might be held up—though unfortunately the essay was apropos of nothing particular—it never entered Herbert's mind to doubt. But that the fable could have any practical moral for himself to take to heart; that sirens did really still exist amongst his own acquaintance disguised in genteel crinoline and playing elegantly on pianos: nay, even that he himself was at that moment in imminent danger of having his own bones clean picked by one—this was a *reductio ad absurdum* which if put before him he would have scouted with disdain.

And yet if he had been asked what it was that attracted him, and made him flutter round Ida Foster, as a moth flutters round a candle, he could have given but poor reasons. He would have said she had a bright eye—yet he had read Tennyson, and might have remembered that so had wily Vivien. He would have said she had a sweet voice—yet he had read Milton, and might have called to mind that the *fallen* angels sang very sweetly. He would have said she had a gentle touch—yet he kept a cat and had observed its habits. He would have said she had a pretty name—yet he would have needed no one to remind him that that was a merit due more to her godfathers and godmothers than herself. The truth must be told. Herbert, the superb—Herbert, the cool, the self-possessed—was really by no means so much himself as he used to be. And Ida, who had angled often in sport, was angling now in earnest. It is painful to us to have so soon to dethrone a young lady who may have been mistaken for a heroine. But the spoils of her skill had been already more than a woman with a heart ever does gain. Hitherto she had practiced only for scientific purposes. She had studied with all the coolness of an anatomist the degree of torture which her unhappy subjects might be made to endure, without making such an exhibition of themselves as would be positively disagreeable to her. And when this stage was reached, it had been her wont to exchange her subject for another one. Cool, clever, and heartless, she had brought flirtation probably to as high a pitch of perfection as it is destined ever to attain. She knew exactly how far she could go to inflict the maximum of mischief without openly compromising herself, and beyond this point she never went. She had never yet failed to enslave when she fairly bent herself to her task, and she had every confidence that she—as indeed any woman to her thinking—could marry any man who came within her reach were she only sufficiently determined. And determined she was to marry Herbert Freer, even before she saw him. Not that to herself she made any pretence of loving him. Love was a passion that she knew only from witnessing its effects—very ridiculous she thought them—in others. But if she could not love, she could act very cleverly, and said contemptuously that private theatricals were more amusing off

the stage than on it—in her opinion. And those who knew her best would have found it hard to tell in which of her doings she played an assumed part; in which she was herself. Music was the one pursuit in which she seemed entirely in earnest, and her love of which was thoroughly sincere. If when she played she charmed all ears, let us hope, too, that she exorcised for a while her own evil spirit, and rose from her piano and her harp with purer and less selfish thoughts than those which so soon resumed their hold upon her. And she knew that in music lay her power; but, alas! without perceiving that her power lay there, because there lay for a while nature and truth.

Herbert, for his part, might never have heard of the sirens—much less have written an essay on them. Whether it was that his hour had fully come—whether for his sins he had been doomed for a certain time to walk this earth in pain and perplexity—whether the gods had really driven him out of his wits, intending in a little while to deal still worse with him—however these things might be, in one short month Ida Foster's scheme had prospered so far that he had become her slave, and waited humbly on her in a way that he had never waited on woman before. And Phil Grey, whose vision had been a little cleared, by the way in which he had been forced to open his eyes, when Ida threw him overboard somewhat earlier than her wont, stood looking on, and making comparisons, like that which was recorded at the end of the last chapter.

Not that even a month had passed over without Herbert's beginning to have some little doubt as to Ida being in all things the "perfect woman, nobly planned," his fancy had at first painted her. But here again his good-nature told against him. When he noticed any fault, he did not so much think worse of Ida for it, as approve his own good judgment, that he could see faults at all in one with whom he already began to suspect he was falling in love.

For example, Phil had told him in a friendly way that Ida had jilted *him*, and had hinted further, that he was, he believed, far from the first whom she had served so. Well, Herbert had admitted that such conduct was very wrong; but it is wonderful how easily we forgive unfaithfulness in love, which we imagine to have

been practiced in our own favor. We think, at any rate, it is some compensation for the fair one's perfidy, that we ourselves should be kind and sympathetic with her victim; and, again, it is surprising how kindly a man really does think of his unsuccessful rival. So Herbert readily forgave Ida all her flirtations without even wishing to hear them recounted. And, if possible, he felt more friendly than ever to Philip Grey.

Then, too, one thing that Herbert most thoroughly enjoyed, was a hearty, good laugh, on due provocation; or, failing due provocation, even on no provocation at all. And he winced a little at the impassiveness of Ida. She smiled very sweetly on him, but he could never get her to join him in a real good laugh. Her calm, clear-cut face never so far lost its self-possession—never *seemed* to be moved with common passion; and to say truth, Herbert would have liked better to see it so agitated. Yet he reflected that in all his reading he had never read that the angels themselves laughed; they, too, only smiled, and must, he thought, smile very much as Ida smiled; and a man must be hard to please indeed who finds fault with a young lady merely for being of an angelic temperament.

But there were other glimpses, also, which Herbert got into the life of the Foster household which gave him little qualms, and made him doubt whether there might not be times when his angel did not even smile. The captain always spoke to Ida more meekly than seemed consistent with parental authority. Arthur moved more noiselessly in her presence than elsewhere, and had his little eyes often fixed on her when he was speaking to other people. In a hundred ways Herbert was made to suspect that Ida had a temper, and was accustomed to make that fact noticed at home.

All these things had Herbert seen, and pondered, and laid to heart. But when did love ever pretend to base itself on judgment? He was rather proud than otherwise of feeling that he was beginning to love unwisely. He repeated to himself that line about "not wisely, but too well," and it is to be feared, thought in his innermost heart that so to love was rather a noble action, and one that put him in the category of many of the most charming heroes in the best romances.

When, therefore, he walked home one

night and ruminated on the fact that he had that night made Ida a passionate offer of his hand, and yet had been dismissed in ignorance what the result of that offer was to be, he then realized, perhaps for the first time, that for him, too, as for the rest of us, there was reserved doubt and trouble and perplexity; and that a book might be bound in velvet with gilt edges, as he had fancied the volume of his life's history to be, and yet have in it lines very hard to read.

For feline nature is always the same; and Ida, true to her instinct, and feeling sure of her bird, could not forbear to play with it for a while, much as she would have been grieved to lose it. So she had begun the game of "fast and loose" with Herbert, and had sent him home with such an answer as left him bound while it left her free.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### CONSTANCY.

It happened the day after this crisis had been reached that Ida very unexpectedly, and very much to her annoyance, had to leave Severnsbury with her papa for a week. She could not well write to Herbert before starting, that as soon as he had left her she had made up her mind graciously to accept him. Besides, she had wanted to have a day or two's amusement with him; to have heard a few more protestations and a few more entreaties, and at last to have had the crowning triumph of pronouncing with her own lips the sentence of his happiness. To be hurried away, therefore, at such a time was especially provoking. There was no excuse for sending Herbert her address even. Yet to leave him to himself for a whole week in such a critical state was what Ida by no means liked. She tried to miss the train that so she might have a chance of meeting him by accident and saying a tender word before she started. But though she was late herself the train was still later, and she caught it to a nicety.

When Herbert called that evening, therefore, as usual in Burton Terrace, and learnt that the family had gone off but a few hours before to Clifton, he believed that the "invalid relative" and the "urgent family matters," which were said to be the occasion of this sudden journey,

were equally apocryphal. He did not in the least believe that the journey could really have been an unforeseen and an unavoidable one, but at once concluded that it was a flight deliberately taken for the purpose of getting out of his way after the events of the preceding night. He believed this the more readily as no message appeared to be left for him; and he was too proud to ask the servant for an address which he thought had been purposely withheld.

Herbert's dog, for sitting, as was its wont, in Herbert's easy chair, caught it that night in a way which excited the utmost surprise of that quadruped: and it stood blinking its mild eyes on the rug, and licking its feet thoughtfully, as if seeking in some undiscovered speck of mud for the cause of its master's ill-usage, until at last it gave up the problem and sulked off out of sight. Herbert's cigar would not burn at all; and Herbert's lamp would burn at such a rate that it broke the chimney. Herbert's maid was never so near giving warning as she was at his unusually snappish way. Herbert walked late in the garden. The very moon shone, he thought, with a cold, malicious brightness; not its wont, as if to show how insignificant he and his troubles were. It was an ill-made moon, not at all round. The ground was hard frozen. The few flowers that were left—chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies—hung frostbitten on their stalks with icy tears pendant, as if weeping that they were not released from such a tiresome world. Where was the good of moon, or flowers, or frost? Herbert went in and went to bed dissatisfied with the universe in general, and with this planet in particular, and with himself more than any mortal upon it.

If to go to sleep were as easy as to go to bed what good nights we should all have! Herbert had never known such pillows. He tried them all sides up. He doubled them. He straightened them out again. Then he flung them away and lay with his head in an extemporized pit. Then he dozed off into nightmare. Then he got up and walked about his bedroom and heard quarter after quarter clanged from the minster clock. What could be Ida's meaning? Was he really, after all, such a poor fellow that she merely wished to amuse herself with him as he had heard she had amused herself with others? And if so, was she not for all that really an

angelic creature, and would it not be "sweeter for her despairing than aught in the world beside?" And so the weary night wore away, as the longest nights wear away for those who are more sick than even he was; and he rose in the morning not refreshed, and looking a little—just a little paler than usual. He thought when he looked in the glass that he ought to have appeared worse than he did, and was possibly a little dissatisfied with himself for not doing so. But then he was robust, and hearts are not quite broken, nor hair turned quite white in a single night, and it was imperative, therefore, that he should give himself time.

This was only Tuesday, too, and Ida was not to return till the following Monday: (this much he *had* learnt from the maid;) so that he had a week to grow pale in and to perfect the outward signs of his inward trouble. And certainly in this week he did his best. Those who have suffered from love-sickness will not need, and those who have not so suffered will not care, to read the detail of his self-torture. His temper grew worse and worse, and surprised everybody who knew him. Day after day, and night after night, the same wearisome restlessness and mad discontent. Could Ida only have seen him or known what an impression she really had made, her fears would have been relieved, and she would have felt that she could hardly have done better than try him thus, in the old-fashioned way, with absence.

Severnsbury, however, had other inhabitants besides the Fosters; and Herbert having played misanthrope all the week, did really so far recover on the Saturday evening as to take one of his favorite walks. This walk was along the terrace, above which towers Severnsbury minster, standing high and looking down on Severn waters. Away over the river lie rich fields; and in the further distance rises proudly the range of hills on which Piers Plowman so many centuries ago took his morning walk, and which offered then the same bold outline as we see to-day. To-night, however, the hills were not visible; for the darkness in December falls down early. The moon had not yet risen; and the stars, though bright, were not bright enough to bring out the hills. So Herbert leaned over the low wall and watched the stars as they lay reflected in the water. How bright and steady they



were! Or if the dancing of a wave but made a star for an instant tremble out of sight, how soon it returned. Even so, he vowed, should his love burn. If it ever flickered, so soon should it resume its steadiness. If for an instant it was obliterated and disappeared, so soon should his true heart again reflect the bright image of his worship.

And then he wandered on into the minister close to where his old friend Canon Woodstock lived, and where he found him at that moment taking his canonical pleasure, walking and smoking, on his own lawn in front of his own house, in the clear frosty air, well buttoned up in his overcoat.

Herbert felt, as low-spirited people often do, unusually moral and decorous. So it jarred on his feelings, and he thought it almost irreligious for a clergyman to be smoking so near Sunday. And for his own part he felt that, thinking as he did with such tender despair about Ida, for *him* to smoke would be a carnal indulgence, almost bordering on profanity. So he at first declined to join Mr. Woodstock in that exercise; and though, on repeated invitation, he relented, he only lit up at last in a melancholy way that compelled his jolly friend to ask, "Why, Freer, what on earth's the matter?" Whereupon Herbert declared that nothing was the matter, and put on a preposterous affectation of gayety which in no way deceived his quickwitted companion.

Canon Woodstock was an ecclesiastical dignitary; but he was, beyond that, "a plain, blunt man, who loved his friend." He had known Herbert almost as a boy; long before Herbert had come to Severn-bury. Before the cigars were finished he had, with a few downright sentences, got to know pretty nearly how the wind lay with the young gentleman, and he had conveyed his sentiments with more point than politeness.

"Don't be a fool," he said to Herbert. "You come in with me. If you are determined to fall in love, I have got the girl for you."

But when people are in a very high-flown and sentimental mood, they resent the exercise of common-sense on the part of their friends as something approaching very nearly to a personal affront. So when Mr. Woodstock introduced to Herbert his niece and ward as "My niece, Miss Margaret Winter," we doubt the

young man met her with some little prejudice, and smiled inwardly, with a lofty pity, at the mind which could hint at the possibility of his ever changing his constancy. And Miss Winter, who had heard Herbert spoken of as a merry fellow, and who was herself merry within all limits of becoming mirth, opened her eyes wide and wondered at the solemn countenance he tried to keep as long as he could.

## CHAPTER V.

### "TOO LATE."

If this narrative were a mere piece of fiction, the narrator would feel that the lines had fallen to him in very stony places, and that he was hobbling through his plot in a very lame and ungainly manner. For the story-teller who deliberately saddles himself with a hero whose conduct is not at all heroic, and with a presumptive heroine who turns out a flirt almost as soon as she has dropped her first curtsy, can hardly escape being told at once by our modern Touchstones, "Thou'rt in a parlous state, shepherd." But here it is the veracious historian has the advantage over the mere fictionist. If his characters really did this when they ought to have done that, or did that when they ought to have done this—well, the historian may regret it, but he can not help it. Honest Griffiths must write all down as he finds it, happy if only he can blot with a tear the faults and shortcomings which he dare not conceal or extenuate.

From all of which preamble it will have been inferred by the moderately sagacious reader that there is some danger of Herbert Freer falling from his high estate and proving to be scarcely that model of faithfulness he had vowed to be. For pride does, indeed, as in old times, go still before a fall. And Herbert had been so proud of his fervor and devotion, and had gone up so much like a rocket, that we need not be surprised if he presently come down like the stick of that brilliant firework.

Not that we have to relate that he fell without a struggle. Indeed, he tried hard to disregard Canon Woodstock's advice, and to be that fool he was recommended not to be. For example, no two girls could well be less alike than Ida Foster and Margaret Winter. So Herbert very soon

found himself making comparisons to the disadvantage of Margaret. She played, and he thought how much more brilliant was Ida's touch! She sang, and he thought how much clearer and stronger was Ida's voice! She had little fits of timidity, too, and made little blunders; while Ida had a most supreme confidence and never made blunders at all. Certainly, prejudice itself could not but admit that Margaret had, however, a certain nameless grace about her; and that if other people laughed at her little blunders, no one laughed so heartily as she did herself. And though Herbert, remembering to what empress he had sworn allegiance, would by no means have admitted that Margaret was beautiful, he saw that sweetness and good-temper had marked her for their own, and that the little Woodstocks hung about her in a way that was very charming, but that Ida would never have allowed. He found, too, by-and-by, that Margaret could really talk. Nay, further, that when she talked, there were actually ideas came out of her head as well as words; and that though she did not talk very fluently, and had in her speech, as in her playing, those little fits of hesitation we have recorded against her, she even went so far as sometimes to have opinions in flat contradiction to those he had himself expressed, and could tell him when she thought he was wrong, and why she thought so, without making herself in the least like a "strong-minded woman." And in this there was really a great deal that Herbert liked; and before he left her that night he had so far overcome the prejudice with which they met as to admit she was just tolerable above the average of intolerable young ladies; and when Mr. Woodstock said at parting: "You'll come and eat your Christmas dinner with us, Herbert," he answered that "he would see," meaning that if Ida did not invite him, he really would accept the invitation now offered him. "And as soon as you have seen, you had better write me a line to say what you see," said the canon; "for if you don't come I shall have your chair filled by some one else." Then Herbert walked home, reflecting with a grim self-torture on the question whether it would be possible, in the event of Ida's rejecting him, for him to find some small teaspoonful of comfort in carrying his shattered affections to this little maid, and making her the proud possessor of what

he knew he should have to describe to her as an utterly broken heart.

Between the first conception of a dark design, however, and its full execution, there are many steps. Not even to her husband did Lady Macbeth say, bluntly, in the first instance, "Come now, let us go and commit a murder." And Macbeth himself would hardly have recoiled with more horror from such a naked suggestion than that which Herbert felt when he first saw that he had really contemplated it as a possibility that, under any combination of circumstances, he could marry any one but Ida: it was a deliberate suggestion, in fact, that he should commit murder on his own heart's best affections, and he felt all the moral guilt of suicide. Accordingly, when next morning he strolled down to the service in the minster, and having taken his seat in Canon Woodstock's pew, there came in by-and-by Miss Winter, he felt that he was doing quite a meritorious thing to notice how plainly she was dressed, and how small she looked, and how far from distinguished; and, in short, how un-Ida-like she was in every way. But yet, as she sat beside him, and as he tried his hardest to muse on the absent face, he found with impatience that his eyes did wander from time to time to the face by his side, though he hoped it was only for the sake of freshening his mental comparisons. And as he heard her low sweet voice, so tender in its earnestness, murmuring the responses to those solemn petitions for "all such as have erred and are deceived," "for all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation," he thought how good it would be if in *his* tribulation a dear voice could so pray specially for him; if he himself should have erred and been deceived, how good it would be to be put right again by such an one as this. And then, as he looked on Margaret Winter kneeling there with solemn down-turned eyes and without a thought of him, "a spring of love gushed from his heart, and he blessed her unaware." The scales seemed to fall at once from his eyes. He said within himself, (so distinctly and suddenly that he felt almost as startled as if he had said it audibly,) "Here by God's grace is the one maid for me."

He sat out the rest of the service as in a dream; he shook hands with Margaret and parted as in a dream; he walked home as in a dream; the river flowed be-

neath him—it was the river of a dream; and like a dream within a dream seemed to him the memory of his thoughts when he had looked at the stars reflected in it but one short night before. It had all come on him so suddenly, that he could hardly believe he was really awake. Yet he felt that in all this dreaming there was one firm reality, that he did now love really and truly, and that this mad passion he had been so assiduously nursing and cherishing, was but the passion of an idle mind and a foolish eye. And never man felt more humiliated than he felt as he thought of his own weakness. Had he but lapsed gradually, had he fallen away by easy stages, had he had any excuse, he thought, he could have forgiven himself. But to be the slave of passion thus like a brute beast: he blushed as he thought of his own inconstancy as if all the thoughts of his heart were open and could be read by every eye that saw him. He had, it is true, had he known it, the same excuse which the blind man had for seeing, namely, that his eyes had been opened; but he himself was as angry as the blind man's neighbors, and accused himself, as if, though he did not see, he *ought to have seen*, and had merely been blind out of obstinacy.

Bad nights he had had before, but they were nights of bliss, he thought, compared with this Sunday night. Fear, and doubt, and restlessness he had had before. But to-night it was mere blind terror, and as it were a savage craving to put matters right by dashing his head against the bed-post. Whenever he sat himself down and tried to think out his problem, it presented itself inexorably in this shape—that Ida assuredly meant to accept his offer, and that however expedient he might now have found it to run off from that offer, yet his honor bound him to it, and his conscience told him he must keep his word even where it had been given so madly.

Then in the morning he came down to breakfast—weak as a child, and found for him, among his other letters, one which he felt instinctively was from Ida. It bore the post-mark “TOO LATE,” and he could not help toying with the envelope, and thinking how many meanings those words had for him. The letter ought, then, to have come on Sunday morning. Had it done so, with how different feelings he would have opened it! But the joy it might then have brought him—and it would have been joy, though foolish joy—

had come TOO LATE. He himself had come to his senses TOO LATE. He was ashamed to confess to himself what a delight it would be to him if it could only turn out that in refusing to tell him her mind a week ago, Ida herself had let slip her golden opportunity and was now TOO LATE.

Ida had thought she might venture, without appearing eager, to write and announce their return home, and she had thought it best to combine a little jocularity with business, and a little flirtation with both.

“My dear sir,” her letter ran, “if you really were in earnest in the pretty tale you told me the other night, you will be glad to hear that we return home on Tuesday, and that *papa*, at least, will be glad to see you that evening.

“If you were *not* in earnest, then, for fear I should have been so foolish as to think you were, and should have been looking forward to seeing you again, and you should not wish to come, pray send me something to dry my eyes upon.

“Ever yours,

“20th Dec. 18—.”

“IDA F.

And she had said to herself that this was tolerably smart, and that if it did not fasten Herbert irrevocably, nothing would.

Herbert felt that there was but one answer he could return, so he wrote on a dainty little sheet of paper:

“Thank you very much for your invitation. I shall not fail to come.

“22d Dec.”

“HERBERT.

And then he bethought him of Canon Woodstock's invitation to dinner on Christmas Day, and feeling sure that on that day he would be wanted by Ida, he scrawled in pencil, in a slovenly way, on half a sheet of blotting-paper:

“Sorry I can not come; but thank you all the same for favors intended. I hope you will not have much trouble in finding some one else to put in my chair.

“22:12.”

“HERBERT.

And having addressed his envelopes and put his missives into them, he walked off himself and posted them that morning, lest, by keeping them lying all day, he should be tempted to swerve from the path of duty.

## CHAPTER VI.

"SAME TO YOU, AND MANY OF THEM."

It was about eight o'clock on Tuesday night when Herbert started off to Burton Terrace with as much exhilaration as he would have felt in setting off on a walk to be hung. He was turning into the terrace when he met Canon Woodstock, who shook hands heartily, and said, "Delighted, my boy, to hear that you have seen your way to come and dine with us on Christmas Day."

"But I wrote you I couldn't come," said Herbert.

"Not if I can read English;" and he pulled out, as he spoke, Herbert's very neat little note.

"Gracious heavens!" gasped Herbert, "what have I done!" for as he saw where his letter had gone he knew also where the half-sheet of blotting-paper had gone. "I have crossed the letters. Oh, what a pickle!"

"A letter for you, sir: I was just taking it to your house."

Herbert looked down, and took the letter which was offered him by Captain Foster's messenger. It ran thus:

"SIR: My daughter told me the nature of the declaration you amused yourself by making to her a week ago, and she showed me the note which she sent you two days ago, and which, though perhaps more familiar than was prudent, surely contained nothing to call forth such an impertinent reply as you have thought fit to scrawl in answer to it. At any rate, I do not suppose that even you can be so vain as to imagine Miss Foster's allusion to her tears could be any thing but joocular, or that there is any probability of your blotting-paper being required for the purpose you intended it; so I have the honor to return it, and to make it my special request that you will consider your acquaintance with my family at an end. And I am, etc., etc.,  
A. FOSTER."

Herbert put this letter into Mr. Woodstock's hands, explained the matter to him briefly, and said, "Now I must go to Captain Foster's and explain to him also."

"You must just do nothing of the kind," retorted the canon. "You must thank your stars that you are well out of a mess, and come along with me. Make your apology to-morrow by letter if you are still

inclined to sacrifice your happiness for the sake of your politeness." And he dragged him away almost by main force, Herbert, it is to be confessed, offering less strenuous resistance than he ought to have done,

"What can be the matter with uncle to-night?" said Margaret to Mrs. Woodstock, after the reverend gentleman had for about the twelfth time burst out into inextinguishable guffaws at the recollection of Herbert's predicament.

But Herbert refused to have the mystery explained, and sat, himself alternately merry and angry, alternately blushing and looking pale—glad at any price to be in Margaret's presence, but thinking of the explanation that he must make on the morrow to the Fosters.

And on the morrow he really did set out to make his explanation. It was Christmas Eve, and he heard merry carols in the street. It was Christmas Eve, and footfalls were muffled in snow, and stars shone bright, and merry fires gleamed through the windows of every house; and as he walked up to Captain Foster's door he saw them sitting round the fire inside—the captain, and Ida, and little Arthur, and—yes, actually—Philip Grey. He sent in his name, and had in an instant a peremptory, "Not at home;" so he walked off thinking that if Phil could be happy with Ida so much the better; and that at any rate it would be best for him to make his explanation by letter, and that he could write his letter after Christmas Day was past—which of course he could have done. But we had better say at once that somehow he never did write it; and that to this day the Fosters believe him to have been willfully guilty of the gross rudeness which they so naturally ascribed to him.

When he had learnt in the above way that the Fosters were *not* at home he strolled on to the Woodstocks, and was fortunate enough to find them at home. So he spent the evening with them in many a merry game. And with hearty, genial talk, and with children climbing up his knees, and with good old songs, and good old punch, and flaming snapdragons, and flaming Yule logs, and even with blushing (we had almost said flaming) Margaret (inveigled once under the mistletoe)—with all this, and with much more that good old English gentlemen love in their homes at good old Christmas time, the



night wore rapidly away, and was, as all our pleasures are, alas! pronounced by all to be too short, though the longest (within five minutes) of any night in the year.

And though Herbert had accepted the invitation to dinner by mistake, he went and ate it (as the canon said when he saw the hearty way in which Herbert was enjoying himself) without any mistake at all.

But when dinner was over Herbert thought it a wise precaution, seeing that Canon Woodstock was full to explosion of the great Foster mystery, to take Margaret aside and explain it all to her first himself. And it of course could not be explained properly without Herbert's saying what was the real cause of his feeling it a relief instead of a trouble to be cashiered by Miss Foster. And Margaret did not seem nearly so surprised at the story Herbert had to tell as Herbert thought she would have been, for love is intuitive in its perceptions.

Then when they went back their host really did produce Herbert's two epistles, and Herbert (very improperly) was induced to reveal as much as was necessary to complete the correspondence; and the laughter was louder and longer than had ever before been known in that house, where merry laughs exploded every day. And when the merriment was at its height, Margaret, God bless her! with tears in

her eyes crept round to the back of her uncle's chair, and whispered in his ear that the crossing of the letters had gained her, she was very sure, a good husband.

Years have gone since this Christmas time of which I write. But never Christmas time comes round without the tale of the crossed letters being told afresh, and ever with new merriment.

Margaret—the real original Margaret—is more staid and matronly than she was then.

Herbert Freer's perplexities, he says, have been all so smoothed away that he can hardly think he ever had any. May we all, story-tellers and story-readers, come as happily out of ours! A smaller Margaret climbs up his knee, a smaller Herbert up hers; and smaller, smaller people still clap little hands and raise their little voices merrily when Christmas time comes round. And while their little voices blend so cheerily, and while their little hands are red with clapping, and while their little faces shine in the firelight, and all is glowing in the golden light of love, what can the writer of this story say to each and all who have followed him through it more fitting than the words which are in every mouth this happy Christmas time:

"The same to you, and many of them."

From Fraser's Magazine.

## MY BEAUTIFUL LADY.\*

IN a world full, noisy, and bustling, where each man jostles the other, seeking to get before; where none can press forward without pushing some other back; where to desire is necessarily to contend; where peace itself is only to be enjoyed through strife—every candidate for distinction must look for rivalry. No one can expect to follow the course of honor without great obstacles in his way, nor to be crowned with success without a

show of opposition. Men naturally expect to see jealousy among their brethren; it is the common lot; but a man occupies a peculiar position when he is his own rival—and this position is Mr. Woolner's; for the world, more ready to pluck a leaf from the laurel crown than to add a branch to it, looks askance at one who claims an uncommon share of eminence, and competes for the prizes of two distinct callings. There will probably be much hesitation and criticism before the great sculptor is acknowledged as a poet; he will not be met with indulgence as a

\* *My Beautiful Lady*. By THOMAS WOOLNER. London: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

young aspirant; he will be tried by a stern jury, as men are whose fame is already made, and who are responsible for the marring of it. But whatever prejudice he may have to encounter, there is no essential reason why a sculptor should not also be a poet. Indeed, a sculptor, to be truly great, must have many of the poetical qualities; he must have the creative power, the sensibility to beauty, the pathos, the vivid perception of hidden analogies, the vigor of conception, and the patience in execution.

It is, however, true that few have brought their genius to bear well upon two distinct arts; and it remains to be considered whether Mr. Woolner is one of the few.

An extraordinary amount of energy, physical and mental, must be demanded to reach excellence in both; but those who have studied the works of Mr. Woolner's chisel will not be surprised at any amount of energy that he may develop. And here it may be observed that the most vigorous of painters and sculptors was also a poet; for the sonnets of Michael Angelo are so full of passion and music that in those qualities they have seldom been surpassed. Poetry since his time has gone through many different phases, which may be called changes of fashion; though it is strange that there should be a fluctuating form and fashion for such a substance. There is not space here to pursue this as a subject of inquiry; but it may be not unfitting briefly to notice the variations in the poetical atmosphere of England which are to be traced from the time of Chaucer down to the present day. In Chaucer the love of nature, the attentive noting of all her seasons and all her sweetness, is a prominent feature; and the truth of his pictures, felt through his obsolete, difficult language, makes his pages still dear to the studious reader. This sentiment, genuine and robust in Chaucer, appeared again in Spenser's honeyed strains—diluted, fainter, less truthful, but very tender and very graceful. Sidney, too, had a fine sympathy with nature, and drew inspirations from her, which lend passion and truth not only to his sonnets, but to many scenes of the *Arcadia*, marred and smothered though they are by over-lying conceits and a tedious parade of learning. A parade of scholarship was then the fashion in poetry: it was thrown off by the passionate dra-

matic poets of the Elizabethan period, and the period of their greatness yet remains our greatest in literature. To its inexhaustible wells of passion, and profound thought, and unalterable truth, the student must apply his lips when he would renew his vigor in enterprise, and drain fresh draughts from nature's hidden sources. From this abundant poetry Milton's genius was partly nourished with its full harmonious flow, tempered by the gravity of the puritanic epoch. A blight fell upon England in the reign of Charles II. The king who stained his hands with the touch of French gold, and bargained away his country's greatness, corrupted its literature too with a debased French taste—and licentiousness and epigram took the place of love, earnestness, and passion. Dryden's immense genius broke at intervals, indeed, through the trammels of convention, and burst into unbidden floods of song, overflowing, fertilizing, turning the cold plains into flowery valleys; but fashion still prevailed. After a swell, those great waters subsided, and Dryden himself—with his vast power, his fine ear, and his mastery over a language copious, harmonious, and prolific—was content to be the author of a long line of dramas, imitating all the faults of the French school, with other faults especially his own—monotonous, flat, tedious, cold, and turgid; blots upon the history of our letters, though made eternal by the signature of an immortal name. The art of numbers—for it ceased to be poetry—dying slowly of starvation, fell almost to the point of inanition in the reigns of the first two Georges, and was only kept alive by the life there was in Pope. He, like Dryden, moved freely and strongly at times; but, with a few exceptions, in accordance with the taste of his time, he is epigrammatic rather than passionate, witty rather than imaginative. His verse has the fault of monotony, his imagery is more careful and exact than fertile, his scene-painting grows more out of the reading of the scholar than out of the anxious watchings of the interpreter of nature, and it is as a satirist that he is truly great.

In later days, Akenside made a little struggle to express some natural feeling; but he was too weak to carry out his intention, and only groped, seeking his way towards the light which Cowper, and Goldsmith, and Gray afterwards found. Dating from their day the darkness was

gradually dispelled, and poetry warmed our world again after that long and cold eclipse. Reviving from torpor, she seemed to exult in her life, and to delight in showing the vigor of her system in all kinds of ways, in new exercises and attitudes. In the poetical romances, or romantic poems of Scott, something of the old Homeric spirit was rekindled, with the sound of martial music, with much adventure, with the devotion of chivalrous love, and the moving incidents of the battle-field. On the other hand, in the poems of Byron, the movement of the narrative was subordinate to the movement of the passionate spirit within. He was brooding and introspective, as Shelley was mystical, metaphysical, and fanciful. Wordsworth was the pure lover of nature. He worshiped at her shrine with singleness of devotion: she was his passion and his religion. He meditated on her beauties, and assimilated to himself all her moods with untiring devotion; and it is greatly to the influence of his works, though they begin now to decline in popularity, that the worship of nature—which is assumed by many false priests, and paraded as a fashion—in the present day is due. Wordsworth cared little to follow out the actions and combinations of a story or plot: his mind was of that subjective order which more willingly follows the course of its own deep thought uninterrupted. He has had many disciples, and the subjective may be considered the favorite school of this age. But the greatest of living poets, who belongs not to an age but to all time, has given, in his *In Memoriam* and his *Idylls of the King*, a perfect example in each kind; and in the works of the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* treasures have been added to the full storehouse of our dramatic lyrics worthy to be ranked with those of the best period; admirable alike for skill in construction, for vigor and grace in poetical diction, and for a penetrating wisdom and knowledge of mankind. It is time, however, to bring these general observations to a conclusion, and to enter upon a particular investigation of the contents of Mr. Woolner's volume. This poem belongs to the subjective type: the love of the poet for the Beautiful Lady and her death being the only story it tells. It depends, therefore, for its interest upon the power of the author to project out of the working of his inward emotions the

substance of a narrative, and to supply out of the changing moods of his own mind events that are to arrest the attention, and to kindle the affections of his reader. With this love and this death for his only incidents, there is an evident risk of falling into excess in the sentimental direction; but it is a risk which has been completely avoided. Mr. Woolner is strong, bold, original, and fervent; his pictures are the pictures of what he has seen and known, and not the reflection of other men's experiences; his theme is enriched with various and unexpected harmonies; and with the skill of a true artist he rises from a low tone to the passionate climax, and sinks with a sweeter music to the close. The introductory lines of the poem—meditative, serious, and calmly sad—contain some beautiful passages; for instance, these in the very beginning:

"In some there lies a sorrow so profound  
It may not find a voice in words; and never  
Throughout their daily tasks, or bountiful  
And willing converse born of souls allied,  
Reveals itself as sadness.

But they are not as others: not for them  
The bounding pulse, the ardor of desire,  
The rapture and the wonder in things new;  
The hope that palpitating strikes a world  
Where gladness floats upon eternal wings;  
Nor do they with elastic enterprise  
Forecast delight in compassing results;  
Nor, having won their ends, fall godlike back  
And taste the calm completion of content.  
But in a sober, chilled, gray atmosphere,  
Work out their lives."

where the alternations of longing, of toil, and of hope, ending in that perfect peace which is the completion of labor, and which can only come to mortals as a reward after pain, are traced with a hand so true and strong, that the reader's expectations are set high for what is to ensue. The introduction, which is in blank verse, is followed by a discourse called "Love," in the same metre, dwelling on Love's influence with great sweetness, and ending in a sigh which suggests the tale of sorrow that is to come; and then the story opens with a description of the lady's beauty, and the feeling it inspires: it is given in alternate couplets and triplets, and has an easy and graceful flow. The following lines are quoted from it, as remarkable for the forcible and distinct image they present in few words:

"A hawk high poised in air, whose nerved wing-tips  
Tremble with might suppressed, before he dips,  
In vigilance, scarce more intense  
Than I; when her voice holds my sense  
Contented in suspense."

And rather in contrast with these for the charm of its melodious and careless felicity, that tender passage may be dwelt upon which opens with the lines:

"We thread a copse where frequent bramble spray  
With loose obtrusiveness from side roots stray,  
And force sweet pauses on our walk."

This canto concludes with the avowal and acceptance of the poet's love. A short strophe, called "Love," tells how he was then raised above envy and above pain and above all evil; and it is followed by "Noon," which is a full rapture, a perfect sunlight, a summer day of warm airs and languid sweet delights, where the birds sing their rarest melodies, and the fields and flowers yield their richest scents: where the poet recognizes the joy of all life linked with that highest life of love which throbs in his own heart. The movement of the verse here is very musical, so that rhyme, which is absent, is not missed in its melody. Night comes next, with meditations poured out from the fullness of a happy heart, rejecting the belief in wrong, discerning good in all things, and calling up some pictures of great beauty, from which the passage:

"This silent night-wind bloweth heavenly pure;  
Like dimpled warmth of an infantine face.  
Lo, glimmering starlike in yon balmy vale  
The village lights; each tells a little tale  
Of humble comfort, where its inmates, sure  
In hope, feel grateful in their lowly place.  
And here My Lady's lighted ori-l shines  
Before me, pretty glowworm, from the gloom.  
Ah, stands she smiling there in loose white  
gown,  
Hearing the music of her future dawn  
The stillness and hushed whispering of the  
vines,  
Whose lattice-clasping leaves o'ershade her  
room!"

may be singled out for its sweetness and grace. In another lighter measure, "My Lady's Glory" is sung: it is followed by her shadow. The lover, in a lover's fantastic mood, longs to see the effect of his lady's shadow, to see how the daisy's light and the velvet green will show through its

light veil; but as it moves along the grass he is seized with a sudden shock of fear. With strained nerves and stretched vision he pierces into futurity, and there sees the shrouded form of his love; but he is soothed by her gentle voice at his side, and by the scenes of rural peace they are rambling through together. Next comes "Her Garden," with a pretty picture of the Lady tending her lilies, which are injured by sharp blasts from the east; and her lover, as he looks, thinks that he sees her droop with them. This faint apprehension, growing to a deadly fear, is told in the canto of "The Tolling Bell," where the passion rises—where the poet, distracted, chafing at fate, assails the dispositions of Providence, and is admonished by the Lady, resigned and saint-like in her suffering:

"She bowed her head in stately tenderness  
Low whispering as her hands my brow did  
press:

'I pray that He will your lone spirit bless,  
And if to leave you be my fate,  
Pray you for me while I wait.'

He leaves her presently, with seeming calm but with a troubled heart, to seek the stillness of his own solitary house:

"I lay, and ever as my lids would close  
In dull forgetfulness to slumberous dose,  
Lone sounds of phantom tolling scared repose;  
Till wearied nature, sore oppressed,  
Slowly sank and dropped to rest."

Fitful hopes, described under the head of "Will-o'-the-Wisp," and storms of anguish lead up to "My Lady in Death," which may be said to end the action of the poem, and which brings the passion to its highest point:

"She passed like summer flowers away.  
Her aspect and her voice  
Will never more rejoice,  
For both lie hushed in cold decay.  
Broken the golden bowl  
Which held her vital soul:  
It was an idle boast to say  
'Our souls are as the same,'  
And stings me now to shame:  
Her spirit went, and mine did not obey."

Earth had one quarter turned before  
My miserable fate.  
Pressed down with its whole weight.  
My sense came back; and shivering o'er  
I felt a pain to bear  
The sun's keen cruel glare,



Which shone not warm as heretofore;  
And never more its rays  
Will satisfy my gaze:  
No more; no more; oh, never any more."

After this we fall gently to the close. An excess of sorrow is softened by a vision of the Lady appearing to her lover while he sits at her grave in rigid despair; and the tones of her voice sounding from heaven exhort him to submission and duty.

The next and last division of the poem, containing the portions called "Years After," and "Work," exhibits a mind chastened and strengthened by affliction, disciplining itself in works of duty, looking to the great final result, casting off the sickness of lamentation, and drawing health from activity, and consolation from faith. And so the poem, opening with a sober sadness, ends with a serene hope:

"And glory born of Duty is a crown  
Of light.

And all thus crowned illumine their work  
In splendor that no earthly eye may pierce,  
And know that every seed they set, and stone  
They fix, and truth they reach, unite to found  
A well-planned city in a governed land  
That rising bases high a Temple built  
Firm in its center to the praise of God.  
And each beholds his labors glorified,  
Alike the toiler at a desk, the king  
Upon his throne, or builder of the bridge:  
The desk in luster shines a kingly throne,  
The throne diffuses radiance like a sun,  
The bridge spans death—a pathway to the  
stars."

It has been a pleasant task to follow the poet through his charms and his beauties, and the working out of his high purpose; but such an indulgence is not to be granted without check or hindrance to the admirer of genius, and the true artist is not to be addressed in the language of unqualified praise. He, who of all philosophers was the most subtle in thought, and the most vigorous and felicitous in expression, has expatiated with his usual force and truth on the damage that may be done by a panegyric:

"Praises, [says Lord Bacon in the *De Augmentis*,] when moderate and seasonable, and expressed on fit occasion, contribute greatly both to the reputation and fortune of men; but when immoderate, noisy, and unseasonably lavished, they do no good; nay, rather, do great harm. For, in the first place, they openly betray themselves, as either springing from excessive partiality, or got up and affected for

the purpose of gratifying the object of them by false encomiums rather than of honoring him with his just attributes. Secondly, sparing and moderate praises generally invite the audience to add something to them; whereas lavish and immoderate praises provoke them to take off and detract."

Now praises unaccompanied by censure in criticism must necessarily be immoderate, for the work of no human hand is without its fault; and it is right here to point out to Mr. Woolner some lines where his imagery, generally faithful no less than original, is forced beyond all semblance of truth. Thus:

"As there she listless lay and sang my rhyme,  
Wrapped up in fabrics of an Indian clime,  
And looked a Bird of Paradise  
Languid from the traversed skies.  
A dawn-bright snowy peak her smile. . .  
Strange I  
Should dawdle near her grace admiringly.

The "dawn-bright snowy peak" is a far-fetched, unnatural illustration of a lady's smile; and the "dawdling near her grace admiringly" sinks into the totally commonplace and trivial. Of an overbold character is:

"The moon that like a happy shout  
Called forth my Lady's name  
In sudden splendor on the stone."

It is to be understood that a gleam of light flashing upon the sculptured name brought it so vividly to the poet's mind, that it seemed to him to be syllabled in sound; but the idea is strained, and the resemblance of the moon to a "happy shout" is so remote as to require interpretation. Again, in "The Wild Rose" there occurs a curious conceit:

"To call my Lady where she stood  
'A wild-rose blossom of the wood,'  
Makes but a poor similitude.

For who by such a slight would reach  
An aim, consumes the worth in speech,  
And sets a crimson rose to bleach;"

which, if it were found in a poem of George Herbert's, would be in keeping with his artificial manner, but which is not in harmony with the rest of Mr. Woolner's work. Again:

"The violet poise of her most graceful head,"

is obscure; and, on the other hand, the poet should be warned against analogies carried too distinctly into detail, for then they become prosaic, as in:

"Every service touched by hidden springs  
Oiled with intelligence;"

where the attention becomes fixed upon mechanical action, and diverted from the spirit of poetry.

Mr. Woolner is at times abrupt in his transitions, and falls too suddenly from a high eminence to a dead flat; but his faults are never those of a flat or languid

spirit—they are the excesses of a fervent, not the deficiencies of a frigid imagination; so that at the conclusion of his work the reader feels that out of his strength there is more to come, and that he has not yet done his best.

With these words, musical and singularly appropriate, it may be well to take leave of *My Beautiful Lady*; and, in parting, let the hope be expressed that several of the many high qualities of the poem have been indicated, and that the attributes of the poet have received something of the honor which is due to them.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## A CHAPTER ON CROAKERS.

WE like a grumbler, but we utterly hate and detest a croaker. *Distinctionem facimus*. We make a distinction, as the cardinal did when the pope asked him at dinner if he liked soup: "*Distinctionem facio*; I like soup, but I detest dish-water." A grumbler is like soup: he has substance in him: but a croaker is worse than dish-water. By a grumbler we mean one who, dissatisfied with something, expresses his dissatisfaction, and does all that in him lies to remove the cause of it; whereas a croaker thus far resembles a frog, that he croaks for the mere pleasure of croaking. "It is their nature to," as good old Isaac Watts expresses it, in a brief zoological sketch in one of his hymns. Our antipathy to croakers may be partly owing to the sufferings they caused us in Barataria. We happened to have taken a lease of a house which had once belonged to the ambassador of an Eastern prince, known as the Imaum of Muscat. He had dug two deep ponds, one on each side of the house, and replenished them with fish. The fish had long disappeared; they had given place to a race of bull-frogs, which began their songs in the night as soon as we tried to sleep. There are certain sounds provocative of sleep: the ripple of the waves beneath your cabin at sea, the monotonous song of the Indian watchman as he goes his rounds

at night, the nursery lullabys familiar to childhood, serve more or less to invite the approach of the leaden-winged god; but there are two things which render him proof against your most solemn invocations and ardent prayers: the buzzing of a mosquito within your curtains, the croaking of a bull-frog beneath your window. You may expel the mosquito, but we defy you to silence the bull-frog. You lie down to rest, and draw the muslin curtains carefully around you; sleep is gradually creeping on with silent tread, and shedding his balmy influences over you; you are in that delicious state midway between waking consciousness and hazy dream-land, when a tiny trumpet begins to blow, and visions of Queen Mab and all her fairy retinue flit before the view of your mind. You are floating fast away into the region of shadows, when a sting, sharp and sudden, on that tenderest of all places, the tip of your nose, restores you to yourself, and elicits a cry of pain—we hope it elicits nothing more emphatic. By an instinctive movement you bring your extended palm down upon the injured organ, but it is too late: your assailant, gorged with blood, has found refuge among the folds of the curtains. You light a candle, and search diligently till you have found him; once caught, you slaughter him without remorse. It is

your own blood that you are shedding, and we have high authority for saying that every man may do as he likes with his own. You make certain that no other midnight intruder has found an entrance within the curtains, and you lie down again with that mild feeling of self-applause which ever accompanies success. Again you invoke *πρόνιος ὕπνος*, and feel the balmy breath of the god breathing upon you, when a harsh discordant croak from some quinzied bull-frog dispels his presence, and dissolves the charm he has been spreading over your eyelids. Croak! croak! croak!—there are hundreds of musical frogs *et cantare et respondere parati*; the once silent pool becomes instinct with life; from its surface many a rounded head emerges, and gives forth discordant notes. For a time you can not choose but listen; you are under the same spell as the bridal guest when he met the Ancient Mariner, as Tam O'Shanter when he listened to the sound of the bagpipes played by no mortal hand. But at length surprise gives place to indignation; it were better to listen to the music at a witches' Sabbath than to have your nerves tortured by that incessant croaking. The window stands conveniently open—you spring from your bed in the lightest of drapery, and clear it at a bound. You mark the spot where the leader of the orchestra is lifting up his sweet voice—you can distinguish it from every other, just as you can distinguish that of a *maestro* in a grand chorus—you can even perceive his head in the silvery track of moonlight. You arm yourself with a sharp pebble—you have no pity—you take deliberate aim. Such is your savage humor, that if it is death to him it will be sport to you. A sudden splash, and all is silent. You return to bed, happy in the thought that he is gone to Hades—you are dropping off again, when a solemn croak, followed by a choral pean of triumph from the pond, rouses you to desperation. But why dwell upon the horrors of such a night, the varying fortunes of such a contest? Homer has sung of the battles of the frogs and mice: we feel that simple prose can not do justice to the contest we have hinted at, rather than described. No occasional attack will ever silence the croakers: you can only get quit of them by draining the pond and diverting its waters elsewhere.

Now the man who has spent not one but many such sleepless nights will have

little sympathy with croakers, whether they have four legs or two, whether they hop or walk. He may get quit of the four-footed ones, but who will deliver him from croaking bipeds? They shoot up their ugly heads in every place; they utter their discordant sounds in every society. You can not travel by land or by sea, you can not enter club-house or private dwelling without meeting them: every family, every society, every class, every profession, every age has its croakers. As we have already said, the croaker is not to be confounded with the grumbler. The English are a nation of grumblers. Grumbling is our privilege and our birthright, which we value quite as much as *Magna Charta* itself. We grumble at every thing and every body. Grumbling is the safety-valve by which we allow our pent-up humors to escape, and thus avoid those *bouleversements* to which other nations more compressed are liable. We grumble at the streets because they are muddy; at the *Times*, because at this season of the year we can toss it aside after ten minutes' reading; at our servants, because they are not quite so punctual as we should wish; at our friends, because they are less considerate than we expect them to be; at ourselves internally, because we feel that we do not quite come up to the mark. In short, we all have our little grievances; we don't find the world quite as we should wish it to be, and, using that freedom of speech which is our birthright, we speak out boldly what we think. But this freedom of thought and of speech lies at the foundation of all the progress we have made as a nation. We discover a grievance—we expose it to the public gaze—we grumble over it, and try to bring others to our own way of thinking—when the right moment is come we make a rush at it, and remove it forever. And thus, individually and nationally, we grumble, and get on. We do not stop short at every difficulty, and say, "There is a lion in the way." We growl a little at the lion beforehand, and then we walk straight up to him and pull him by the beard. We find that when thus accosted he is a harmless creature, formidable only in appearance.

And yet no one can remain blind to the fact that there is much evil in the world, and that much of this evil seems, under the present order of things, to be irremediable. There is much of sickness, of

sorrow, of poverty, of disease, of death in the world; there are many other phases of human suffering, on which we need not dwell. The tangled web of human life has its black threads as well as its white; and no doubt it was intended that it should be so. There is no use lamenting over what is irremediable. What is done can not be helped, so there is no use croaking. If we can not make the world such a world as we would have it to be, is that any reason why we should sit down and wring our hands, and begin to croak like bull-frogs? Let us try rather to make it a little better than it is; and if grumbling relieves our feelings, let us grumble by all means. But let there be no croaking: leave that to old men and old women, and tropical bull-frogs. Those may croak who can do nothing else; but it is for us to grumble and to work.

Grumbling is expressing our dissatisfaction with something which we think could and should be remedied by ourselves or others; croaking is howling over those things which can not be mended, or creating for ourselves imaginary evils, that we may indulge in all the luxury of woe. A case or two in point will do more to illustrate the distinction than any definition. Some years ago a benevolent lady had assembled all the children of a charity school on her lawn, for the purpose of regaling them with the good old English fare of roast beef and plum-pudding. Such entertainments have no small interest for the infant mind. It was only recently that we met a little fellow, for whom a similar treat was being prepared, on the stairs of a certain barrack-room: he had only one idea in his mind, and, like all one-idea people, he could only speak of one subject; so with easy familiarity he thus addressed us: "I say, sir, when are we to have that 'ere jolly blow-out?" He was, as the reader will perceive, a very vulgar little boy, but that was not the moment to correct his vulgarity; so we set his mind at ease by giving him the fullest particulars regarding the expected "blow-out," to which we know he did ample justice. The charity children were gifted with equally good appetites, and the lady found much pleasure in visiting the different tables, to see that her guests were properly entertained. In going her rounds she found one little fellow with a large lump of pudding on his plate, crying as if his heart would break. She

gently inquired into the cause of his grief: "I can not eat my pudding," was the ready reply. "Never mind—put it in your pocket." "But," said the urchin, with a howl which bespoke the intensity of his grief, "my pockets are full already." The evil was not irremediable; the lady enabled him to carry off the pudding, and the young grumbler had his reward. We are inclined to believe that that boy will make a distinguished figure in the world, and obtain more than an ordinary share of the good things of this life. We accept him as the representative of grumblers in the first stage of their development, and beg now to introduce to our readers a juvenile croaker. A friend of ours had recently an addition to his family. He was already the happy father of several children, who of course had to pass through all the diseases incident to childhood. On this occasion there happened to be some sickness in the family, but not of a serious character. The doctor, a bluff, hearty old fellow, (we never knew a croaker in that profession, though none are so familiar with human suffering,) met the eldest son of the family, a boy of some eight or nine years of age, on the stairs, and, patting him on the head, said: "Well, my boy, I congratulate you. You have got a little brother." The urchin seemed far from overjoyed at this announcement; on the contrary, he burst into tears, and dolefully said: "Well, I am sure there is little need of that, with Lucy still in bed with the measles." He did not rejoice that a man-child was born into the world; that event seemed only to elicit a fit of croaking. It was nothing to him that Lucy had the measles—the birth of a child could detract nothing from his comfort; but he was born a croaker, and croaked accordingly. "It was his nature to," as good Dr. Watts tells us it is the nature of lions and bears to growl and fight.

Few can recall their school-boy days without seeing the image of some young croaker in the background of the past. Croaking is not confined to the old, the poor, or the sick; its harsh discordant sounds are often to be heard on the playground, at an age when all should be joy and contentment. No doubt there are certain evils inseparable from school-life. There is the sudden disruption of all the ties that bind us to home, the parting with the shaggy pony we have daily ridden,



the dog which has been our playmate, the gun with which we brought down our first bird. We have to say "farewell" to a spot so familiar to us that we know almost every tree in the wood and every flower in the garden; we have to launch forth into a new world, where all is strange and unknown; we have to submit to new restrictions, and to leave the disposal of our time to others; we are no longer free; we are the subjects of absolute rule. All this, no doubt, is keenly felt at first; but boys have a wonderful power of adaptation, or of coming out strong under trying circumstances, as Mark Tapley did. A few hidden tears may be shed at first; but the school-boy, if he is made of the right stuff, will soon learn to laugh at such weakness, and to find himself tolerably happy in the new society of which he has become a member. But, unfortunately, all boys are not made of the right stuff: there is as much difference amongst them as between two such characters as Uriah Heap and our friend Mark Tapley. There is a sneak in every school, and there is also a croaker: the first is abominated by all; the latter has usually a certain influence over the minds of his fellows. There is naturally a sort of antagonism between teachers and taught, which predisposes the latter to imagine that they are not treated quite so well as they ought to be; still we were on the whole a happy set of fellows at Mr. Tawse's establishment for young gentlemen, till Pickle joined us. We were as much superior to him in scholarship as he was to us in experience and knowledge of the world: he had been at many schools at home and abroad, and spoke knowingly as one who knew a little of life. Mr. Tawse's modest establishment met with his unqualified disapproval; he and the other teachers were decidedly snobbish; the commissariat was far from satisfactory; the liberty of the subject unduly interfered with. He found listeners, and a spirit of dissatisfaction began to spring up among the young gentlemen. The masters were not treated with the same respect as before; lessons were neglected; the excellent meat we had at dinner was left untouched, as being too fat or too lean; the old woman who sold cakes and sweetmeats at the gate had more customers than ever. Mr. Tawse's orders were no longer obeyed with cheerful alacrity; all was gloom and discontent; we were

rapidly degenerating into a race of croakers. One or two boys, at the instigation of Pickle, wrote home letters of complaint, which were not read by old Tawse, and contained no eulogiums on that worthy pedagogue. Matters were fast hastening to a crisis; we were all but metamorphosed into young bull-frogs, when, luckily for us, Pickle got into a scrape, which led to his expulsion from school. We need not specify his offense: it was one which found no favor in the eyes of school-boys, and destroyed at once the influence he had acquired over our minds. The cloud of discontent soon passed away; we discovered that Tawse was not such a bad fellow after all; no more meat was left on our plates at dinner; the apple-woman had fewer customers, and we had better appetites.

No class are more addicted to croaking than the passengers on board ship during a long sea-voyage. We say no class, for there are always some exceptions. There are few passenger ships without a Tapley, a cheerful, happy fellow, who believes that the wind is always blowing in the right direction, and that the captain is the most skillful of mariners. Such a man on board ship is invaluable: his bright genial nature tends to check the croaking propensities of others, to whom all is barrenness from Dan to Beersheba, from the heaving of the anchor till the moment we land. No doubt a three months' voyage at sea is a severe ordeal to the temper of all on board. There is the forced idleness, the constant monotony, adverse winds and occasional calms, jealousies and rivalries, if not downright quarrels, especially among the lady passengers. We had rather undertake the temporary management of a menagerie than the amusement of the passengers on board a homeward-bound Indiaman. There are shades of rank, and consequent rivalries among them, such as none but an Indian can understand: the state of their lives has deprived them of that charity which hopeth all things, and believeth no evil. The first heavy gale or long-continued calm is sufficient to evoke all their croaking tendencies, and the cheerful voices of the Tapleys on board are almost lost amid such discordant sounds. The whole voyage is a constant croak till the white cliffs of old England appear, when there is a sudden revulsion of feeling: the habitual croak is changed into a sort of cackle of

hilarity—at least it was so in the case of old Tiffin, a civilian from Hyderabad, who came home with us on board the *Agamemnon*. The old fellow had got a bad liver and a still worse temper: he quarreled with every body and every thing, and made himself generally disagreeable. The captain did not know his business; no more did the cook, the cabin boy, the crew, or any one on board—old Tiffin alone knew his business, and that was to croak. The *Agamemnon*, instead of being *A1*, as advertised, was a regular old tub, and any thing but sea-worthy; the provisions had made several voyages round the Cape, and were unfit for use; but *that* was of little consequence, as he expected the old hulk to go down one of these days, and bad feeding might be a sort of enforced penance to prepare us for our latter end. It was of less consequence to him, as he had insured his life for a round sum before embarking; and it would be some consolation, as the waves closed over his head for ever, to know that he had done the company and provided for his family. When reminded by Tapley that we had abundance of poultry on board, he declared that that was in itself a grievance: he had already consumed so many, that he felt the feathers issuing from behind his shoulders. There was some consolation in that, certainly; if the vessel went down, of which he had little doubt, he might attempt the flight of Icarus, and avoid his fate. There was no danger of his wings melting, ha! ha! they were too firmly fixed to his body for that. He would hover over us for a moment, till he saw us all comfortably disposed of, and then wing his flight to other and happier lands. Poor old Tiffin! there was not a day that he did not discover a fresh grievance. He was an institution on board, and I am afraid that there were some of us who took care that his woes should not be altogether imaginary, and felt a wicked pleasure in hearing him croak. But the first sight of dear old England worked a wonderful change in the man. It was a bright moonlight night when we first sighted land; one or two of us had not gone down; we could not sleep, and watched on deck for the first peep of the white cliffs. We raised a hearty cheer, and before it had died away one of us was seized round the waist, and forced to take part in a *pas de deux* up and down the deck, to the immense amuse-

ment of all who witnessed the scene. It was old Tiffin, who, hearing the cheer, had rushed up the cuddy ladder in the same airy attire which Marshal Bugeaud once displayed before his soldiers during a night attack in Africa, and expressed his joy at the sight of land by pirouetting round the deck with his unwilling partner. From that hour the whole nature of the man changed. No longer a croaker, he became an optimist: the ship was something more than *A1*, the provisions were unexceptionable, the passengers the most pleasant people he had ever met, and he actually shed tears when he proposed the captain's health in a special bumper after dinner. On parting, he invited us all to visit him at Bungalow House. We have not yet availed ourselves of that invitation; but we have not lost sight of our fellow-passenger, who is now as much a croaker as ever. He may be seen daily at the Oriental Club, abusing the weather, quarreling with his dinner, cursing the waiter, and croaking over things in general. We all know old Tiffin, with his atrabilious countenance and his cynical expression. His counterpart may be seen at every watering place in England.

A little croaking is pardonable in old people who have survived the pleasures and the companions of their youth, and feel the infirmities of age weighing somewhat heavily upon them. We do not find fault with Nestor, who had outlived three generations of articulate-speaking men, for thinking that the world had deteriorated since his younger days. It was natural for him to think so; and we ought all to be very tender in dealing with the prejudices of old age. We may feel with Sthenelus that we are a vast deal better than our fathers, but it would be very unpolite to tell them so. If the greatest reverence is due to children, it is equally due to old people. There is a saying in the North to the effect that you can not put an old head on young shoulders; it is equally true that you can not put a young head on old shoulders. Between the old and the young lies the great gulf of experience, which neither can pass; but we like to see both looking across to one another with sympathy and love. We like to see the old remembering that they once were young, and the young mindful that they will soon become old. The gulf that separates them may, in some measure, be bridged over by deeds of char-

ity and love. There is not a more pleasant sight on earth than that of an old man playing with his grandchildren; and, thank God! such sights are often to be seen. We have always loved that French marshal who was found by the prime minister of the day engaged in a game of romps with his children on the floor, and who took care to finish it before entering on the discussion of affairs of state. A foolish man would have been afraid of compromising his dignity, but the good marshal knew that no position could be more dignified than that of a father playing with his children. The only kind of croaking which we hold to be intolerable in old people is that which leads to an undue interference with the enjoyments of children. It is in every case the proof of a bad heart and a narrow intellect; it springs from the selfish desire to deprive others of that pleasure which they themselves can no longer enjoy: at least, it usually does so, though not always. Some people, especially in the North, regard every exuberant outbreak of childish joy as something sinful, which must be checked and suppressed. They mistake croaking for religion, or imagine that religion requires them to croak. This tendency is peculiarly manifest in the enforced observance of the Sabbath. On that day children are debarred from all their usual employments. To whistle would be esteemed a sacrilege, a deed without a name; and we know one case where a boy of ten years of age—a minister's son—was severely flogged because he had whittled a piece of wood on Sunday. Of course such treatment did not tend to enhance his reverence for that day, as was evident from his conduct when he escaped from home control. There are some miserable old creatures, in whose breasts the milk of human kindness has turned so acid that they can not witness any ebullition of childish joy without an immediate fit of croaking. "Ah! you little know what the world means;" we have heard one of them exclaim at the sight of a happy child. Of course it did not; it was its blessed privilege to be thus ignorant. Nothing is more hateful in a child than a precocious knowledge of the world; in such a case, ignorance is a delightful ornament. And in this very ignorance lies much of the happiness of childhood, which no one but an inveterate croaker would ever wish to disturb. Knowledge of the world means

the knowledge of evil; and the more ignorant a child is in this respect, the better. We would not have it to be supposed, however, that all old people are or need be croakers—far from it. We know several of both sexes who have retained all the freshness of youthful feeling, and who, by their bright, genial, cheerful humor, cause it to be forgotten that they are old. What a wonderful woman that Ninon de L'Enclos must have been who was as much admired at eighty as at eighteen. Such a woman could never be said to be old; she shook off the weight of years, and enjoyed a perennial youth. There are others, less known than the French beauty, equally bright and cheerful. We know one venerable old lady whose sitting-room is the favorite playground of her grandchildren, and whose society is preferred by them to any other. She is as canty and lively as if she were a girl in her teens, and yet she is a sort of fossil relic of generations long faded away. She enjoys life far more than I or you do, my dyspeptic brother. It was only the other day that we heard a young lady of weak digestive organs and melancholy temperament lamenting over this world as a bleak howling wilderness which she would cheerfully leave as soon as she received the route. The world was nothing but one vast Sahara, without a single green oasis for her soul to rest and refresh itself; as soon as she received the word, she was ready to strike her tent and to depart. The dear old lady listened quietly till she had finished, and then said, "Well, I differ from you; for the longer I live in this world I feel more grateful to God for the many blessings I enjoy. I am now eighty-four years of age, and I feel that his goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. The world has been any thing but a wilderness to me, and I should think it wicked to speak of it in that way."

It is to be hoped that the young lady will learn to think a little better of the world, and that instead of striking her tent she will share it with some one who will convince her that her estimate of life was wrong. We wish that all old people were like our venerable friend; but it is not and can not be so. Some old people started in life with unhappy tempers; others have been soured by misfortune. A little croaking is pardonable when old age is accompanied with poverty. We should

not like to be the chaplain of a poor-house, who has to administer spiritual consolation to old creatures whose only work in life is to die, and whose death is looked upon as a deliverance. The only subject, we fancy, these homeless, friendless creatures are eloquent on, must be their own misfortunes; and yet few of them, we believe, are willing to die. They cling to life as a drowning man clings to a plank, though he knows that by so doing he is only prolonging his sufferings. They are like the man in the fable; they profess to long for death, and when he appears, they would willingly bid him away. A poor creature of this class was recounting his misfortunes to a clergyman; he was friendless and childless, his home had been broken up, he had been brought to the Union, where the fare was poor and the society far from select; he suffered from the cold of winter and a countless host of infirmities; he actually waxed eloquent as he descanted on his sufferings. At length he was forced to halt from pure exhaustion. "How old are you?" said the parson. "Seventy-three," was the ready reply. "Well, in the course of that long life have you nothing to be grateful for?" There was silence for a minute or two, and then came the significant answer: "It is a mercy that I am still alive." Bad as life had been to him, he was still loth to part with it.

More frequent communication with other countries has done away with much of that croaking which springs from national antipathy. Ludicrous representations of English character may still occasionally be seen on the French stage; but, on the whole, we have formed a truer estimate of our neighbors on the Continent. There are few veterans in the British service who would express the same feeling as the old soldier in Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling*, "I hate the French for they are all slaves and wear wooden shoes;" or adopt the energetic language of Goldsmith's bailiff, "Curse the French, the Parle-vous, and all that belong to them. Taste us, madam! Give Mounseers but a taste, and my word on it, they'll come in for a bellyful. What makes the bread rising? the Parle-vous that devour us. What makes the mutton five-pence a pound? the Parle-vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?" Of course it was the Parle-vous that drank it; in the honest bailiff's opinion, they were the

cause of every misfortune; and no doubt such views were generally prevalent among that class of people. It is no longer so at the present day. There may be some inveterate political croakers who still believe that the French are ever conspiring against our liberties and striving to work our overthrow, as there are others of the same class across the channel who are always discovering some fresh act of treachery on the part of *perfidie Albion*; but all such croakers are decidedly in the minority. The Crimean war did much to heal up old wounds: the soldiers of both nations learned to respect one another's bravery; they shed their blood in the same cause and were often buried in the same trench. This change of sentiment has elicited a certain amount of croaking, as was only natural; all great changes must do so. Every innovation in politics, in religion, in art, in science, or in social life, must ever alarm the fears of those who have formed their opinions, labeled and packed them away with the intention of bequeathing them to their heirs. There are always some people in the world who think with him of old that they have seen an end of all perfection, and begin to croak as soon as their peaceful pool is agitated by the tide of advancing opinion. We know some old fellows who believe that the whole service is going to the dogs because we are trying to treat our soldiers as if they were rational beings and not mere machines; others, who see the hand of Providence in every railway accident, and take care always to travel in their own carriage. There are some who object to the use of chloroform as a means of lessening human suffering because they think that it interferes with a divine ordinance, as if it could ever be an ordinance of God that his creatures should suffer unnecessary or avoidable pain. There are croakers, like the late Colonel Sibthorpe, who threaten to die upon the floor of the House if certain measures, just and equitable, are adopted. We know that these measures are often carried, but we have never heard of any *felo de se* in St. Stephen's Hall. There are religious croakers who fix the very day, and that at no distant period, when this world shall be dissolved; but we have never heard from any one but *Punch* that they have begun to take in coals by the sackful. There have been such fanatics or impostors in all ages and countries,



and they have never failed to gain an audience. The truth is, there are many people, naturally timid, who like to be frightened, to have their religion doled out to them hot and reeking, as they say in the North.

"I like my minister to look me fairly in the face," said an aged Highlander, "to shake his fist at me, and to tell me that I am an old scoundrel. The more he abuses me the better I like him; I dinna even object to his taking me by the nape of the neck and giving me a shake over the pit; I feel it does me good. Ah! there is no minister like Mr. Macilwaime; there is something heavenly in his very grunt." We would place in the category of croakers all those ministers who aim at notoriety or fame by working upon the fears of their hearers in representing the world as being now at its last gasp, or who take a special and savage delight in expatiating upon the sufferings of the lost. We went the other evening to hear a popular preacher of the day. He had chosen as his subject the last judgment, and began to describe the punishment of the wicked. He was quite justified in doing so, though we question whether any will be won over to virtue by the mere dread of punishment; but it struck us forcibly that he felt a personal and savage pleasure in dwelling on their sufferings. He spoke as a partisan, and luxuriated in their woe; if he had been a red Indian scalping his enemies, he could not have displayed a more cruel or relentless spirit. There can be no doubt that such subjects have an irresistible attraction for certain minds; and there may be as much cruelty in a church as at a bullfight. It is so pleasant to be told that we are safe and that others are lost; *on trouve toujours quelque consolation dans les malheurs d'autrui*. At least, Rochefoucauld says so, and he knew something of the weaknesses of human nature.

We have already seen how a bad spirit may be introduced into a school by one young croaker. People more advanced in years are subject to the same influence. Sailors are usually supposed to be the happiest and jolliest of human beings; but one croaker or sea-lawyer on board a ship is enough to create a spirit of dissatisfaction among all the crew. We have seen the same effect produced in a regiment by the enlistment of two or three idle dissipated fellows who had belonged

to a different branch of the service, and taken their discharge under peculiar circumstances. One croaking servant may poison the minds of all the rest, rendering them sullen and dissatisfied; and the same thing often occurs among workmen. We all require to guard against our natural tendency to believe that the world has not used us quite so well as it should have done. We are all inclined to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, and to croak a little because society does not take us at our own estimate. We may rest assured that the world will not deal more gently with us if we are constantly taxing it with injustice. It is a very dangerous thing to look or speak as if we were ill-used, whatever our private opinion may be. It is far better, as the sailors say, to grin and bear it. A man without a grievance is sure to be liked, while another who is always croaking, will certainly be voted a bore. Most men's minds are so full of their own private grievances that they have very little sympathy to spare for those of others. Every man must bear his own burden in this world, and he will gain nothing by croaking out that it is heavier than his neighbor's. If he bear it cheerfully and patiently it will soon become lighter. The young soldier staggers beneath the weight of his knapsack before his first long march is over, but if he complains he will only be laughed at by his comrades; let him bear it without murmuring, and use will soon make it easier. It is the same with every other burden; each man has his own; he may imagine that it is heavier than his neighbor's, but he will only expose himself to ridicule by saying so. If on the other hand he bears it as if it were no burden at all, and talks as if his shoulders were free from every weight, the world will begin to smile upon him, and to assist him in every way. We know of the case of two merchants who had amassed considerable fortunes abroad, and had returned home with the intention of winding up their affairs and enjoying the fruits of their labors. It so happened, however, that owing to an unexpected commercial crisis, the firms to which they belonged were involved in bankruptcy and they lost every thing. Both returned to their former field of labor, and resumed business; but their bearing was different. One assembled his creditors and told them, with a sepulchral voice, that he was a monu-

ment of misery, a bark stranded on the sea of life, and so forth; his creditors took him at his word and kept aloof from him. There is nothing which commercial men detest so much as croaking: a merchant must be hopeful and sanguine or he will never succeed. The other treated his misfortune lightly, told his creditors that with a little time and patience he could soon regain his position, and ended by obtaining their confidence and support. He sat down cheerfully at the old desk which he thought he had left for ever, and worked there patiently for ten years; at the end of that time he found himself possessed of a larger fortune than before. The other is still a struggling man; his constant croaking has exhausted the sympathy of his friends, and exposed him to the ridicule of the careless and indifferent.

Now the lesson taught by this fact is applicable to every department of life. If we have been unfortunate, there is no use sitting down wringing our hands and bemoaning our hard fate. Ill-natured people will say that it serves us right; our friends will let us sit there, excusing themselves on the ground that it would be foolish to help those who can not help themselves. And the longer we sit, the more difficult it will be to rise. If we start up at once, we may shake off half the weight of our misfortune; but if we sit long, it will be like the Old Man of the Mountain on the back of Sinbad the Sailor, we shall never get quit of it. Begin to work, for there is a positive pleasure in the putting forth of all our energies and faculties in any department of labor. We are speaking, of course, of the young and energetic; it is different with those who are old and worn out. Still, even in their case, it is better to work a little than merely to croak. It was a noble sight to see Scott, with failing memory and partially clouded intellect, seating himself in the old library chair at Abbotsford, determined to win back with his pen the fortune he had lost. What though he did not altogether succeed? Was it not better thus to brace himself to his task, with a mind prepared for either fate, than to yield to despair? Though he had never gained a sixpence by his writings, he was far happier working the rich mine of his own fertile imagination than living in helpless, hopeless inactivity. The greatest of all croakers is the man who has nothing to do. It will never do

to be idle. We must all go in for something, and work for it as if our lives depended on success. Even if it should lead to nothing, the putting forth of all our energies in the pursuit is a source of enjoyment. The small annoyances of life can not reach a man whose mind is earnestly occupied with some idea, or some favorite pursuit: he is proof against all the arrows which the world can shoot at him. A friend of mine was wounded in the ankle at the battle of the Alma, but his mind was so intently occupied with fighting that he only discovered his wound when all was over. Pitt often came down to the House suffering all the tortures of gout, but no sooner did he become heated with his subject than he forgot his bodily pain; so powerful is the influence which the mind exercises over the body. But the mind can exercise almost the same influence over itself. Something has occurred to annoy us, and the mind broods over it. If we yield to this tendency it will be the source of much unhappiness. We may not be able to rase out the painful impression all at once; but if we fix our minds intently upon some other subject which requires the exercise of thought, it will be very much weakened. The unoccupied mind feeds on the flame of its own discontent; idleness, even for an hour, is an invitation to all the fiends to troop in and to take possession.

"A little rift within the lute  
Will soon make all the music mute."

A little indolence, a brief vacuity of thought, may enervate the mind for the labor of a whole day. If you feel its poppy influences spreading over you, start up and shake yourself; be intent about something, however trivial it may seem, and the insidious languor will soon pass away. John Leech, in one of his sketches, has well illustrated the distinction between croaking idleness and self-contented activity. Two young men have gone out to spend their annual holiday in fishing. The rain begins to pour down in torrents; one of them throws aside his rod, but the other continues to fish with stern determination. "Do come home," says the croaker. "Well," says the happy fellow, "I never see such a precious disagreeable old chap; you come out for a day's pleasuring and you are always for going home." Of course the rain was far from

pleasant, but he knew that a day of enforced idleness was still worse, and clung to his rod as a protection against *ennui* and discontent. He knew the value of the words of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" he had come out to fish, and fish he would, though a waterspout should burst upon his head. We should all act on the same principle, and many of the clouds of life will be dissipated; the lion in the path will be found to be only a jackass; the mind once set in motion will find happiness in the play of its own faculties, and be proof against the corroding cares of life. No matter what the employment may be so long as it is innocent; read, think, write, fish, shoot, paint, farm; go down in a diving-bell or up in a balloon; do any thing you choose; but, above all things, never be idle, or you will soon become a croaker. We were traveling the other day with a gentleman who had made a large fortune in one of the colonies and returned to England to enjoy it. It is the manner of our countrymen, Froissart tells us, to take their pleasure sadly; it certainly was so in this case. He was traveling for pleasure, but pleasure seemed to elude his grasp; like the old man in Rogers' poem, "he looked for something he knew not what," and seemed grievously disappointed at not finding it. With all his wealth he was a man to be pitied; he felt so himself; the change from active employment to listless idleness had embittered his mind. "I have nothing to do," he said, "but to spend my money, and I had far more pleasure in making it." Of course he had, because the making of it elicited all his powers and gave a healthy tone to his mind, which became morbid when it had no longer any thing to occupy it. The spending of money conferred no pleasure because he felt no interest in the objects on which it was spent.

Croaking may be regarded as the normal condition of the agricultural mind. The British farmer is always at daggers drawing with the clerk of the weather, whom he looks upon as his natural enemy. It is impossible to please him; the sun is not without its spots, and the finest day has a flaw. England has rarely been blessed with a more abundant harvest than the present; it seems as if a provision had thus been made for the wants of those who are suffering from the folly of others.

The most inveterate croaker has been compelled to admit that he had never a better crop of wheat; but he shakes his head when you talk of the hops. He has his doubts and fears, the dread of the future mars the enjoyment of the present, and he can not restrain a slightly subdued croak. But the truth is that croaking may be heard among all classes and on every possible subject. There is the croaker, deeply versed in geology, who foresees the day when our rich coal mines shall be exhausted, and the earth so weakened in her productive powers as no longer to supply her inhabitants with food. There is the political croaker, who foresees ruin approaching his country and the New Zealander already mounting the bridge. There is the literary croaker who can see no beauty in the works of living authors, who professes to believe that all genius has died out amongst us, and who finds no comfort in the cheering assurance of the poet:

"Yes, there are hearts prophetic Hope may trust,

That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordnained to fire th' adoring sons of earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;  
Ordnained to light, with intellectual ray,  
The mazy wheels of nature as they play,  
Or warm with fancy's energy to glow,  
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below."

There is a close connection between criticism and croaking; a strong tendency on the part of every critic to believe himself a being far superior to the author who has to submit to his scalpel. He thinks himself entitled, in virtue of his office, to look down with calm superiority upon every author of the day, though he himself may never have written a line that the world took note of. And not only does he look down upon him, but he invites every blockhead that reads his lucubrations to do the same. We know of one periodical that has gained a certain ephemeral success by trying to play the devil with every thing and every body, like the M.P. in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It tells us that Thackeray has no constructive power, that Dickens never *could* write English, that nineteen out of every score of authors are presumptuous blockheads, worthy of the contempt of all its readers, who are thus flattered into the belief that they are extremely clever creatures, and that the critic has great powers of discrimination.

No young author of talent need ever be frightened by the croaking of these critical bull-frogs; real, genuine merit can never be kept down by adverse criticism. Jeffrey and his compeers assailed every author who differed from them in politics; Gifford retaliated in the *Quarterly*; but the large-hearted generous public, unswayed by their miserable carplings, has done justice to the great men whose living fame they tried to destroy. We would say to every young author as Paul said to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth. Cultivate the gift that is in thee." Be true to yourself, and if you have the root of the matter within you, you will be sure to rise. The bright flame of true literary merit can never be snuffed out by adverse criticism, which is only dangerous when it is deserved.

Goldsmith in one of his plays has given us an admirable picture of the social, religious, and political croaker, all rolled into one. He calls on his friend, and every subject of conversation enables him to indulge in his peculiar vein. He discovers that his friend is looking miserably ill, and ascribes this change to the weather. He is assured that there is no ground for his apprehensions, and that the weather is unexceptionable. "Perhaps so," he rejoins; "indeed, what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? Taxes rising and trade falling, money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know at this moment no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing Cross and Temple Bar." It is hinted that there is no danger of their perversion; but this remark serves only to elicit a croak on the general state of religion. "Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert in a country that has never any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters." He is assured that the ladies are not exposed to any danger, and indulges in a croak at the expense of the sex. "Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or no? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly; but nowadays there is nothing of their own manufacture about them except their faces." (A modern croaker would not even give them credit for *that*.) It is insinuated that the ladies of his own household are an exception. "The best of them," says Croaker, with

candid impartiality, "will never be canonized for a saint when she is dead." An allusion is made to the authority he should exercise as the head of the household, and a fresh grievance bursts forth. "My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in a morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within; but I have cares within that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I am now no more than a mere lodger in my own house." A little spirit, it is hinted, might enable him to regain his authority. "No," says Croaker, emphatically, "not though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes; but what then?—always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better before his wife is tired of losing the victory." All this talk begins to tell upon his friend, and betrays him, through sympathy, into an incipient croak on the miseries of human life. Croaker is in ecstasies, and discovers a likeness between him and Dick Doleful, who drowned himself. "Ah! he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do. Life, at the greatest and best, is but a froward child, that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over." The friend is so affected by these words that he croaks louder than Croaker himself, who says: "It is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. I'll just step home for my son. And what if I bring my last letter to the *Gazetteer* on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit, from London to Lisbon, from Lisbon to the Canary Islands, from the Canary Islands to Palmyra, from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again." The author shows his knowledge of human nature by making Mrs. Croaker one of the jolliest and happiest of women; as her husband says: "I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle." People condemned to listen to constant croaking are obliged to be jolly in self-defense, otherwise life would be



come intolerable; and they usually succeed. Have you not observed that the husband of a carping, querulous, discontented woman is usually a good-humored, kindly fellow, who tries to humor the whims and fancies of his better half, and will not admit to himself or others that she is any thing but the best of wives? Such men are the Tapleys of conjugal existence—often sorely tried, but superior to all their trials.

Now it strikes us that Croaker is not altogether an imaginary being. Let the reader reflect for a moment, and he will be able to recall some one in the circle of his own acquaintance who might have sat for this picture—some miserable, yammering, croaking, carping creature, who is always laboring under some imaginary evil, or anticipating some future woe—who has exhausted the sympathies of others by his constant complaints, and no longer excites their alarm by announcing approaching calamities. It is part of their idiosyncrasy to weep while others rejoice, and to rejoice while others weep. The enjoyment of the present is marred by visions of future evil; but actual misfortune is almost a source of satisfaction. "Did I not always say so?" is the semi-jubilant croak frequently uttered by one of this class, when he sees his friends or his family overwhelmed by some great sorrow. "There's the advantage," says Croaker, "of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand—we never feel them when they come."

It may be objected that such a croaker is to be seen only on the stage, and never to be met with in real life; our own experience would lead us to an opposite conclusion. We had occasion recently to pass through some of the more intricate and less frequented streets of Westminster. While there is much in that district to interest the antiquary or the student of history, we may as well confess at once that no higher motive than a desire to economize space and time brought us into the vicinity of the Broadway. Our eyes and ears, however, were open to the strange sights and sounds around us, the strangeness of which can only be realized by an actual visit. On turning a corner, our attention was arrested by a large placard fixed on a pole fronting the street. It stood inside a sort of wooden railing which surrounded an open court in front of an old house that stood back some yards from the street. On this placard was a

representation of John Bull—not the round, rosy, well-conditioned old fellow familiar to us all, but John Bull in the last stage of deceased respectability and disreputable seediness. His once ample person was so attenuated, that his clothes hung loosely around him; his battered hat was driven violently over his ears; his stockingless toes were peeping through the points of his unpolished boots; to each foot was attached a weight, marked "Four Hundred Millions of National Debt;" in each hand was a blacking-bottle, with a lighted farthing candle stuck into its mouth. Beneath was an inscription, far from complimentary, demanding if the old dotard would still go on illuminating and rejoicing with a burden of eight hundred millions on his back. There was a sort of coarse, rude humor in the sketch, which we began to transfer to our note-book. We forgot that we were in a crowded thoroughfare, and that it was impossible to use our pencil in such a place without attracting notice. In a moment or two we were surrounded by an unsavory multitude, whose curiosity brought them into unpleasant contact with our person, so that we began to close our note-book, and to think of retreating, when an elderly man, of some seventy years of age, with a jolly, good-humored face, and that certain something in his air which marks the old soldier, advanced from the house, and pointing to the placard, said, "Do you see the amount? Eight—hundred—millions!" He drawled out each word in an unctuous tone of voice, as if he felt an intense satisfaction in the largeness of the amount. We nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "you may safely add another hundred millions, without going beyond the mark." We looked incredulous. "But I'll prove it," he said; and rushing into the house, he returned with a couple of pamphlets, which he placed in our hands. We thanked him for the gift, and made off at once, to the evident disappointment of the mob, who had been expecting a passage of arms between us and the British Slave. We mean nothing offensive to one who treated us with much courtesy; we merely use the name which he bestowed upon himself. On the outer page of the pamphlet is a portrait of the British Slave, with his large head resting on his ample palm, and an air of intense thought in his somewhat ponderous countenance. In this pamphlet the British Slave, with some in-

consistency, calls himself a medical, political, and social reformer. His own abject state has not swallowed up his sympathy for others, or blinded him to their sufferings. As to the State, like Pangloss, he would "reform it altogether." Hamlet more than hinted that there was something rotten in the State of Denmark; but the British Slave has discovered that there is rottenness and nothing else in the State of England. His soul is bent on reform, and his remarks are "addressed to the world at large, friend or foe, and especially dedicated to those patrician political patriarchs who, like himself, have passed the age usually allotted to human nature, three score and ten, but (as he charitably hopes and trusts) not all imbecile babblers." He begins with a croak at Mother Church, which compels him and other British serfs to pay twelve millions annually, whether they believe her doctrines or not. He asserts his right to rank among the great inventors of the age, and mourns over the ingratitude of his country. "In 1852, at the commencement of the Russian war, at great expense, labor, and anxiety, I invented and constructed a war-machine, which would (if brought into action) have effectually stayed the further effusion of blood, as its destructive powers would have instantly annihilated both armies and navies, field-works and fortifications." If the war-machine would really have annihilated both armies, we need not be surprised that the government refused to adopt it. It would certainly have stayed the further effusion of blood, as there would have been no more blood to effuse. But mark the reward which an ungrateful country bestows upon inventive genius. "I patented the invention at great expense, and the sole reward I reaped for my patriotic labors was eleven months' imprisonment in the Queen's Bench!" In the future history of science the name of the British Slave will rank with those of Kepler, Galileo, and others, of whom the age in which they lived was not worthy.

The sight of a lawyer's gown has the same effect on the British Slave as a red cloak on a turkey-cock: it rouses him to such a state of frenzy that his utterance becomes somewhat incoherent. He looks upon the Lord Chancellor as his personal foe, and expresses his utter abhorrence of "his brigade of horse-hair whigamores, y'eleft the 'Devil's Own,' independent of the squadrons of legal Mawworms who

live and thrive on the rotten, putrid state of society." We feel curious to discover the cause of the hatred every where expressed against "the bewigged, useless humbugs called the Bar." On reading on we hit upon the secret cause of all this soreness. On one occasion the Slave had availed himself of the professional services of an attorney: their intercourse ripened into the semblance of friendship, and the legal adviser borrowed his client's pamphlet to read. "I told him he might take as many as he needed, and he staggered from my house with a whole armful, and absolutely had the audacity to charge me, in his so-called 'Bill of Costs,' £1 1s. for perusing the same." This was the unkindest cut of all. No wonder that from that hour his deluded victim began to wince at the very thought of a lawyer, and that the horse-hair wig became to him the very abomination of desolation.

The British Slave has inventions for curing as well as for killing: his genius, like the spear of Achilles, can heal the wounds it causes. The curative and the destructive powers of nature are equally obedient to his call: he can wield the lancet of *Æsculapius*, or the bow of the far-darting god. "When the cholera was raging in 1852, and hundreds of poor white slaves, nicknamed Free Britons, were dying around me, I offered to the government to cure man, woman, or child for 3*d.* or 8*d.* per head, and to forfeit £5 for every death which occurred under my treatment." This was something better than "No cure, no pay." But did the government accept this patriotic offer? If the British Slave succeeded, it was not too much to pay 3*d.* or 8*d.* for saving the life of a "man, woman, or child:" if he failed, the Treasury would gain £5 by every death. But what was the result? "I was summoned to Chelsea Hospital, and told that if I did so I should lose my pension." If he did what? Why, if he cured man, woman, or child he was to lose his pension, which eventually he did lose. And we call this a free country. No wonder that after meeting with this rebuff he should begin to expose the fallacies of the Faculty, and place lawyers and doctors in the same category.

"I'll explain to you the difference between dying from law and dying from physic. It is this: the lawyer lingers you to death, and the doctor, being licensed to do so, kills you at once." The British

Slave, not being licensed to kill, professes only to cure; and that he is successful in doing so "can be proved by thousands and thousands whom nature has afflicted with every fearful malady that flesh is heir to." In pursuing these labors of love he has to work harder than any black slave on a cotton plantation. "I am at my post fourteen hours daily, from Sunday morning at ten o'clock till twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and often called up in the dead of the night." We are afraid that his labors are not of a highly remunerative character; but if any of our readers are afflicted with toothache, it may be satisfactory to them to know that he "hauls out a grinder for 3d., and is prepared to deal on more liberal terms. "Send all your superannuated molars, grinders, etc., to me, and I will take them all out, without trouble, for a penny each—a dozen out in five minutes." The meaning of this request is not quite clear: it seems to imply a double process of extraction—one by the patient, the other by the operator. All our superannuated grinders and molars are to be sent to the British Slave; but how can they be sent without being extracted? If they are extracted, how can he take them out? But a certain incoherency is pardonable in one who works fourteen hours a day all the year round. To extract a molar or a grinder for a penny must entitle the operator to rank as a public benefactor: yet there are depths of poverty to which his beneficence can not reach. What a pang his generous heart must have felt when he penned the following lines: "There are hundreds of poverty-stricken serfs whom I have to turn from my door every week, they not having means to pay for relief from their sufferings." Will no one take pity on them? We have penny subscriptions for building churches in destitute districts: will no one subscribe to extract the molars and grinders of the poor at a penny a head?

An old Covenanter left a dying protest in which he denounced most things animate and inanimate; the British Slave is as

sweeping in his denunciations. Unlike the virtuous man of the poet, who finds good in every thing, he finds good only in himself: all besides is anathema. He finds nothing but rottenness in the Senate, the Bar, the Church, the medical profession. No wonder, then, that he lifts up his voice and cries aloud against existing evil. No wonder that he has written to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chancellor, and Dr. Brady, pointing out the abuses of which he complains: his voice has been as the voice of one crying in the wilderness: they receive his letters, but they answer them not. There is one exception he writes to Lord Palmerston thus: "My Lord, I write to you, rather indignantly, but still, for the sake of common-sense, on account of the gross ignorance which I see daily among the *medical profession*, which is, literally, and not figuratively, disgusting. I have asked repeatedly both yourself and your colleagues to visit my cabin, and to test my systems and plans, but no notice has yet been taken of my serious applications." This serious application met with the following answer: "I am desired by Lord Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, but to inform you that her Majesty's government have no control over the practice of the *medical profession*." Ordinary people would regard this answer as a cool rebuff; but it rejoiced the heart of the British Slave, who, on reading it, exclaims: "This letter of courtesy from Palmerston will add another feather in his cap, which will last from generation to generation." If we were disposed to be critical, we might ask, "Which is to last from generation to generation—the feather or the cap?" But we are sick of the Slave, as perhaps our readers are, and leave him with the concluding remark that the best answer to his groundless croaking is the fact of such an inveterate croaker being left at large. In any other country of Europe he would be consigned to a mad-house or a prison.

P. C. B.

From the Temple Bar Magazine.

## PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

"PLAYING at Soldiers," a disease from which many princes suffered during the last century, had taken the strange turn with Frederick William I., King of Prussia, that he insisted on having, not only the most but the tallest soldiers. Owing to his exertions, one of the great curiosities of his capital was the Potsdam Guard—a collection of giants such as the world had never seen before or since. As recruits of such a size were naturally scarce, the king not only sent out recruiting-officers to look them up, but had special agents in foreign parts, with orders to enlist tall fellows for the guard. No expense was spared in the matter, and improper means and representations were not despised. Mr. Carlyle has collected a good many anecdotes on this head, to which we are enabled to add another curious assortment, not generally known, from the copious archives of the Saxon Court, which Carl von Weber has recently published, under the title of *Aus Vier Jahrhunderten*.

A young Courland gentleman, belonging to a very rich and respected family, went to Germany at the age of nineteen for the purpose of studying; his great height attracted the attention of a Prussian recruiting-officer, who joined him on the journey, feigned great interest in him, and induced him to pass through Berlin, where he promised to show him the sights. When they arrived, he took the young man to a wine-house, where they drank the king's health; then a picket entered, seized the recruit, as the officer declared him to be, and led him to the main-guard; he was really compelled to enlist, and regarded it as a great favor that it was promised he should be a non-commissioned officer within a year, and an ensign in three.

Another instance of a similar nature occurred at Genoa in 1739. A Prussian officer, who had been residing there for some time, formed an acquaintance with the family of the Marquis de Brezé, and became intimate with that nobleman's

son, the Chevalier d'Argentera, who was remarkably tall. He often talked to him about the Prussian army, the brilliant career that offered in it, and induced the young gentleman to accompany him home. Several months elapsed ere his family heard any thing from him, and they at last applied to the Saxon minister, Von Wackerbarth, who made inquiries, and really found him a prisoner in the guard-house. The Prussian officer had made him a present to the Margrave Frederick von Schwedt; but no persuasion would induce him to enlist. Hence he had been locked up to break his temper. All the consolation Von Wackerbarth could offer his despairing family was: "It seems to me that he will have no better chance of escape than the other foreign marquises, counts, and barons who have been brought here through great promises, and after all were put in the ranks."

When there was any extra-fine specimen of food for powder, who could not be got hold of in another way, the recruiters did not hesitate to employ force, even if they had to invade foreign territory. Thus, in 1724 a captain of Prince Leopold of Dessau's regiment carried off a tall man from the neighborhood of Darmstadt. He was gagged, and thrown into a cart; but he contrived to raise an alarm. People ran up, and prevented the cart from starting; the commandant of the garrison arrested the Prussian officer, and sent him to Cassel, where he remained a prisoner till the affair was arranged.

In January, 1733, Prussian troops crossed the frontier of Anhalt-Cöthen to seize a tall shepherd; they succeeded in carrying him off, but he made a desperate effort to escape. The cornet in command rode after him, and shot him dead.

On another occasion the recruiters laid an ambush in the road between Harburg and Lüneburg for a Hanoverian postillion, who had resisted all their persuasions. When he arrived with the letter-bag, they dragged him off his horse, and carried him away; but they let the horse with



the bag go. The latter event occurred shortly before the king's death; and Frederick the Great, immediately after ascending the throne, ordered the postilion to be liberated, and his abductors severely punished.

The king had a regular inventory drawn up by his spies in Electoral Saxony, in which every man a few inches above the average height was entered. With this "*liste des grands hommes qui se trouvent en Saxe*," Frederick William regularly surprised Field-Marshal von Flemming, who, himself an amateur, had no idea what a treasure in giants Saxony contained; at the same time the king begged to have the individuals. Count Von Flemming replied that although he was prevented by the laws from executing the order perforce, he would do his best to satisfy the royal wish. He collected twelve men "of the height of the third rank of grenadiers," whom he sent to the king perfectly armed and equipped, according to the Potsdam regulations. This present was not made in perfect disinterestedness; for Count von Wackerbarth was expressly told to drop a hint that the Court of Dresden expected a return, in the shape of rarities from the Berlin Museum; but the appearance of any formal exchange must be avoided, "*pour éviter*," as Count Flemming wrote, "*de troquer des raretés contre des figures vivantes*." This bashfulness, so extraordinary for the age, was, however, not recognized at Berlin. The recruits were thankfully received; but the rarities were not offered. Some time after, a hint was dropped to the Saxon Resident at Berlin that the king felt disposed to swap his museum, cabinet of medals, and library for tall men. Suhm went through the collection with Privy-Councillor von Marschall, and selected several things which he fancied adapted for a barter. Among these, fifteen in number, we may more especially mention—the coins; the collection of an old Duke of Pomerania; four marble statues (Diana of Ephesus, a large and a small Priapus, and a Momus); an equestrian statue of Frederick William; a St. George in bronze; and, finally, "*des peaux extraordinaires des Indes*." These articles were valued at the sum of five hundred thousand thalers by Von Marschall; while, on the other hand, he offered a very low price for the objects taken in exchange—but three hundred thalers for the very

tallest recruit. Suhm, in his dispatches, turns up the whites of his eyes at the low estimate placed on Saxon human flesh, and the whole affair fell to the ground.

Flemming still continued his private dealings with the King of Prussia in long fellows. On one occasion he sold him four men for five thousand dollars; on another, gave him two, in order "to obtain the pardon of M. de Sparfeld." With a similar object he wrote to a Saxon officer: "If I can get hold of that handsome tall fellow, Andreas Hessen by name, of Criegers' regiment, I shall be pleased; and better still if he does not cost much. I intend to exchange him with the King of P. for a bassoon-player; but he must not be in uniform." This musician was one of the first *virtuosi* on his instrument, and a great favorite of the Queen of Prussia; but though she deeply lamented his loss, Flemming secured him for his private band. As early as 1716, Flemming resolved to make the king a present of six fine fellows; and ordered Von Manteuffel, at that time Saxon envoy at Berlin, to inform the king of the fact. The envoy considered it, however, thorough extravagance, and resolved to economize. At the next audience he imparted to the king that Count Flemming begged to lay himself at his Majesty's feet and implore a favor. To the query, What is it? Manteuffel replied, with a serious look: "Your Majesty has several fine fellows in your guards." The king interrupted him in alarm: "I am sure he wants to get one off." "Not at all," the diplomatist made answer; "on the contrary, the marshal desires to augment their number, and begs permission to offer your Majesty three or four picked men." The king testified the greatest delight, embraced Manteuffel, and begged him to offer Flemming his most hearty thanks. Flemming was much pleased with the saving, and ordered General von Wostromirski to deliver three of the men to the king, and keep the other three "in store" for him. The Saxon cabinet-minister Von Wackerbarth also managed to gain the king's favor in the same way. On his Majesty's birthday, August 14th, 1715, he sent him, by the hands of a tall, well-built man, a large bundle of tobacco-leaves, with two handsome Turkish pipes, and an embroidered bag of fragrant Latakîeh, and begged him also to accept "*le cupidon qui en etait le porteur*." The king was highly delighted

at the polite attention; and we read in a letter "that he was in such good humor, and his companions the same, that they did not spare the wine, and the majority of them drank more than they could carry." Field-Marshal Count Seckendorf also presented the king, in 1733, with a Tyrolean as tall as his native mountains, for whom he declared he had paid five thousand thalers. In 1725 Flemming again presented the King of Prussia with two "tall fellows," for whom he stated he had been offered four thousand thalers by dealers who wished to drive a bargain with the king.

When the man-hunt proved difficult, the recruiters did not hesitate to violate the Saxon territory; and serious disputes arose in consequence. When, in 1727, a Prussian non-commissioned officer was arrested in Saxony, and sentenced to be hanged, the King of Prussia at once intimated to the Saxon envoy at Berlin, Von Suhm, that "he would have to answer for it in person." Whereupon the envoy fled with his family to Lübben until the difference was settled. The King of Saxony wrote that he did not insist upon the punishment of the culprit, because he "was not naturally inclined to cause any body annoyance, much less his Majesty's subjects;" and Frederick William thanked him very heartily for his generosity. But the quarrel was renewed in 1739. A Prussian captain of Prince Eugene von Anhalt's regiment went to Warsaw under the pretext that he had left the service: he secretly enlisted several *gardes du corps*, and made off with them; but was followed and arrested. In vain did he offer five hundred ducats to be set at liberty; he was carried back to Warsaw, and kept in prison for a lengthened period.

In England, which country supplied a number of splendid fellows, though at a high figure; the Prussian ambassador, Von Bork, had played the go-between on several occasions, and aroused great dissatisfaction among the public. When he went to Berlin on leave, the English government expressed a wish that he might not return to his post, as there was reason to fear that the mob would insult him. The King of Prussia, who had yielded to England before on a similar matter, was very angry at the hint, declared that he would not recall Von Bork, and "if any thing happened to him in London, he

would take it out of the English ambassador at Berlin." The king was repeatedly urged to check the behavior of his recruiting agents. Wackerbarth, writing to Flemming in 1732, says: "I know that the empress, as well as Prince Eugene, has made serious representations to his Prussian Majesty on his passion for tall men, and the means he employs and the expense he incurs to get hold of them; and it is believed that this remonstrance has made an impression on his mind." This hope, however, was not confirmed, although the most serious conflicts with neighboring states were impending. The Elector of Cologne, from whose states several men had been carried off perforce, had an equal number of Prussian subjects arrested "until he could get his people back again." The same elector entered into negotiations with the Elector of the Palatinate, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and several other governments, for the purpose of forming an offensive and defensive alliance against the Prussian recruiting agents. The emperor, too, who had permitted the king to enlist "long fellows" in his states, was compelled to recall his sanction in 1737, in consequence of the excesses that took place. The King of Prussia was beside himself on hearing of this. Without informing his ministers, he issued an order forbidding his people to supply any imperialist soldier with quarters and provisions, no matter what sum he might offer for them. At the same time he sent his minister, Von Marschall, who had the management of the recruiting chest, and hence obtained the sobriquet of "Sanctus Recrutius," to the Austrian envoy at Berlin, to inform him of this measure. The result was that the king was compelled to recall the decree willy-nilly, and gave the excuse that it had arisen from a misunderstanding.

In the Netherlands the repeated excesses of the recruiters had aroused equally great bitterness; and the Saxon minister, Flemming, all but became an innocent victim to it. While traveling through Holland, in 1724, with a numerous escort, he was taken in a town for his Majesty of Prussia traveling *incog*. A mob collected before the inn where he had put up, and whenever the count showed himself at a window, they shouted mockingly, "Right face, left face; twenty-five stripes." Tall recruits were offered to one of the escort to get him into a trap, and thus

give occasion for a row; and the mob was not appeased till the mistake was cleared up. As the most earnest representations remained ineffectual, a Prussian officer and sergeant were shot at Mästricht, and a recruiter hung. In reprisal Frederick William I. arrested several Netherlands officers who were accidentally in his states, and demanded a compensation of two hundred and fifty thousand thalers, under menace of laying an embargo on all Dutch goods. The difference, it is true, was made up for the time; but the recruiting excesses did not cease, and consequently a Prussian officer, caught red-handed at Liège in 1739, was hung in full-dress uniform, with the order *pour le mérite* suspended round his neck. Such examples naturally created great alarm among the recruiters in foreign parts, and many gave up a profession in which zeal received such a reward. This, however, caused great embarrassment to the captains of companies, because the king expected that each of them should have long fellows at the right wing, and, as far as possible, foreigners: if he missed such ornaments on parade, cashiering or Spandau was the usual punishment. According to Manteuffel, the king, in November, 1739, sent a major to the fortress for six years because he had no foreign recruits. General von Forcade once implored Marshal von Flemming to help him out with a few tall recruits, because "the king," he wrote, "has declared that the man who had no good recruits should be broken like a glass." That this threat was meant seriously is proved by a letter from the Saxon secretary of legation, dated from Berlin, June 16th, 1739, in which he states: "H. M. has broken, in front of their companies, two majors, one of the name of Katt, of Glasenapp's regiment; the other belonging to Prince Charles. No other reason can be alleged than that they had not a sufficient number of recruits of great height. M. de Katt had spent out of his own pocket, during the last year, upwards of ten thousand crowns, in order to have good recruits." To escape such a fate, the officers were constantly compelled to make large pecuniary sacrifices, as a single man frequently cost them several thousand thalers. Manteuffel tells us, *inter alia*, that an Austrian gentleman sold his son, a lad of seventeen, to a captain at Magdeburg for four thousand thalers, and a monthly pen-

sion of ten thalers. They were consequently expensive parade articles, whose loss through death or desertion was a serious affair. Thus, during 1739 the fugleman of a regiment at Berlin drank too deeply at an inn. On his return he fell into the Spree, off a bridge whose railing was broken, and was drowned: he was a foreigner, and cost the captain of his company fifteen hundred thalers. The latter applied to the king, represented that the accident had occurred through the neglect of the officials, and requested that the culprit should be compelled to repay the fifteen hundred thalers. The king agreed to this; and at once ordered that, until the money was paid, the official should have a corporal and six men quartered on him.

The crown-prince was also obliged to try and satisfy his father's wishes in this matter; but, strange to say for the period, spurned all violent and illegal steps. In 1735 the Council of Danzig had promised him *deux Colosses*, but they did not arrive; and when an officer of the prince's suite brought up the subject without his knowledge, he received an answer from Danzig, that, to their great regret, they were unable to fulfill their promise, because the men declined to enter the Prussian service. At the same time, Count Manteuffel was requested by the town-council to support this excuse; but when he spoke to the prince on the subject, the latter was extremely angry at the unbidden zeal of his officer, and added, "I should be very pleased to have these two men, if they would serve the king willingly, but I do not desire the magistrates to force them, or incur expenses in order to procure them for me. I would sooner give them up." On one occasion, however, the crown-prince had a most unexpected addition to his income to cover the expenses which his recruits entailed on him. We will describe the scene in the language of the Saxon secretary of legation:

"When, last week, his royal Majesty, with the whole of his royal family, as well as the other princes of the house, and the chiefs of regiments, was seated at dinner at the royal table, General von Schwerin rose and said, how every faithful subject would feel delighted, if he could see the royal family thus happy together. Upon this the king turned to the crown-prince, and said to him, 'Fritze, I love thee from my heart; I have now at length learned

to know thee thoroughly; there is a Frederick William in thee, and I will give thee whatever thou mayst wish to have.' The crown-prince, upon this gracious speech, rose, in order to kiss his Majesty's coat; but the king did not allow it, and rose from his seat and embraced the crown-prince, saying, 'Thou art my dear son; tell me what thou desirest, and thou shalt have it.' Upon this the crown-prince made answer, that he would implore his Majesty's constant love and favor, and returned to his seat. They had scarce seated themselves ere General Von Schwerin began speaking again, and said, 'Your Majesty, the annual recruits cost a deal of money.' 'Now, Fritze,' the king said, 'I give thee, in the first place, one hundred thousand thalers; and if that is not enough, tell me so.' Upon this gracious statement the crown-prince rose again, in order to kiss the coat and express his thanks; but his Majesty embraced him once more with the same tenderness, and other matters were spoken about."

A curious bargain, in which the king swapped a horse for recruits, is also told us by the Saxon Resident. King Frederick I. had bought a Spanish stallion, for which he paid fifteen hundred thalers; but it did not reach Berlin till after the monarch's death. Wackerbarth was greatly pleased with the splendid animal; and Frederick William, who noticed this, expressed his readiness to let him have it for twenty-four recruits, and Wackerbarth offered twelve grenadiers. After the deal had been going on for some time without any settlement, the king, after a dinner at which all had drunk stoutly, brought the matter up in the presence of the Duke of Wurtemberg, the Prince of Anhalt, and other generals, by saying, "Come, to oblige you, Wackerbarth, I will knock off four fellows; but you won't have the horse any cheaper." Wackerbarth replied that his Majesty had certainly allowed him time to reflect; but he had scruples of conscience, because his grenadiers were baptized, which the stallion was not; still he would give twelve grenadiers. The Prince of Anhalt here interposed by saying, "What the deuce, your Majesty, are you about? The Spaniard for twenty grenadiers? I'll give you thirty, and all of the first height." The king looked at Wackerbarth, and said, "If he does not make up his mind

at once, I shall accept the prince's offer." The count politely remarked that he should never pardon himself if he let slip so favorable an opportunity to oblige the king and the prince at the same time. The prince, whom Wackerbarth suspected of "standing in" with the king, fell into his own trap; for Frederick William accepted the offer, and the prince really obtained the horse for the thirty recruits. When the Duke of Wurtemberg shortly after offered one thousand florins for the animal, Wackerbarth told him that he desired to secure the stallion for the King of Saxony, and begged that he might have the refusal. The prince assented, and the count obtained the horse for three hundred ducats.

How the king took advantage of every opportunity to increase his collection of giants is proved by the events of 1735. When the last battle of Stanislaus Leczynski for the Polish crown ended with his flight, many of his partisans followed him to Königsberg, and saw that there was no better way of securing Frederick William's favor than promising to procure him tall recruits. A number of these Poles consequently signed agreements, by which each of them bound himself to procure the king a certain number. The Bishop of Wilna did this too, and pledged himself not to quit the Prussian states till he had fulfilled his obligations. He was unable to do so, however; and when he wished to return to Poland after the treaty of Vienna, he attempted flight, but was stopped at Königsberg. Manteuffel, who was entreated to intercede for him, declined to do so for the following reasons: "I would readily attempt to help him were he accused, for instance, of having tried to dethrone the King of Prussia, or attempt his life; but to interfere for a person who had promised tall men would be exposing myself to the most unpleasant consequences without the slightest hope of success." The bishop and his companions in misfortune finally applied to the King of France, who, "in a strong and very dry letter," seriously besought the King of Prussia "to let them go, without asking any thing of them." The French ambassador, De la Chetardie, was ordered to hand this letter to the king; but he preferred evading the unpleasant audience, and sent the letter to Potsdam, accompanying it "by a few sugared lines in his fashion." But the king was stung to the



quick, and sent back the letter without any answer.

Although, as we have seen, Frederick William was forced to overcome his saving propensities in enlisting foreigners, he used to enrol his own subjects at slighter cost, and personally interfere. If he met in his walks abroad a good-looking citizen or peasant, he attempted to enlist him; and if he did not find a readiness to obey, "H. M. fastened him to a long whip which he generally carried, and hauled him off thus to the main-guard." A respectable position was no protection against such force. Von Arnheim, a wealthy gentleman in the Uckermark, had an only son, remarkable even in his sixteenth year for height and good looks. The Margrave of Schwedt, whom Manteuffel describes as "naturally very brutal, and the scourge of the gentry whose estates border his," had noticed the lad, and begged the king to induce him to enter his regiment as ensign. The king told the father of this, with the words, "he had made the margrave a present of his son." Though Herr von Arnheim was most loyal, such a disposal of his son in favor of the detested margrave seemed to him to go beyond the bounds of the royal power. Hence he went to Berlin, in order to effect the recall of the promise; and it cost him a very large sum to do so.

The grown-up generation did not suffice the recruiters, and they anticipated the rising one. The officers hunted down all boys who promised to be tall; sent non-commissioned officers to their houses; had their names entered in a list; gave them a pass; and made them wear a red cravat. Although these cravats might be regarded with pride by some of the boys, their parents liked them the less, because they had to pay a heavy sum to buy them off. Thus no less an amount than four thousand thalers was demanded of a privy councillor for his son's discharge. Excesses and collisions of various descriptions were the result. A cobbler, whose son came home delighted with the new ornament a captain had given him, drove him back with his strap, saying that the captain might feed him, as he did not mean to support soldiers; whereupon the officer was induced to take his present back. A peasant behaved much more tragically; for he cleft with a hatchet the head of a sergeant who had enlisted his

son, and fled. The matter was hushed up, and an order was issued that the recruiters should refrain from entering houses, and content themselves with the lads they found in the streets.

The king's passion for "long fellows" was played on, not only by officers who wished to obtain promotion in that way, but also by others; for it was notorious that the presentation of a few giants to Frederick William would insure his assent even to the most unjust propositions. How far this went is proved by Manteuffel. A rich man living at Amsterdam had relations in Prussia, with whom he quarreled; the result was, he resolved to leave his fortune away from them. They consequently applied to the king, and promised him a number of tall fellows for the Potsdam Guard, if he would imprison the rich cousin for life in Spandau. The proposal was accepted; the Amsterdam cousin was induced to move to Cleves, where he was arrested; and he had been some weeks in the fortress, when the king's death probably liberated him. We hardly think that he left much to his Prussian cousins. The King of Denmark had the greatest difficulty in procuring the extradition of a runaway criminal who had murdered Count von Rantzau, and he was positively compelled to exchange twelve tall recruits for him.

It need not surprise us to find that soldiers who had been enlisted against their will showed no devotion to their colors, or that desertions were frequent. In spite of all the precautions, escapes were made now and then. One of the handsomest fellows in the front rank of the Potsdam Guard, a Bohemian by birth, had gained the heart of a well-to-do widow in Potsdam; but permission to marry was refused him, and the couple resolved to fly. They took their measures cautiously; they left the city before daybreak in a carriage drawn by swift horses, and had relays in readiness as far as the Saxon frontier. The deserter was not missed till eight o'clock P.M. The king was in the Tobacco College, when a sergeant arrived to make the report privily to him; and the eye-witness who reported the facts to Manteuffel declared "that he never saw a more marked terror than this communication caused his Majesty." The king turned pale, heaved a heavy sigh, and let his pipe fall. Without saying a word he left the room; a few minutes after, he

sent for an officer, to whom he gave secret orders, and remained profoundly silent the whole evening. The guests assembled in the Tabagie racked their brains in vain about the heavy misfortune which must have befallen the king and the monarchy. Two detachments of hussars were sent after the deserter, one along the road to Saxony, the other towards Magdeburg; and the strictest investigation was made, in order, at least, to discover who had helped the couple to escape; but it was all in vain. They were never seen again in Prussia.

Less successful were those deserters who fled from Magdeburg by letting themselves down the town-wall by the aid of a rope. Their flight was discovered the next morning, and the alarm-gun gave the signal for their pursuit. Four mounted officers followed them, and found them in a village belong to Anhalt-Zerbst. A captain, whose fugleman was among the deserters, went into the village to try and induce the fugitives to return voluntarily; but his exertions were in vain. In the interim, however, the other three officers had ridden off to the Duke of Anhalt, and obtained his permission to surround the village with Prussian grenadiers who had come after them. No attempt was made to storm the village; but the state of siege was protracted until the deserters were compelled to surrender. A tall Englishman, who had been led to enlist by the misrepresentations of an officer of high rank, took personal satisfaction. The fugleman met his tempter, whom he had not seen since in the palace-yard of Potsdam, just as he was going to the king. Regardless of subordination, he challenged the gentleman; and as the latter would not listen to his complaints, the fugleman gave him such a thrashing that he was compelled to keep his bed for a week. The king was reluctant to give greater publicity to the affair by punishing the culprit, and ordered it to be kept a profound secret.

In another letter we read of a regular plot on an evening in September, 1724. The king was smoking a pipe in the palace-square of Potsdam, when a drummer approached him, and on being asked what he wanted, replied that he had a secret communication to make to the king. After his Majesty had retired with him to a secluded spot, the drummer stated that upwards of twenty soldiers, mostly Frenchmen, had sworn to escape together, to de-

fend themselves to the utmost if pursued, and that they had consequently tried to supply themselves with ammunition. The accused were at once arrested, and a large number of bullets was found upon them; but they had been unable to procure any powder. When the king had one of the leaders brought before him, and questioned him, "the latter stuck his hat on his head à la Morbleu, stemmed his fists in his side, and said that he could not stand it any longer; he was heartily tired of his life, and the sooner the king had him hung the better." This wish, however, in which several of his comrades joined, was not satisfied. The chief criminal did not lose his life, but his ears and nose; the second was flogged by the hangman; both were declared infamous, and sent to Spandau for life, while the remainder ran the gauntlet.

Several of the impressed wretches even sought relief by killing themselves, while numerous cases are reported to us in which desperate men murdered others merely to suffer death. A young noble belonging to a rich and respected family had completed his studies, and was making a lengthened tour, when, to his sorrow, his great height attracted the attention of a recruiting-officer. He was carried off by force, and made a non-commissioned officer. He bore his melancholy lot for a whole year, but then earnestly implored his discharge. It was refused him; and he then threatened to commit a crime if he were kept any longer. His parents hastened to console him, and induce him to wait a little while longer. Their departure heightened his desperation, and he rushed into the street with the resolve to stab the first person he came across. A child was his unhappy victim. Covered with its blood, he went and denounced himself as the murderer, while openly confessing the motive for the awful deed. At the beginning of 1738 a fugleman at Potsdam slew his landlord, and also declared, upon examination, that he had only done it in order to be executed, as he was wearied of life, and had not obtained his discharge, though he had served his time. He was condemned to death; but the king, who was not disposed to make a tall guardsman a head shorter, would probably have pardoned him, had it not been objected that an example was indispensable. Notices had been found in the streets of Potsdam to the effect

that the soldiers of the tall guard who could not obtain their legal discharge had sworn to fire the town, and desert *en masse*, unless their claim was conceded. As this did not take place, one of the soldiers discharged his ramrod at the king during a review held on May 15th, 1739; but as the firing was very rapid, he could not take steady aim, and hit a person in the ribs instead of the king. Reports of similar attacks in earlier years are also hinted at by Manteuffel.

It is a pleasing feature to find that Frederick William, towards the end of his life, earnestly repented the cruelty to which his liking for tall soldiers had led him. Shortly before his death he conversed with the crown-prince about the Potsdam Guard, and recognized how wrongly he had acted "in making the regiment his hobby, and expending above seven hundred thousand thalers upon it. He also declared that he should have broken up the corps long before, had not a false *point d'honneur* prevented him. To this confession he added, he hoped that the prince would act more wisely on succeeding him, and dismiss the fellows." On the day after his father's death, Frederick II. informed the regiment of guards, before they took the oath of allegiance, that any men who desired their discharge should step out of the ranks, and it would be granted at once. Only one man, however, came forward, stating that he had intended to desert, but should now remain. According to Manteuffel, only one battalion of the giant regiment was in existence in July, 1740; the rest had been picked as heyducks, discharged, or told off to other regiments.

Frederick William's example was followed at several courts, and a regular hunt began of those who had the misfortune to be a few inches taller than their fellow-men. The Saxon princes, Frederick Augustus I. and II., shared in their royal neighbor's passion. In 1721 an or-

der was issued to the Saxon regiments to send in all their tall fellows; but the colonels hesitated, and hence only two were supplied. The harvest, however, was more productive in Poland, where the nobility eagerly strove to satisfy the royal wishes. With this assistance the Rutowski Battalion was formed, which was supposed at Dresden worthily to rival the Potsdam Guard. In order to have something extra good, the King of Poland sent two officers, in 1730, to Venice, to visit the Dalmatian Provinces, which he fancied had not yet been drained by recruiters, and select at least twenty-five of the finest and tallest men. But just as nowadays you are sure of meeting with English travelers in the remotest districts, so it was in that day with Prussian recruiters. Such had already penetrated into Dalmatia, and sought in every possible way to foil the dangerous competition of the Saxons. The latter, therefore, resolved to "send dragomans campaigning," and with their aid they succeeded in obtaining twenty-five Morlachs of the tallest breed, at an average rate of thirty sequins—a ridiculous sum according to the prices ruling at the time. They were secretly conveyed to Trieste; but it was a tough job to guard the fellows, for the further they got from home, the more they desired to return to it. There was almost a rebellion; for the giants were half-naked, and exactly resembled a band of robbers. The Saxon officers hesitated to pass through Germany with such a ragged company, and hence bought cloth, probably for its cheapness, of a yellow color, and dressed their men in it. But the Morlachs, who, as one of the officers said, "although beggars, are as proud as peacocks," would not stand this galley-slave color, refused it, and insisted tumultuously on being attired in red and blue; and this had to be done, for the sake of peace. When this concession had been made, the Morlachs continued their journey to Dresden like lambs.

L. W.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE POLISH WOMEN AND THE INSURRECTION.

In *Fraser's Magazine* for November, I gave a short account of woman's influence during the present Polish insurrection, and her aptitude for the rôle assigned her in the political programme of the Secret National Committee. As the subject is not, I think, an uninteresting one to an English public, to whom reports are daily presented in the public papers of women being sent to Siberia, imprisoned, fined, and otherwise ill-treated, and that generally without any special cause for their punishment being mentioned, I propose in the present article to give a short sketch of the peculiar character of the Polish women, backed by a few illustrative facts, to show how vast her power has been, not only now, but throughout the long fight between Catholic Poland and Orthodox Russia.

In all the great struggles of a people for national independence, women, indeed, have ever played an important, though secondary part, whether we look at that between the Celt and the Saxon, the Italian and the German, the Greek and the Turk, the Pole and the Russian—all the Slavonic races and the German; or even that which has sprung up in our own day between the Southerners of America and the Yankees. But it is chiefly when we find a difference of religion, as well as a difference of race, between the oppressor and the oppressed;\* when the antipathy

has been embittered by religious persecution, and fanaticism is once aroused, that we find *woman* entering into the struggle with all the fervency of her more excitable nature, and exerting an influence which is just in proportion to the status her sex occupies in the society of her country. Now it is a well-known saying that, among people of the Latin race, men and women are equal in their mental qualities; that in the German race it is the men who are superior; but in the Slavonic that it is the women. Be the truth what it may concerning the first two, the remark is perfectly adaptable to both Polish and Russian women, and may account for the part played by the former in public events. In both Poland and Russia, whether a woman be virtuous or degraded, whether she be like an angel or a demon, she always exerts greater influence over the man, whatever may be her class of society, than can be said to be the case in other countries. There is only one man, indeed, to whom a Polish woman can be said to be thoroughly subjected—and that man is the priest. In no country in Europe, not excepting Spain, Belgium, or Ireland, has the Roman Catholic religion taken deeper root than in Poland. In no country either is woman more fervent in her belief, so reliant on, and so obedient to, her spiritual instructors. And the greater part of all that influence to which she is subjected by them, she imposes on the men of her kindred and friends. In-

\* Educated Russians consider themselves of the same Slavonic race as the Poles; the Poles, in their literature, completely ignore the relationship, and look on the Muscovites not only as heretics but as a mongrel breed of Tartars and Finns, with very little Slavonic blood to ennoble them. The Ruthenians—that is, the inhabitants of the disputed western and south-western provinces of Russia—say, they are the only true Slaves, Russians, or Russians. The Muscovites only became so by ukas of the Empress Catharine II. It is a great mistake made in Western Europe—a mistake which the celebrated remark of Napoleon, "Rub a Russian, and you see the Tartar," has done much to strengthen—to suppose that the Tartar element is so predominant in Russia. It is only in certain districts, and in certain families of known Tartar origin, that the Asiatic

descent can be perceived by the eye, and then easily so, for Tartar blood and peculiarities are so stubborn that generations will hardly get rid of them. When the Russian princes finally subdued the Tartars, they acted wisely in this, that they did all they could to efface as quickly as possible all distinction of race and religion between the two families, although they only succeeded with the higher classes. The people, Orthodox and Mohammedan, remained very stubborn both to their race and creed, and do so to the present day. The Finnish element prevails mostly in the north, the Mohammedan in the south-east; yet there are whole provinces of pure Slaves in Russia, quite free from a commingling of either blood.



separably bound up with her religious feeling is her patriotism. The final triumph of Poland over Russia, its restoration to its ancient limits, a great swaying, proselyting Catholic Poland is her grand idea. And that this may be one day accomplished, she strives with all the passionate and exciting energy of her nature, and devotes herself body and soul to all the plans and instructions of the National Government and clergy. This same idea she instils into the dawning minds of her children; and when they are old enough, sends them with her blessing to the ranks of the insurgents, to drive the hated *Moscal* from Polish soil.\* A Polish writer, exalting his country's cause in one of the French magazines, thus speaks of his countrywomen: "At that age, when other mothers usually begin to teach their children of God, honor, and duty, the Polish mother already instructs hers in the duties of patriotism. On her knees the fair-haired child first learns that he is born accursed, and his imagination is filled with bleeding images of the sufferings of his forefathers, with pictures of dungeons, exile, and death. Every day in his young heart she renews the agony of the Three Partitions."

With all her undisputed excellence and force of character, the Polish woman is yet subject to the same laws as all other women. Her actions are prompted by the heart, seldom by the head. Serious reflection soon confuses and tires her. Her convictions are reached by jumps and contradictions, but once reached, they remain stubborn against all authorities or proofs. More poetical than logical, she mingles passion with all she says and does, and regards the events of life only as they take a dramatical or poetical form. Her passionate nature makes it a necessity to personify in itself all that excites her sympathy or attracts her love. If she meddle with politics—and in Poland almost every woman is a politician—her imagination and feelings are alone consulted. Converse with a Polish lady on liberty, national rights, or popular institutions, she will be at no loss for eloquent or poetical language, but will repeat to you long strings of ideas, which are sublime

in all but their possibility of being carried into action. Ask her what she wants for her country? if she would be contented with a small, but united, independent, Catholic Poland? if her patriotism would be satisfied that Poland should resemble Holland or Belgium—a quiet, unobtrusive nation of prospering people, cultivating commerce and those arts and sciences which make a country peacefully glorious and morally preëminent? You may be sure she would soon grow impatient at your questions. The picture of such a peaceful, sensible existence for her country would seem utterly inglorious, and not at all harmonize with her ideal. She would tell you in a burst of vigorous language that her ambition and patriotism were too great for such a narrow field; that the idea of a Catholic Poland of six or seven millions, was a satire on her aspirations; that nothing less would satisfy them than the old Slavonic land of her forefathers, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, from the Oder to the Dnieper; and that, to acquire this, she was willing to make her life a long struggle, and her death a martyrdom. Converse with her on those two sacred subjects, Patriotism and Religion, and she bounds to the farthest of extremes, and her religion becomes bigotry, and her patriotism fanaticism.

This psychology of the Polish women, as is now presented to actual observation, can be traced far back through history. Their passionate, heroic, daring, but fanatical character, was well exemplified in one celebrated woman of the seventeenth century, who may be taken as a model by many of her sex at the present day. I refer to the celebrated Marina Mniszek, a member of the powerful family of that name, who, when Poland was about serving Russia as Russia has since served Poland, was crowned Tsarina in the old Kremlin of Moscow. The Jesuits had chosen her as a fit bride for the young page whom they were putting forward as the son of the Muscovite Tsar Ivan IV., a youth who had been murdered by the friends of the celebrated Boris Godonov, and who is known in history as the first false Demetrius. She accompanied her bridegroom, a Polish army, and a retinue of priests, to Moscow. At that moment it was a grain of sand in the balance of fate whether such a country as Russia should ever exist. The proselyting zeal

\* *Moscal* is the name of contempt given by the Poles to Russians. The corresponding name given by the Russian people to the Poles is *Lokhi* or *Lukhiachi*, the abbreviation and diminutive of the word *Polakhi*.

of the Jesuit clergy decided in favor of Russia. The marriage of the young pair, their coronation, the behavior of the Poles, the crusading of the priests, violating all the feelings of the Muscovites, roused up in their bosoms those two sentiments, patriotism and religion, which are there quite as strong and far more stubborn in their more sluggish natures than even in those of the Poles. The mob rose, the false tsar was murdered, and his young wife fled. But she was soon consoled; his life was devoted to a cause, and not to one or another instrument of that cause. A second false Demetrius was soon found, and Marina became a second time a wife and a tsarina. But this time the whole of orthodox Russia was roused, and led by two celebrated men, one a noble, the other a butcher, whose statues now stand in the square of the Kremlin, the Russians drove the Poles from their country. But Marina still proceeded undaunted in her ambitious career. When her second husband died, she married a third, a Cossack, who continued the pretensions of the first two husbands; and this, together with the Catholic standard which he raised, brought thousands of partisans to his call. For years, leading more the life of robbers than of princes, this pair carried on in the Steppes of Russia the struggle of Russia against Poland, of Romanism against Orthodoxy, and if they did not succeed, it was only, as I said before, because they had passions opposed to them as strong, if not stronger than their own. Marina Mnisek I take to be the very type of her countrywomen even at the present day.

In 1770, about one hundred years later, we have evidence of the powerful influence of the Polish women on public affairs. Immediately before the first Partition, when Russia, Austria, and especially Prussia, were just pouncing down on their prey, the only government which perceived the danger to Europe of Poland's annihilation, was that of France. The Duke de Choiseul, at that time the minister of Louis XV., sent to the Polish Confederates a commissioner to aid them with money and advice. His dispatches home give a pretty accurate description of what Poland then was, and merit reading by all who wish to thoroughly understand the Polish question. After complaining of the anarchy of the country, and the incapacity of those in authority, Dumouriez,

speaking of the women, thus writes in one of his dispatches: "All capacity and energy in Poland," he says, "seem to have passed from the men to the women, who are occupied in action, while the men are leading the life of women."\* All those who have themselves seen any thing of the present struggle, or who have critically examined many facts reported in the newspapers, must come to the conclusion that the Polish women of our day are in no wise degenerated when compared with the Marina Mniseks, or with those of that time when Dumouriez wrote his dispatches.

Can we be surprised, therefore, when, in the present fight, like in all former ones, we find the women standing forth as apostles and champions of their religion and country, that the struggle should be as prolonged and as deadly as it is? When we find mothers nourishing their infants' minds with vengeance almost as soon as they cease to nourish their bodies with their milk; when we see them sending forth their stripling sons, with scythes and stakes to rush on the revolver, rifle, or bayonet, of disciplined troops, as was the case at the commencement of the insurrection (for they are better armed now); when we find wives, with tears of supplication or bursts of rage, goading on their husbands to rebellion or sedition; when we see young girls mounting on horses like men, putting on uniforms, handling lance or revolver, and sharing with the hardier sex all the dangers and fatigues of an ever-changing camp; when we darkly hear of others almost sacrificing personal honor and virtue to the public cause, in spurring on the young to action, or rewarding their valor, or in seducing their allegiance; how can we wonder, when women do these things, that men withstand not their influence? When they see their women trailing their mourning to the churches, which had been appropriately put in mourning also; when they see them sorrowful, sobbing, invoking heaven before the altars, and in that position sometimes receiving injuries not intended for them in the excitement of insurrection; when in the intimacies of home they hearken to their lamentations or their taunts, their cajolings or their

\* These dispatches of Dumouriez are much quoted by Soloviev, the Russian historian, in his late history of those times.

promises; when their caresses are even adulterated with political instigations; is it not almost an impossibility that men should not be maddened to a similar enthusiasm for the great cause of fatherland and religion, and at least rival their women in that disregard of life which a mystical people like the Poles consider as an accessory to obtaining their desires?

As the woman thus stands behind the man, so the priest, shrouded in mystery, stands behind the woman. In most European countries we see the Romish Church hand in hand with the civil power against the aspirations of the people. In Poland it is the great prop of the people against the government; and from the Pope downwards, through every grade of the hierarchy, it has given more trouble to the Russian authorities than all the eccentric pranks and tricks of the Secret Revolutionary Committee. Ever since the first partition, it has been the priest who has kept alive, and that principally through the women, the hopes of the glorious restoration of a Catholic Poland, and has fanned the smouldering embers of fanaticism when the sun of tranquillity began to beam too brightly on that unhappy country. And his power may be easily understood, when one for a moment reflects on the aid which religion, combined with what certain Irish are still pleased to call their oppressed nationality, even now gives to the priesthood in Ireland and America. In the kingdom of Poland, and grand duchy of Lithuania, it is not only the tyrant but the Antichrist which the priest has the opportunity to point at. So stubborn is this sentiment of religion, so well organized the power which upholds it, that I am convinced, if Catholic Poland remain united to Orthodox Russia, even though the church be as unmolested and even as protected as it is at the present day in Ireland, the last we shall ever hear of the Polish question will only be when there remains not one single priest or one single Polish woman in Poland. What agitations in central Europe an independent Poland would probably give rise to, I will not touch upon, for to do so would at least double the length of this article.

Being tolerably well acquainted with both Russian and Polish character, I have had from personal observation, or from creditable eye-witnesses of the scenes they described, many an illustration of

the above remarks. And lest the reader should ascribe to me an idealism as great as that which I ascribe to the delicate subject about which I am writing, I will give a few incidents taken from a number of the same character, and for the truth of which I can vouch, which I will so arrange as to give him some idea as to how I came to my conclusions.

That mothers should order out their sons of tender years to fight, with the prospect of certain death or ruin before them, paints the heroism of a Cornelia, or the callousness of fanaticism, just as the feelings of the reader will lead him to regard the act. No sooner had the insurrection once commenced than the University and Gymnasiums of Polish Russia became half emptied of their scholars. From one military school in St. Petersburg all the Polish students ran away at the same time, and most of them were either killed or taken prisoners in subsequent engagements with the Russians. But one incident which was enacted during the present summer in the streets of Kiev, will serve to show the influence of Polish mothers. A youth of a noble family of that government had been persuaded to run away from the University of Kiev, and join an insurgent band which had made its appearance in the neighboring province of Podolia. After a very short campaign he was taken prisoner, and sentenced, with many of his companions, to exile in Siberia. As the melancholy convoy, of which he formed part, was leaving Kiev for that destination, the mother, who had not been allowed to see her son during his confinement, was waiting in the streets to embrace him once more before his departure. Making her way through the crowd, she fell on his neck and kissed him, when the melancholy spectacle was afforded to a surrounding public of a son repulsing his own mother and upbraiding her as the cause of all his misfortunes. It was certainly not the act of a hero—indeed, it may be taken as an exception to the general behavior of the Polish youth under similar circumstances—but it suffices to show how powerful has been woman's influence during the present insurrection.

It is impossible to know in how many cases Polish wives have driven their husbands to rebellion or to deserting their colors. Besides their superior mental qualities, Polish women possess great and

very seducing physical beauty, heightened by all those arts of manner which are so attractive to the opposite sex. Hundreds, not only of Russo-Poles, that is, Poles of the frontier provinces, but of pure Russians, take their wives from among them. Very many of these husbands, occupying an official position in the Russian or Polish service, have passed over to the insurgents; and those who had the misfortune to be taken prisoners were invariably hanged or shot. Among others was a certain S——, a captain in one of the regiments of the emperor's body guard; and as his person and character are somewhat familiar to me, I will take him as an example of most of those who met such a fate. Captain S—— was of a noble Polish family long settled in the government of Kiev, and, as is tolerably well known, all the noble families of the frontier provinces consider themselves Poles and not Russians. He was a man of very superior talent, but, like all his countrymen, very mystical in his ideas, and a great enthusiast in politics. During the last autumn he had been employed at St. Petersburg, as the youngest member of the Imperial Commission for studying the various reforms about to be carried out in the army and navy; and had been sent to travel in England and France to collect information concerning the different modes of inflicting punishments in the forces of those countries. He had only just returned to St. Petersburg when the insurrection broke out. In the month of March he left St. Petersburg for Wilna, to fetch his young wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, away from that place, as he feared—so he said at the time—that she might be led into trouble by the heat of her patriotism. When he departed his most intimate friends had no idea that he had any ulterior plans—indeed, he afterwards avowed to them that he had none. But a few days of his wife's society turned him into a patriot, and, not a month from the time he left St. Petersburg, he was in command of an insurgent band. An officer of experience was then an acquisition to the cause; and, under his training, the band he commanded became one of the most troublesome to the Russians. But the first serious engagement was unfortunate; he was severely wounded and taken prisoner, as it so happened, by some of the soldiers of the very regiment in which he

had formerly held a command. "When I saw the advancing 'Kepies'\* of those men I knew so well, some of whom had been under my actual command"—said the unfortunate man afterwards—"I lost all presence of mind and wonted energy, was seized with a giddiness, and forgot to give the necessary orders to my men." While lying a prisoner at Wilna, and almost dying of his wounds, many efforts were made by his former friends and comrades, among whom he had been much beloved, to save his life. His wife came to St. Petersburg for that purpose, and waited on Prince Suvarov, the military governor of the city, to beg him to intercede for her husband.

"Prince," said she to him, "you are a soldier and a man of honor; tell me what will be his fate if he recover from his wounds?"

"Madam," replied Suvarov, "your husband is not likely to recover; if he do, I am grieved to tell you his crime and example are too serious for him to expect the emperor's pardon."

"In that case, Prince, be sure he will never recover from his wounds," replied the heroic woman, as she thanked the prince and retired.†

Her husband, however, was closely watched, and rallied enough to undergo his trial by court-martial: was sentenced, and suffered his fate. His sentence would probably have been mitigated to Siberian exile by the kind-hearted Emperor Alexander, but the superior authorities at Wilna anticipated any such act of clemency. The unfortunate man had involved himself so deeply that his execution was

\* Kepie is the name for the light forage-cap which has lately replaced the heavy Roman helmet as the headdress of the Russian infantry.

† In the *Times* of November the 7th was a dispatch from Wilna, wherein it was stated that this lady, her sister, and brother had been sentenced to Siberian exile, only because they were related to the insurgent leader who was hanged at Wilna in June, 1863.

The *Posen Zeitung* also contained an account of the infamous manner in which Madame S——, who, poor woman, was near her confinement, was treated by order of General Mouraviev. He is there said to have given instructions that her child, as soon as born, should be taken from her and placed in the foundling hospital at Pskov. Since lying has become so systemized for exciting the sympathy of Western Europe, it is almost impossible to know at a distance what truth there may be in such a report. If true, Mouraviev richly deserves all that has been written or said of him.



deemed a political necessity, and an example to others in the same position. For, during the time he remained at Wilna, he had served as aide-de-camp to the governor, had dined every day at his table, and after dinner had been accustomed to ride out of town and convey to the insurgents all that information which his official position enabled him to get so well.\*

That young girls mount on horseback

\* This leads me to say a few words on the Polish officers in the Russian service. Certainly no men are more to be pitied. Those among them who look upon their country's restoration as hopeless, or those who will not palter with their consciences by wearing the uniform and taking the money of the Russian government, while serving the opposite cause—and there are many of both—are placed between two fires. Nearly every Polish officer in the Russian service received his special orders from the National Government: if he took no notice of them, or showed them to his superiors—as many did—a threatening letter was sure to follow. For example, an acquaintance of mine received a menace to the following effect: that, although he did not possess property in Poland, he was not to think he was out of the reach of the National Government; he must remember he had still parents, or a sister, who would be made to answer for his actions—a threat which, as he had a young sister, almost sent the poor fellow mad. On the other hand, most of these officers were looked upon with suspicion by the Russian government—and not without reasons—and were sometimes ordered into positions where they could be under strict surveillance. Although Russian society in general, and their comrades in particular, did all they could to soothe their susceptibilities, still their position was most pitiable.

The Russian government acted humanely enough in permitting Polish officers of regiments ordered for duty in Poland to remain behind if they pleased. But many, with an obstinate contradiction of character, persisted in fighting against their countrymen, in order to show their zeal. By so doing they were certainly none the more honored by their comrades, however much they may have been rewarded by the government; while, if they were unfortunate enough to be taken prisoners, and refused to join the national party, they were sure to be hanged or shot. One evening a few weeks ago, it was my fortune to meet and converse with such a Pole, whose escape had been almost miraculous. The eight or nine patriots who took him prisoner had led him off to hang him; but as all the trees in the neighborhood were saplings, they wandered for some time in search of a convenient bough. The officer—the love of life strong within him—having a few roubles in his pocket, proposed to his captors to enter a road-side house and drink them away before his death. "Good," said they, "we are patriots, not robbers; but if you choose to treat us before you die, there is no harm in that." So they all got drunk except the officer, who only pretended intoxication. When they had finished drinking they sallied forth, and at last found a suitable place. "You're surely not going to hang me now," said the officer; "who ever heard of such a thing as a lot of drunken men

and take part in the expeditions of the bands, witness the celebrated female aide-de-camp of Langievicz. The following incident of the active heroism of the Polish women was told me by an officer who had commanded a detachment of cavalry in Lithuania, in the early days of the insurrection: One day about twenty of his Cossacks surrounded the house of a lady, living in a retired part of the country, whose daughter was the betrothed of one of the chiefs of bands known to be in the neighborhood. At that very moment he and several other leaders were in the house, consulting with the two ladies over their plans. Alarmed by the arrival of the Cossacks, the men hastened to escape from the back windows, and fled to the woods; the two women actually protecting their retreat by keeping up a fire from their pistols from the front. When the Cossacks at last forced their way into the house, they found only the two women, whom they do not seem to have molested, but contented themselves, after their manner, with filling their pockets with all the portable valuables within reach. On retiring, they picketed their horses a short distance off, yet in sight of the house. Presently the young girl was seen to come out, and proceed to the stables, from which she soon again came forth mounted, when she set off in the same direction her lover had taken. One of the Cossacks having a sorry beast of his own, and admiring that which the girl rode, galloped after her, took hold of her bridle, and, as good-humoredly as his rough nature allowed, proposed an exchange, observing that as she was going to join the band she had no need of such a good horse. The reply was a bullet from her revolver which sent the Cossack reeling from his saddle. Meanwhile his companions, who had followed him, had come up, and seeing the fate of their comrade, surrounded her.

hanging another man as drunk as themselves?" This reasoning had the desired effect, and they all agreed to wait till the next morning. On camping for the night they were not too drunk to bind his arms behind his back, and place him in the middle of a little square, their bodies lying two deep on every side. "In the middle of the night," said the officer, "when they were fast asleep, I gently raised my head: no one stirred; I got on one knee. One man had his legs sprawling apart; I put my toe between them, gave a spring, and then ran for two or three hundred yards without stopping; but there was no pursuit. I had, however, had enough of the Polish campaign, and, on rejoining my detachment, got leave to return to St. Petersburg."

The intrepid girl then snapped her pistol at one after the other, and when all the chambers of this one were discharged, flung the empty weapon at the head of the nearest, knocking him from his horse, and immediately drew forth a second. This was too much for the politeness of the Cossacks, of whom three or four were already on the ground; they lifted the poor girl completely off her horse on the points of their lances, and so she perished.

As a further example I will translate an extract from a private letter lately received from an officer serving in the kingdom of Poland: "Yesterday," says the officer who wrote it, "we defeated a band and took nineteen prisoners, one of whom was a woman. There were altogether seven of them belonging to that band, but we do not as yet know if the others were killed or escaped. All the women, our prisoner tells us, were dressed as *Chasseurs*, wearing the same uniform of coarse cloth as the men, only without the red epaulette. Their caps, such as are worn by all the Confederates, were more coquettishly made, and decorated with a white ostrich feather. We captured her by the merest chance. She was a girl from Cracow, finely built, with broad shoulders, a muscular hand and arm, which showed she had been used to gymnastic exercises, while her weather-beaten complexion proved she must have belonged to the band for some length of time. Her features, without being pretty, were regular and agreeable. On our asking her reasons for serving with the band, she confessed she had followed her lover to the woods; adding, that when he was killed, she would have gone back home, but was prevented by her comrades. Somebody asking her if she had not served as aide-de-camp to C—, (the chief of another band,) she blushed deeply, and indignantly denied the imputation. After this reply she was very haughty and retired for a time, but seeing that we were all respectful to her, she gradually became more at home with us, and confiding in her conversation. As she had lost her boots and was bare-footed, we furnished her with a pair of our long boots and some stockings, for which the poor girl was very thankful. The next day she was released and sent home, her male companions being forwarded on to Warsaw."

Many further instances might be mentioned to show how in the most varied manners the women of Poland have actively intermingled themselves in every step of the insurrection. Indeed it is only necessary to take up a newspaper to read at least the results of their interference; although it would be much more satisfactory to an English public to hear at the same time something more of the causes which lead to those wholesale punishments of women. But the examples I have already given are quite enough to show the furious zeal of the Polish women to their country's cause, and their fanatical attachment to the Roman Catholic religion. One more example I will give before I conclude, which will serve to show the combined influence of woman and priest.

In the month of July, 1863, quite a rebellion and schism broke out in the Orthodox Government Institution for young ladies in Warsaw. A number of the young girls, daughters of Russian fathers in the Russian service, who had been brought up all their lives in the Orthodox faith, and were actually receiving their education gratis on that account, suddenly declared they were Roman Catholics.\* Here was a pretty uproar to add to all that was going on among the adult population! A general with big epaulettes, with breast and stomach covered with crosses and orders, was foolishly sent to awe them into a retraction. But the little maidens it seemed only laughed at him. A lady of the *suite* of the grand duchess was then sent to try on them her powers of persuasion. The first rebel, a girl sixteen years old, who was questioned, boldly declared she was a Roman Catholic.

"But your father is a Russian Orthodox, and you have been brought up all your life in that faith," remonstrated the lady.

"Yes, but mother is a Catholic, and so will I be."

The second, a little maiden twelve years old, also pronounced herself a Pole and a Catholic.

"But your father is a Russian from Volhynia," said the astonished lady.

\* By the laws of Russia no marriage of an Orthodox man or woman with a person of another sect is permitted or celebrated, but on the express condition that the children of such a union be brought up in the Orthodox faith. Most of these girls came under this rule, being daughters of Orthodox fathers and Polish Catholic mothers.

"You mistake, madam," retorted the well-schooled little puss; "Volhynia is Poland and not Russia; besides, mother is a Pole and a Catholic, and so will I be!"

The same answer was got from all the others. "Mother's a Pole and a Catholic, and so am I;"—and from this they

would not depart. I am sorry I never had the opportunity of learning if any further steps were taken to bring the little women to change their ideas, or if they remained obstinate in their declaration. The latter, I think, was most probably the case.

From the London Quarterly.

## "THE SITUATION" IN POLAND.

[Concluded from page 198.]

Now for a few words about these *provinces*, of which we have already spoken as mentioned in the treaty and in the constitutions of 1815, but without *definite* guarantee as to their future: it was for the grand duchy alone that the Congress of Vienna established a distinct position.

Now Russia claims these provinces as *reconquests*: is she correct in doing so? Had Alexander I. any right to dream about Pan Slavism, (as it has since been termed,) and to wish the czar placed at the head of a federation of Slavic peoples? In a word, are the actual Russians Slaves at all? If we go back to the early part of the ninth century, we find the vast country now called Russia in Europe unequally divided between two great races, the Slavic and the Finnish. The Slaves (of whom Nestor, the chronicler of Kiev, following Jornandes and others, says that the Wallachs drove them from the Danube) were along the Vistula under the names of Pomeranians, Mazovians, Loutiches, (Lithuanians,) and Polanians (Poles, from *pola*, "a level plain"); about Lake Ilmen and the Western Novgorod they kept the name of Slaves; along the Dnieper they were Drevlians (*drévo*, "forest"); and Polanians again down through the Ukraine. Posen, Gnesna, and Cracow were already founded; the native Piast dynasty is recorded as commencing in 842. East and north of these Slavic tribes, the vast country watered by the Volga and its tributaries was inhabited by people whom the Slaves knew as *Tschudi* ("strangers"—just as the Germans called Italians Britons, and all west-

ern people *Welsh*.) Modern ethnologists term these Tschudi Finnish and Uralian tribes, and recognize a thorough distinction between them and the Slaves, who belong to the Indo-Germanic race. These tribes were being continually overrun by and mixed up with fresh hordes of Tartars and Mongols, who, though they continually pushed on into the Slavic country, left very little trace there amongst an entirely alien population; while on the other hand they kept making the Finns more and more Tartar. Such was the state of things in 862: west of the thirty-seventh meridian, a Slavic population, tolerably homogeneous, gravitating towards union under the Piast princes, and forming at any rate a far more effectual barrier against Tartar inroad than Europe had on the side of Hungary; east of the same line a series of tribes of kindred origin with the Tartars, courting rather than resisting each fresh invasion, and often joining with the invaders in their inroads westward. In 862, Ruric and his brothers appear on the scene. They conquer in all directions: Novgorod, or New Holmgard, (mark the Norse form of the name,) becomes one of their capitals, Kiev another; Smolensk and other towns are wrested from the Slaves: while Tvor, Souzdal, Mouroum, and other towns are occupied or founded in the Finnish land. Thus we have Norsemen—Warangers, as history calls them—doing in the valleys of the Dnieper and Volga just what they did in our island. We find them here, fixing themselves as the aristocracy of the country, not in England only, but through

a large part of Wales, more widely than we suspect in Scotland, and generally through the center and south of Ireland. In England various circumstances kept them pretty true to their suzerain; but in Eastern Europe there was no check either to the spirit of insubordination which they always brought with them, or to their old rule of subdividing inheritances which in Normandy (and therefore in England) had yielded to the Frankish law of primogeniture. Thus there were two Norse conquests, that of which the subject population was Slave, and which corresponds to the Ruthenia of later times, (comprehending Red and White Russia, etc.), and that whose subject people was Finnish or Tartar, and which answers pretty well to the later Muscovy, the cradle of the present Russian governing race. Of these the most aggressive was the Eastern, or Finnish settlement; the Western portion contained large and important towns, and a peaceable population; the Eastern tribes were readily united under any enterprising chieftain, and hurried off either against the Greek empire, (as, for instance, by Igor son of Ruric, who attacked Constantinople itself,) or against the Western cities, of which Kiev fell, and Novgorod was nearly conquered by Andrew Bogoloubski in 1169. Now what we contend for is that these fighting Warangers, who (we have seen) belong alike to Muscovy and to what are called the Polish provinces, (that is, in general language, to Wolhynia, Podolia, the Ukraine,) were the true Russians. To come then to history: "Russi quos alio nomine Northmannos vocamus," says Luitprand. The author of the *Annals of St. Bertin*, (circ. 838,) the first who uses the word *Rhos* or "Russians," assigns Sweden as their country. To this day the Swedes are called in Finland and Esthland *Rootsi*. So it seems that your Pole in the eastern provinces, in fact in almost all Poland except the "kingdom" and the Prussian portions, has just as fair a title to the name of Russian as the inhabitant of Moscow. In the former case the Waranger (that is, Russian) governments ended with the conquest of Kiev by the Lithuanians in 1320; in the latter the line of Ruric became extinct in 1598, at the death of Fedor Ivanowich. The modern Russian ought to be called a Muscovite; he is not properly a member of the European family at all. "Skin him,

and," according to the true old proverb, "you will find a Tartar underneath."

So much for the question of race: the fact that the Waranger princes of Souzdal and Moscow (a Finnish hamlet chosen in 1147 by Jouri or George Dolgorouki as the seat of his government) were constantly bringing the eastern hordes against the Warangers of Ruthenia, is paralleled by the Anglo-Normans turning southward and overrunning France: it was just as if the Geraldines and other Norman Irish had headed the wild tribes of Connaught and Munster, and conquering the Pale, had crossed to attack the cities of England.

This, then, is the Polish theory as to the "provinces," and it seems to bear on it the stamp of historic truth. The "provinces," the seizure of which by Russia in 1772 the Russians now affect to call a *reconquest*, are not Muscovite, but Slave. True, they were severed from the great Slave populations of Poland and Lithuania, and governed by Norse rulers from 900 till 1320; but then they became united, not to the Norse-Muscovite empire which was gradually forming under Tartar protection at Moscow, but to the Lithuanians under Gedimin, and to the Poles under Uladislau IV. and Casimir the Great. Few governments (as the Polish Lelewel remarks) can show an older title to their present possessions than Poland can to the "provinces," even if we go back no further than 1320, and throw overboard the question of consanguinity altogether. There remains the difficulty that the present Russian, or rather the principal of the thirty different languages which are spoken in Russia, is in the main a Slavonic language. It is the *Rouski* dialect, which as late as Peter the Great's time supplanted the old *Slavinski*. The explanation seems to be, that the influence of Christianity, which alone saved the Muscovites from total absorption into the Tartar hordes, was strongly and constantly exerted to separate the people as much as possible from their still heathen conquerors to the north and east. This, combined with the fact that both came under the Norse rule, drew Ruthenia and Muscovy together; and thus, gradually, a new Slave dialect, largely adulterated with Finnish and Tartar, was introduced. It is very much like the case of Ireland. Norman rule and Protestantism brought the English tongue;



just so Norse rule and Christianity brought the Slave tongue: not the Norse; for (as we see in Normandy and other instances) the conquering Norsemen constantly adopted the language of the conquered. Add to this the great facility (noted by Strabo, and exemplified in various branches of the Turkish and Mongol families)\* with which these Uralian races adopt a new language; and we have enough to account for the phenomenon that your Muscovite of to-day speaks Slave and not Finnish; enough to answer the common objection: "Oh, after all, in the reconquered Russias, which Poland now claims, you have only a fifth or so of the population really Polish; the rest are Little Russians, Great Russians, White Russians, and Lithuanians."† We have answered this by showing that almost all these "Russians" were Slaves who became subject to Waranger chiefs, and eventually gravitated to Lithuania when the Muscovite Warangers fell under the Tartar horde; ‡ while Lithuania itself, united to Poland in 1386, when Hedwig married the Grand Duke Jagello, grew gradually more and more closely bound to it, until the nobles of the two countries took the same armorial bearings, ("ut sub umbrâ caritatis quiescamus," as the joint diet has it;) and the king came to be crowned at Cracow without any distinctive sign of his being Grand Duke of Lithuania as well. It is absurd to say that Lithuanians and men of the "provinces" are not to all intents and purposes Poles: the Czartoryskis and Radziwills are Lithuanian families, and such names as Sobieski, Ostrogski, Zaleski, Mickiewicz, and many more—all from different parts of Ruthenia, none from the

"kingdom"—prove to us that the "provinces" are even more Polish than the district about Warsaw.

If any evidence were wanting, it is abundantly furnished by the conduct of the two Mouravieffs in part of the district in question. They are exiling the landowners wholesale and ravaging their estates; a sufficient proof of what are the feelings of the intelligent class in what Russia chooses to style "her ancient provinces recovered from the grasp of Poland." This, then, is the question at issue: Which is to be the capital of the Slavic race? The Emperor Alexander wished to put himself at the head of this Pan-Slavic movement, which has long been leavening the whole of these doubtful districts more or less; the Poles, on the contrary, will have nothing to do with the house of Romanoff; they would relegate Muscovy back to the Finnish outer darkness, and make Warsaw the rallying-point for all Slaves to gather round. The course of events in the "provinces" seems to show that the Poles are in the main supported in their claim. It is only by the sternest repression, and by exerting to the utmost the power which the possessor always has, that Russia has been able as yet to hold her own in districts like the government of Wilna. What will be the result, it is not easy even to prophesy. The great development given to the Baltic and Finland provinces since Peter the Great's time makes them more than a match, in this war of races, for the Slaves, divided as these latter have been for centuries, and kept back in the career of progress both by the feeling that they had no national existence, and also by their almost unceasing struggles to regain that existence.

We can not expect Russia to give up these provinces without a fearful struggle: if the Poles get any more effectual help than what diplomatists can give them, some portions, more or less, of old Ruthenia and Lithuania will be reunited to the "kingdom." Whatever is the result, the fact remains: these districts in question are not Muscovite at all, they are Slavic.

It is impossible in writing about Poland to wholly ignore the morality of the case. And, first, though it is an old story, it is not a whit the less true, that Poland sacrificed herself for the good of Europe. The terrible nature of the Mongol invasions may be imagined from the fact that in one inroad (*circa* 1250) they led away

\* Perhaps Japan, where the language and writing of China is used by the natives to supplement their own, is a case in point. Sir Charles Lyell (*Antiquity of Man*, chap. 23) has some valuable remarks on the fact that *language* is far less persistent than race.

† See a work recently published, *Bevölkerung des Russischen Kaiserreichs*. (Gotha: Perthes.) Once for all we may remark that as any French treatise on the subject is sure to be written in the Polish interest, so the Germans (disliking the Poles intensely) are almost sure to misrepresent matters in favor of Russia.

‡ Some of our readers may not know that Red Russia is the district about Lemberg (now Austrian); White Russia that of which Vitebsk is the chief town; Little Russia around Kiew; Great Russia about Smolensk; Black Russia about Novogrodek. The only Slave cities remaining to Moscow in 1480 were Pakov, Novgorod, (the western,) and Jaroslav.

over twenty thousand women into captivity. The Muscovites were wise in their generation in bowing before such a storm. The Turkish wars were not less desolating. In 1498 the Turks are said to have carried off one hundred thousand prisoners. Yet these wars were necessary: the evil is that the nation which bore the brunt of them found little sympathy or help from those whom she helped to protect. We know how scurvily the Austrian emperor treated Sobieski in 1680: when, by-and-by, Sobieski was forced to seek Muscovite help against the Turks, he had to buy it by signing the treaty of Moscow, (1686,) by which he gave up Little Russia and the Zaporog Cossacks.\* This was the first step in the downward course, the first fruit of the terrible mistake which (when the race of Jagello ended in 1572) had made the crown elective. Thence came perpetual troubles at home, and distrust and interference abroad. A foreign prince, elected to the Polish throne, was almost sure to be tempted to employ his warlike subjects in an attempt to seize the crown of his own country. Thus Sigismund II., of the house of Vasa, tried to become king of Sweden, and some time after the Swedes in revenge reduced Poland to the verge of ruin. And so in several instances the strength was wasted on absurd and injurious efforts abroad, which should have been husbanded for seasons of need at home. Still, though the despoiling of Poland dates at least from Sobieski's time, though her having no "natural boundaries" facilitated the work, there was no talk until Catharine II.'s day of "provinces reincorporated with Russia." True, Ivan III., in 1492, calls himself *Czar of all the Russias*; but even when Catharine adopts the same title, she takes care to say that she does so without prejudice to Poland or to the grand duchy of Lithuania, not meaning to claim for "herself or her successors any right over those countries which, though bearing the Russian name, belong to Poland or to Lithuania." Indeed, from 1795, when the last partition was made, till after Alexander I.'s day, the "provinces" were constantly spoken of as

conquered; Alexander himself in 1811 uses the very word. The theory that they were *Muscovite* of old, and have merely become so again, was brought forward in order to aid the efforts of Nicholas at their *denationalization*.

As to the Muscovite origin of the Russians in general, (as we ordinarily use the word,) it became necessary that this should be *proved* when the partition of Poland began to be foreseen. The German Müller had been commissioned to write a history about the origin and early times of the Russian people; but his work was found too little in accordance with the *required* theory, viz., that Muscovy was the cradle of the *Russian* race, instead of being the chief center of those *Finnish-Tartar* peoples who (though they had, in common with the various Slaves who got to be called Russians of all colors and sizes, been subject to Waranger, that is, to Ruszki princes) did not rise to permanent greatness till Ruric's dynasty had come to an end. Müller did not make out the case strongly enough in favor of Moscow; and his work was suppressed by the Empress Elizabeth in 1749. At the same time the official account of the matter was put forth by authority, and, in Mirabeau's words, "*la question de l'origine des Russes fut tranchée en vertu d'une définition déclaratoire de leur souveraine.*"

Nothing can be more odious than the worse than oriental perfidy of Russia throughout this eighteenth century. Only eight years before the first partition, Catharine writes: "So far from claiming the Polish provinces, known as '*the Russias*,'" (to which her claim was about as good as that of France would be to England and Scotland, because they are called Great Britain, and France has a province named Brittany,) "her Majesty recognizes in full the ownership of Poland, and will help her in maintaining her rights against all comers." Thus, though the question respecting the provinces is a question of *fact*, it also decidedly affects the morality of the case. Perfidy is even more unbearable than oppression; and when the two have long gone hand-in-hand, we need not wonder at the distrust and aversion which the Poles have felt for their conquerors. It was bad enough to take away the provinces; it is even less bearable to try to prove that they were, of right, never Polish at all.

\* The treaty says, that the Cossacks of the Ukraine are given to Muscovy "*in favorem Christianitatis*," to give help against the Ottoman. The Cossacks found they had changed for the worse, and were so dissatisfied that the Russians by-and-by, fearing they would come back to the Poles, transported most of them to the river Kuban.

"But," say the Russians, "England can say nothing; for, not to speak of India, she holds Ireland; we have no abuse in Poland half so indefensible as the Established Church of Ireland." We have said already that that unfortunate Treaty of Vienna, proving (as it does) too little or too much, destroys all parallel between these two cases. A part of Poland at least has *quasi* national rights guaranteed to it. It is just as if Louis XIV. and all the other princes of the time had been parties to the Treaty of Limerick. The other answer is, that in the case of Russia and Poland we have a lower civilization crushing a higher; in England's dealings with Ireland we have a higher civilization, wisely or unwisely, endeavoring to regulate a lower. Let us always hold firmly to this. However dark a picture pro-Russian writers may draw of the state of feudal Poland, let us never forget that Russia was at the time immeasurably worse. Purely Russian historians are forced to confess how thoroughly the Tartar nature got ingrained into the Muscovites, how corporal punishment became universal, and was not considered *disgraceful*; while men like Haxthausen have shown the oriental influence in the more compact, more centralized organization, and in the village system which puts the Muscovite serf on a different footing from him of the "provinces," where Western ideas about property have always prevailed. This is just why Poland refuses to cease to be, because the struggle is always harder when the conqueror is really in all but brute force inferior to the conquered.

Let us remember, then, when we are told about the disorders of old Poland, what sort of a man Peter the Great was, and what kind of people they were whom he took in hand to govern; let us remember, too, what the Russian princes have generally been, men of whom Ivan the Terrible is an example, madmen, or, at best, oriental despots with a thin varnish of "civilization." Their own Karamsine says of them: "*Après avoir rampé dans la horde, nos princes, devenus aussi Tartares eux-mêmes, s'en retournaient chez eux comme des maîtres terribles.*" Their first act when, pushing westward, they conquered a Slavo-Russian town, was to destroy the liberties which had outlasted the Norse invasions. The big town-bells which used to summon the people to their popular assemblies, their town-diets, were

taken down and carried off. Let us remember, again, when we speak of serfdom, that it has been extended by Russia into provinces where it was previously unknown; that it has by Russia been until just lately perpetuated, and perpetuated in its worst form, in spite of several attempts made by the Poles to mitigate it.

From the earliest, the Russo-Muscovite dominion has been a steady tyranny, at times encroaching stealthily, at times violent in its attacks. Like rulers, like people. Take any honest account of the state of the great mass of the Russians, and we shall not wonder at the invincible dislike which even the poor Podolian and Volhynian peasant still entertains for the *Moskales*, as he calls them. He is low enough in the scale; but he is many degrees above the wretch whose habits are in several districts more degraded than those of the lower animals.\* While the Polish and Slavo-Russian peasants can not forget that their countrymen kept for centuries the frontier against Turk and Tartar, the Muscovite has nothing to remember but a long period of groveling subjection to the Mongols, followed by a national life which has been one long conspiracy against the independence of neighboring states. It is as if the flood of Eastern invasion, stemmed to the southward, had burst through the Ural passes, and carried further and further west that aggressiveness in the government and stagnation in the people which are the rule in Asiatic countries. The Polish historians (at the head of whom we may mention Mickiewicz, who in 1845 lectured at the Collège de France) tell us that their government as well as their institutions have been systematically depreciated, till at last Europe has grown to take them at the valuation of their enemies. They point to the readiness with which Lithuanians, Livonians, and others used to put themselves under Polish rule. They show that their monarchy was the easy old feudal suzerainty, unhappily made elective after 1572; that it continued to the last without being affected by that universal tendency to despotism which was brought about in Western Europe by the evils of unsettled government and the oppressions of the nobles. We in free England took this epidemic of despotism, in a mild form, under the Tu-

\* Vide passim *Les Paysans Russes*, par Achille Lestrelin, (Paris: Dentu, 1861.) especially the account of the Snokhary sect, p. 208.

dors; and it needed the troubles of Cromwell's time to enable us to shake off institutions which most of Europe quietly accepted up to the time of the French Revolution. The epidemic never spread into Poland; had it done so, it would have given cohesion to the parts of the nation. But (say the Polish writers) the king had little time to think of attacking the liberties of the country, for he was almost always wanted on the frontier; and the nobles were kept on the alert by seeing how uncompromisingly the czar dealt with his nobles.

One thing the Poles have managed to preserve in far larger measure than most conquered peoples — their self-respect. You find your educated Irishman ashamed of "the Irish," your Greek giving his countrymen a bad name; but a Pole is never ashamed of Poland. The wonderful working of that National Committee which for some time has been mysteriously directing the movements of the insurgents speaks greatly in their favor. Prisoners are knouted to death to force them to tell the names of members; they die and are silent. A man can hardly live in Naples without almost thinking it was scarcely worth while to free such a set from Bourbon rule; but few have ever visited Poland without sympathizing with the people more deeply than before. Since 1831 they have been on their trial before Europe, and have shown forth a noble example of calm and dignified suffering; and however the revolt forced on them by that savage conscription may end, their conduct since it began will not have weakened their title to our respect. It is a sad struggle. We read, "So-and-so defeated the Russian advanced guard. . . . Three hundred Russians fell, the Poles lost one hundred and seventy;" or again: "So-and-so's corps was dispersed by the Russians near —: seventy Poles were taken prisoners." We do not think what that means. On the one side you have the stolid brutal soldier, whose miserable *inhuman* military life is just a shade better than would have been his existence as a peasant; on the other the Pole, mostly very young, often highly educated and delicately organized, fighting without discipline, often almost without arms, because by his death alone can he prove that there is life still left in Poland. Surely the contest is unequal, surely it is mockery to count the dead on each

side, when the two classes of combatants are so distinct. The Poles have a terrible alternative before them; they must either fight and perish in detail unless help comes, or they must submit to see their national name and national characteristics die out.

And now as to the morality of the question. We have said enough to remind our readers that the insurgents make out a very strong case in favor of a Pan Slavism which, embracing the Russo-Slaves, shall have its center at Warsaw.\* We have shown further how the Treaty of Vienna left Poland and Russia in the most difficult of positions, a position such that any move was sure to be to the disadvantage of the weaker party. Russia has utterly disregarded the treaty; Siberia and the Caucasus frontier have been filled with exiles; the popular Polish song: "Mother, use thy son betimes to instruments of woe: let chain and rope and gibbet be his toys, even as the cross was our Saviour's plaything at Nazareth. For his battle will not be like that of the old knights who used to carry the cross to Jerusalem, nor like that of the soldiers who nowadays plow the fields of liberty and water them with their blood. He will be egged on to conflict by a spy in the dark; he will have to wrestle with a forsworn judge; his battle-field a dungeon; his monument a gallows; and no death-song but the stifled sobs of women and the whispers of his brethren"—contains a true picture of the Russian system of repression; the natural result of which is the contest which diplomatists are endeavoring to bring to an end. It does not appear, from Prince Gortschakoff's answer, that diplomacy will be able to do much. France is restless; the pamphlet just published by Dentu, *L'Empire, la Pologne, et l'Europe*, if it be (as the press says it is) semi-official, undoubtedly promises a great deal; but its promises are conditional. In any case it is a matter which might, not right, must decide. We may prove to everybody's satisfaction that the true *Russians* of the provinces are Slaves like the Poles, and kindred to the Lithuanians, while the mass of the so-called Russians (that is, Muscovites) is Finnish-Tartar,

\* The recent proclamations of the National Committee call on all Lithuanians and *Russens* to help. The "Russians" have given up the idea of race, and substituted that of religion. Theirs is the "holy empire of Russia," with the czar for God's viceroy on earth.



with a nobility of foreign origin; we may prove this beyond question: but still, if these Muscovites can hold the spoils of 1772 and of 1795, England will not say them nay, nor gainsay their ruler's title to be called Czar of all the Russias. We may show clearly enough that Russia's influence on Poland and the provinces has not been for good, that it is a case of the lower race lording it over the higher; but if the lower is the stronger, it will, we may be sure, be suffered to maintain its hold. Historical right and abstract morality have very little to do with such questions. The Poles have been for some

time quietly appealing to the collective conscience of Europe; but collective consciences are always weak. What is done must be done by the strong arm. If France helps the Poles, our faith in their cause will, in spite of ourselves, be weakened. It is worth while, then, in any case, while this final struggle is going on, to put the matter, as history and ethnology determine it, before Englishmen; that so we may know at least what value to set on those pro-Russian doctrines which have been abundantly put forth with the express purpose of leading public opinion astray.

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• From Bently's Miscellany.

## MADAME DE BRANDEBOURG.

A BRILLIANT cavalcade, composed of officers and courtiers belonging to the aristocracy of Turin, was moving along the leafy forest rides that led to the royal hunting-château "La Veneria." The center of this brilliant train was occupied by two coaches filled with splendidly-dressed ladies. In the first coach were four, who represented three stages of life. Two of the ladies bordered on old age, one appeared just to have attained her fortieth year, while the youngest seemed twenty at the most. This young beauty was the object of continued homage from a most chivalrous-looking officer, who wore the brilliant uniform of the Brandenburg troops of the Elector Frederick III., and was scarce two-and-twenty years of age. His features were noble and regular, and revealed the scion of an exalted family. His extremely tasteful uniform made his handsome face look doubly prepossessing, and the only surprising thing was that so young an officer already bore the insignia of such high rank in the army. This, however, could be easily explained, for the officer was the Margrave Charles Philip von Schwedt, step-brother of the Elector of Brandenburg, and general in the auxiliary army which the elector had sent to the aid of the Duke of Savoy, who was pressed by the French troops.

The fair lady was the Countess de Balbiani Salmour. She was the widow of a colonel belonging to one of the noblest families in Italy, and was both mentally and corporeally one of the most highly endowed women of her age. The young margrave divided his time in Italy between the two contrasting occupations of love and war. The Elector Frederick III., afterwards first King of Prussia, had, in a correct feeling of the danger which menaced Germany through the attacks of Louis XIV., sent his great father's veteran troops to the help of the oppressed prince. The men of Brandenburg fought under the banner of their elector on the Rhine, and carried the fortress of Bonn by storm. Brandenburg troops shed their blood in distant Hungary against the birth-foe, the Turk, and decided the sanguinary action at Salankemen. Six thousand Brandenburg warriors crossed the Channel and helped the Prince of Orange to maintain his position in England, until the fugitive James II. was declared to have forfeited the throne, and the Oranger ascended it as ruler over a free people.

Faithful to his defensive policy, the Elector Frederick had sent an auxiliary corps to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, who was sorely pressed by Catinat. They fought with great distinction under the

command of Prince Eugene. The general commanding this corps d'élite was a French refugee, Monsieur de Varennes. Under him Margrave Charles Philip served as a volunteer, after he had distinguished himself in earlier combats by his personal bravery.

Immediately after the arrival of the Brandenburger in Italy, the troops went into winter quarters. Turin became the rendezvous of the different regiments that would shortly play their bloody part in the field. Victor Amadeus, who was himself of a chivalrous temperament, gallant, and fond of luxury, regarded it as a special duty to render the stay of his guests in his capital as agreeable as possible.

While on one day the newly-raised redoubts were inspected, or parades were held, on the next splendid masked balls gathered together all the commanders, without distinction of rank; from the wild music of the martial strains and the rattling of drums, they passed to the seductive sounds of the sarabands performed by the ducal orchestra, and, exchanging the heavy riding-boot for the silken shoe, they moved through the dance with the beauties of the court and city.

Here it was that Margrave Charles first formed the acquaintance of the Countess Salmour. As he was young and fiery, the lovely, witty lady naturally exerted a powerful charm over him. In that age, which was already corrupted by the frivolous tone of the French court, a woman so gifted must seem doubly attractive when she was seen to keep aloof from any coquetry, and retained the unstained name of her family.

Of this the margrave very soon convinced himself when he made her the proposal to become his without the blessing of a priest. An allusion to the idols of the age, Louis XIV. and Charles II., was of no avail. The countess declined the proposal nobly and simply with the words: "Monseigneur, I am too poor to be your wife, but belong to too good a family to become your mistress."

Still the handsome, amiable prince was not indifferent to her. Some time passed, during which the lovers devised every possible plan which the happy future suggested to them. After the margrave had pledged his princely word that he would never leave her, they agreed to be married privately. The countess admitted her relations, Count Salmour and M. de

Balbiani, as well as their wives, into the secret. Although they shook their heads at first, the prospect of the brilliant alliance aroused the ambition of the family, and they confidently awaited the clearing away of the last dark spot that showed itself on the love-horizon of the margrave and the beautiful Salmour. This dark spot was the consent of the Elector Frederick to a marriage which did not at all harmonize with his brilliant projects for the future. Still it was believed that after the marriage had taken place, and in consideration of the countess's unsullied reputation, the elector would hesitate to demand its dissolution. They were well aware of the attachment at Berlin, for the margrave had been some time at Turin; but they merely regarded the affair as one of those transitory liaisons such as were to be seen at all the courts of Europe during the last half of the seventeenth century.

In the first outburst of joy, which the fair countess yielded to on receiving the margrave's troth, she soon discovered a way which would lead to their object. Her brother had succeeded in winning over by a bribe a poor advocate to perform the requisite legal functions at the marriage. In the same way a priest by the name of Lea had been found, who expressed his willingness to perform the ecclesiastical rites. Both men had the reputation of having been mixed up in similar intrigues before. They were both strangers to the countess, and she only thought of the fulfilment of wishes which she desired to see realized as eagerly as did the margrave.

Charles Philip had at once given his consent, but, as the day drew nearer, he felt a growing dissatisfaction with the position of affairs. His chivalrous character revolted against secrecy. The only objection to his affianced wife was her inequality of rank; he felt convinced of the sincerity of her feelings, and he was a soldier, respected not only because he bore a princely name, but because he had shown himself worthy of it by his bravery; why, then, should he hesitate about openly leading to the altar the woman whom he had so dearly loved, and who promised to form the happiness of his life? He considered it an act of cowardice to slip into a chapel by night with the wife of his heart. Still he did not conceal from himself what a varying impression the ceremony would produce on

his military entourage, the majority of whom, being acquainted with the pride of the elector, must openly avow their disapprobation. The margrave reckoned up the small party of men unhesitatingly devoted to him. The army adored him as a youthful hero, and, as regarded the opponents of his marriage project, he resolved that they should be present when the ceremony was performed, as through the mere presence of officers of high rank the business must assume an official stamp. As it might be assumed that none of the opponents would be willing to act as witnesses of the marriage if they learned beforehand what was about to happen, the margrave formed the bold resolution of working on their surprise, and thus rendering them involuntary accomplices.

He prepared a banquet at the ducal hunting château, La Veneria. The highest officers received invitations, and host and guests proceeded to the château in the brilliant procession, to which we alluded in the opening of our article.

On reaching the hunting-lodge, which the duke had placed at the margrave's disposal, the guests were led into the large gallery, where a magnificently-laid table awaited them. Before dinner commenced, however, the margrave proposed to his guests a stroll through the pleasantly sequestered gardens. The brilliant crowd spread about the walks, and Charles Philip remained alone with the countess. The restlessness which had seized upon both of them admitted of no witnesses. They cheered each other, and again went over the list of their devoted partisans. The countess could calculate on the unhesitating adhesion of all her relatives, but the margrave, on the other hand, was only certain of his three adjutants, MM. Despreuves, De Péras, and Style. This small body was opposed to the far larger party of general officers and diplomatists, at whose head stood the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, the margrave's cousin, M. de Varennes, general of the Brandenburg auxiliary forces, Major von Hoffman, M. de la Motte Fouqué, and the ensign cavalry colonel Von Hackeborn. There was, however, no time for further consideration. The dinner-hour was approaching, during which the coup was to be attempted. The countess walked up and down the gallery with her ladies in a state of feverish excitement, while the margrave tried to conceal his feelings by

pretending to pay extreme attention to the most trifling details in the arrangement of the table, and so on.

A shrill braying of trumpets at length summoned the guests to table. The margrave had posted his cavalry band in the gallery, whose arch reëchoed the fiery notes of the wind instruments.

The conversation soon became animated. The choicest dishes, the most costly wines heightened the pleasures of the table, to which the truly princely scene, and the architectural beauty of the gallery, imparted a certain dignity.\* The officers, who freely yielded to the enjoyment of a magnificent banquet, proposed toasts to the elector in Berlin, the margrave, Duke Victor, and the allied army, and on each occasion the drums and trumpets pealed forth in answer. The guests had not the slightest idea of the surprise that awaited them, and the pleasure had attained its extreme limit, for every one confessed that he had not for a long time enjoyed such a splendid and at the same time social festival. Suddenly the margrave rose, for he believed that the right moment had arrived. He stood, glowing with excitement, courage, and love; with his left hand on his hip, a goblet of noble wine in his right hand, and his handsome head slightly thrown back, he offered the spectators a glorious picture of youthful confidence and grandeur. He expressed, in a few words, the joy he felt at having so many dear guests at his banquet: he alluded to Duke Victor, and his brother in Berlin, and concluded in the following words, raising his powerful voice as he did so: "This goblet, however, my friends, I drink to the health of her whom I love, to whom my heart will belong, and with it my hand. I drink it to the health of the noble Countess Salmour, whom I have selected as my consort, that she may share my princely title with me. And I have invited you all hither, my friends, that you may be witnesses of the solemn ceremony, which at this very hour will eternally unite her to me."

The effect of this revelation was almost indescribable. The Brandenburg officers seemed almost to be petrified. Some uttered hollow sounds, or cries of surprise, while others sank back on their seats in amazement. Immediately after the margrave

\* The château was destroyed in 1706 by the French under La Feuillade, but afterwards rebuilt.

ceased speaking a deadly silence brooded over the whole company, and the glad merriment of the festival was checked. Charles Philip supported the almost fainting countess in his arms. But the silence of the guests did not last long: it had been the calm that precedes a storm. The anger of the officers broke forth loudly, and M. de Varennes shouted: "That is contrary to the will of our gracious elector, whose soldiers we are." This cry was the signal for loudly-expressed opposition. "Treachery! We have been drawn into a snare! No recognition!" the deceived gentlemen shouted.

Heated by wine, they were led to make such menacing gestures, that the friends of the margrave thought it advisable to take him and the countess in their midst. The opposite party regarded this in the light of a challenge, and in a moment swords were drawn, an example the margrave and his friends thought themselves justified in following. The tumult increased with each moment; with the shrieks of the ladies were mingled the abusive shouts of the men, among whom the Prince of Hesse and M. de Varennes took the lead, by accusing the margrave of disobeying his prince, brother, and superior officer, as well as of want of respect to his exalted name. Charles Philip, on the other hand, swore by all the gods that he would sooner let himself be cut to pieces than give up the countess. "Follow me, madam," he cried. "I will show you that I am worthy of you and my great ancestors."

The moment had arrived which, it appeared, must infallibly lead to a sanguinary collision. Attempts were made to prevent the margrave and his companions from leaving the hall, and swords were already clashing, when an officer of Duke Victor's suddenly appeared at the head of thirty men, and requested the officers most politely, in the duke's name, not to disturb the peace of a royal château. The swords were at once sheathed, and the two parties contented themselves with abusing each other; but as they did not dare to give the margrave further cause of irritation, the ducal officer contented himself with arresting Lea, the priest, and the notary, the responsibility of which step M. de Varennes took on himself.\*

Once more a deep silence followed this turbulent interlude. The long gallery was deserted, night set in, and all that could be heard was the rolling of coaches or the galloping of horses bearing the guests back to the city.

The same night De Varennes sent off a courier to Berlin to inform the elector of all that had occurred. The next day he waited on Duke Victor and demanded the arrest of the margrave, his subaltern, and the countess. The duke promised to carry out the latter part of the request, but decidedly refused to act in opposition to the margrave, to whom he was attached by the bonds of hospitality and personal esteem. Varennes sent off a second courier to Berlin, who announced the duke's refusal. We must allow, however, that Varennes acted as an honorable soldier. In his report he spoke with the greatest respect of the margrave and the countess, and only appealed to his position as superior officer, by virtue of which he could not tolerate any action that opposed the interests of his sovereign.

The margrave had plenty to do in consoling his lovely betrothed, but their mutual love seemed to grow through obstacles and dangers. The scenes at the Veneria could not fail to become generally known to the lovers of scandal. But though evil tongues were so busily at work, the character of the countess and the chivalry of her exalted admirer stood above any calumny, and in a few days the scandal was converted into unfeigned admiration. The romantic incidents imparted a double charm to the whole liaison, and Varennes soon saw what a difficult position he would hold against public opinion, as even the officers were only impeded by the bonds of discipline from openly displaying their sympathy with the margrave.

Charles Philip soon acknowledged to himself that, if he wished to keep his plighted troth, no other way was left him but a private marriage. During his strolls about the neighborhood of Turin he had formed the acquaintance of some monks belonging to the Calmaldulense monastery, and to one of these, Father Colomban, the prince became sincerely attached. He did not hesitate to avow every thing to the

\* It was never known how this military help arrived so opportunely, but it is supposed that Duke

Victor was aware of what was going to happen, and had made arrangements for all events. The priest and the notary remained under arrest for a year.



monk, and this confession made such an impression on the worthy padre that he did not long repel the margrave's entreaties. In a word, the pair were married by the rites of the church, with a careful observance of all necessary formalities. As witnesses were present the countess's brother and brother-in-law, and for the margrave, MM. de Peras and Style. Peras drew up the legal marriage contract as "auditor of his Electoral Grace of Brandenburg," and all the witnesses signed it. The die was thus thrown. The newly-married couple reveled in their felicity, and carefully avoided gazing northward, whence the lightning might be expected.

Every effort was made to keep the marriage a secret; but how could any secret have been kept in an age when everybody was involved in intrigues of a similar nature? The margrave himself was possibly to blame for the discovery, for he at times found a relief in imparting his anxieties to some friend. The presence of the young Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau (afterwards the old Dessauer) had an especially cheering effect upon him. The prince came to Turin in the course of his tour through Italy, and in this city he formed a friendship with the margrave. Charles Philip poured out his heart, and found a willing auditor in Leopold. The young Dessauer was in the same position, for before his departure he had formed an engagement with Anna Föhse, a chemist's daughter at Dessau. He gave the margrave his assurance that nobody in the world should prevent his marriage with the girl of his heart, and he carried out his pledge.

The margrave, encouraged by the prince's example, began talking about his own marriage openly, and ere long the whole affair, with marginal references, was reported to Berlin.\* The elector was excessively annoyed at the discovery, and we can not blame him for being so. Apart from the fact that he regarded his brother's marriage as an obstacle to his own lofty schemes, he was too remote from the scene of the affair to be able to judge with perfect impartiality. He had, however, answered Varennes' first report about the occurrence at La Veneria with great moderation, and commanded "that

as little importance as possible should be given to the affair." It is also certain that the margrave took no steps to come to any possible understanding with his brother. He waited with resignation for what would happen. At Turin the court was divided into two parties: while the margrave's friends did all in their power to express their approval, the opponents of the marriage kept aloof from his house.

While the clouds were collecting in this way, and darkening the sky of the margrave's nuptial felicity, the political horizon was becoming covered with equally menacing clouds. The fury of war was already raging again in the fertile valleys of Savoy. It is a twofold glory for the margrave that he did not allow himself to be held by the silken fetters of love, but, remembering his name, rushed into the field at the first call of the bugles. Unhesitatingly liberating himself from the arms of his wife, he behaved most daringly. In all the actions he led his men, and at the storming of Casale he planted the flag of Brandenburg on the conquered redoubt, and as he fell, from a dangerous sword-cut, he clung to the flag-staff, while waving his sword dyed with the blood of the foe in his right hand. Borne from the field to Turin, he enjoyed the tender care of his wife.

In the mean while three dispatches had arrived from Berlin. The first, addressed to Varennes, commended his zeal and conduct in the affair, and ordered that the couple were to be separated, by force if really married, but the utmost caution must be exercised. If the Savoyard authorities offered any opposition, Varennes received orders to withdraw his troops immediately from the allied army. The second letter was addressed to the duke, and contained a solemn protest against the marriage, which had been effected without the knowledge or assent of the elector. The third letter, intended for the margrave, represented to him, in serious terms, the impropriety of the marriage; the elector implored him to remember his ancestors, and the excellent destiny for which Providence intended him. The elector fraternally exhorted him to act as a man, and sacrifice his love to the interests of his country. In conclusion, he was ordered to lay down his commission as officer of the auxiliary corps, and proceed without delay to assume a command on the Rhine.

\*It took a considerable time ere the veil was raised from the secret. The young couple had been married above a year when the order for their separation arrived.

The crushing blow was dealt. Love struggled against the iron duty of the soldier and the subject. It gained the victory, and the wretched fate of the lovers was decided. After Varennes had imparted to the duke the elector's positive commands, and Victor Amadeus was compelled to yield to the well-founded objections, while the margrave adhered to his determination, the commander resolved to act.

The most lovely moonlight, such as is only to be seen in the tranquil sky of Italy, was expanded over Turin. The church clocks announced the hour of midnight. In the deserted streets only a solitary passenger was here and there visible; in the distance could be heard the strumming of guitars, but this soon died away, and the small mansion of the Margrave Charles Philip was perfectly quiet, overshadowed by the tall trees and shrubs. Only one window, looking out into the garden, was faintly illuminated: it was the window of the room in which Charles Philip was slumbering, watched by his wife, who, resting by his side in an armchair, anxiously watched every movement of the sleeper.

The poetic silence of the night was suddenly disturbed by dull sounds. They were the regular footsteps of a heavy patrol, which echoed unpleasantly through the silent streets. The soldiers wore Austrian and Piedmontese uniforms. In front of them marched four officers in the Brandenburg dress. On reaching the margrave's hotel, sentries were posted round the building, and when this was done, the remaining troops passed through the open gateway into the garden, and approached a back door in the house, on which an officer tapped lightly. It was slightly opened, and the pale face of a valet peered through the crack.

"Is that you, Herr Von Hackeborn?" the surprised man groaned.

"Yes, it is I. According to our agreement, you must open the door. Quick. By order of our gracious elector!"

The door was thrown open, and the officers stepped in. They gently ascended a flight of stairs, and came to a door masked by heavy curtains. Hackeborn pulled the latter back, and laid his hand on the latch. "It is here," he whispered.

Charles Philip, who on this night was suffering more seriously than usual from

his scarce closed wound, was being anxiously watched by his faithful nurse. Under her guard he fell into a slight sleep: the countess carefully noticed his every movement, raised her beautiful head, and looked expectantly at her beloved husband's pale face, ready to do him any little service he might need. The sleeper threw his head about restlessly, as if tortured by a bad dream. The countess started up, and he grew calmer again. The silence was only interrupted by the ticking of the clock. On the margrave's pale face played the reflection of the light burning in a blue lamp. The countess listened for a few moments, but then laid her head back on the pillows. Suddenly, she fancied that the door of the sleeping-room was being noiselessly opened, and she peered sharply into the semi-obscurity. No, it was no mistake; the door was moving on its hinges, a man stepped into the room. Could she be dreaming? But it was impossible to have such a distinct dream. She raised her hand to the bell-rope, she held it between her fingers, it was reality, and then several men had entered the room. Light fell into it through the open doorway, she recognized uniforms and weapons. With a loud shriek she sprang up, the bell rang, and there was a busy movement in the corridors.

The countess's cry of terror awakened the margrave, and he at once surveyed the threatening danger. He leaped out of bed, and stood before the officers. At the same moment the countess's women rushed into the apartment from the opposite door, voices and cries burst forth, a scene of confusion began, and the margrave's thundering voice could be heard above the disturbance. But amid all the excitement, Hackeborn remained firm and unbending, with his left hand on his sword-hilt, and holding the duke's order of arrest open in the other.

"In the name of the duke and my elector," he cried, "exempt, I order you to secure the person of the countess with all respect."

"Not a step nearer her," Charles Philip shrieked, who had drawn his sword, which was leaning against the bedside. He stood like a tiger prepared to spring.

"Most gracious lord, it is the order of your brother and elector."

"You are a hangman."

"My lord margrave, I can pardon your excitement. You are a soldier like my-

self, and I ask you whether a soldier dares to hesitate when he has an order from his master to perform?"

"Well, then," the margrave shouted, "if we are soldiers, let us act as such. Man against man! Draw your sword, and we will fight."

The gleaming blade in his hand described a circle, and the margrave stood before the unconscious countess, who was being supported by her women.

"For Heaven's sake, my lord," Hackeborn cried, "come to yourself. I implore you not to cause any Brandenburg blood to flow. All may turn out for the best yet. Reflect, that we are bound to obey."

"Come on! Come on!" the margrave roared.

"Let it cost my life," Hackeborn said, "sooner than his."

With a bold leap he reached the margrave's side, and his muscular hand clutched Charles Philip's sword-hilt. The two men struggled together.

"Help me, gentlemen," the colonel commanded. "His highness is beside himself. Hold his sword."

The officers hurried up, and Charles Philip, who was still weak, was soon disarmed. He defended himself desperately against his assailants, who patiently endured every blow, and strove to hold him. Suddenly, with a loud shriek, and a last convulsive movement, Charles Philip sank back exhausted into Hackeborn's arms. The blood poured over his night-dress. The wound of Casale had broken out afresh. The colonel allowed him to sink gently on to a pillow.

"Heaven be thanked!" he muttered. "No Brandenburg sword has touched his heroic person."

Charles Philip opened his eyes: he gazed at the spot where he had last seen his wife. "Catharine," he groaned; and as if his low moan had reached the ear of the beloved woman, the parting cry of "Philip! Philip!" rose painfully from the garden. It was lost in the rolling of the hurrying coach, which bore the countess away from her husband to the convent of Santa Croce.

A stately catafalque rose in the center of the cathedral church of Berlin. Upon it lay the insignia of princely dignity. Hat, sword, and spurs, gloves, and scarf, were surrounded by a gilt laurel wreath.

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The members of the electoral family were sorrowfully offering their last prayers at the richly-decorated bier of Margrave Charles Philip von Schwedt.

Five days after the separation from his wife he was carried off by a violent fever, which the breaking out of the wound and the terrible shock had brought on. His love was his death.

Catharine de Brandebourg, as the Countess de Salmour henceforth called herself, was set at liberty immediately after her husband's death. She had no fortune, and had only the protection of her relatives to trust to in the world. The elector offered her one hundred thousand crowns if she would lay aside the title of Brandenburg.

When the coffin had been let down into the royal vault, the elector and his family remained for some time in the deserted church. Frederick stood in deep thought by the grave of his brother-in-law. He waved his hand over it in farewell, and quitted the church. On reaching his cabinet he threw himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and hot tears poured from his eyes. A few hours later, he was deeply immersed in business again. One letter especially attracted his attention. He held it close to his eyes, as if to convince himself that he had read correctly. It was a letter from Countess Salmour, and she subscribed herself "Catharine de Brandebourg." The poor young widow declined the hundred thousand crowns offered her.

"Monseigneur," she wrote, "the honor of being able to bear the name of Brandebourg is of more value to me than all the treasures of the earth. You are too affectionate, too noble-hearted, to feel offended at my imploring you to keep your money, and leave me the name of my husband, which is beyond all price."

Frederick let the paper drop. "Noble-hearted woman," he at length said to himself. "She was worthy of him. Yes, it is a name beyond price; and when I no longer bear it, it shall ever glisten as a gem in my kingly crown, and whoever bears it shall be dear to me. Such be the reconciliation between us, my poor beloved brother! I too suffered, when I was compelled to sacrifice your happiness and love to the future elevation of my house!"\*

\* I deeply regret that I must spoil this pretty picture, by stating that the Countess de Salmour married again twice, making four husbands in all, and lived very comfortably till the year 1719.

From the North British Review.

## ENGLAND AND EUROPE.

SINCE those February days, when the news ran like wild-fire throughout England, that the seventeen years' siege of the July monarchy had at length ended in its fall, the interest taken by our countrymen in the affairs of the Continent has greatly increased. Every one now travels, and every intelligent person brings back some interest in the history and condition of the peoples among which he has been wandering. It is only necessary to turn to the columns of the newspapers to see how important a personage "Our own Correspondent" has become. Indeed there have been many periods during the last few years, in which he has seemed to occupy the position of an ambassador extraordinary, accredited by the public of this country to those who were moulding opinion, or more directly guiding events in other lands.

Before 1848 such a slight summary as we propose to give of the existing state of political relations, and the probabilities of the future in Europe, would have been out of place, because we could not have reckoned upon any considerable number of readers having sufficient acquaintance with cotemporary history to follow the rapid and imperfect review which is alone possible within our limits. Now we may fairly calculate upon sufficient knowledge on the part of many, to let hints do the work of statements, and allusion of exposition.

The political map of Europe is, it can hardly be doubted, in a course of gradual reconstruction. We English have ourselves no territorial ambition to gratify, and we have always religiously respected the arrangements of 1815. For these arrangements, however, we have no special affection, and of many of them we greatly disapprove. If our statesmen have gained the character of being fanatically devoted to them, it has only been because comparatively few public men in this country have given very serious attention to European questions, and a reference to the

*lex scripta* of international arrangements has been the easiest way of arriving at a decision. The English people does not wish to see these treaties torn, with a general scramble for territory as the result, but it is quite willing to examine upon their merits all proposals which may be brought forward for their alteration; although there are many, even desirable alterations, which it would be sorry to see attempted by force of arms, and some which it would be bound to prevent at the sword's point.

No event which has occurred since the conclusion of the great war has so materially modified our relations with France, as the establishment of the volunteer force. We are not of those who believe that the present emperor had ever any fixed purpose of attacking this country. On the contrary, we think that it has ever been his anxious desire to remain on friendly terms with us. That desire, however, has been subordinated to his determination to retain his own position, and to transmit it to his descendants. He would never have gone to war with us, except at the bidding of a powerful party in France; but while we were in the state of imperfect preparation from which we were roused by the panic of 1859, he might have received that bidding at any moment. Nothing can be imagined more alarmist than the talk of many circles in Paris four years ago. Since the establishment of the volunteer force, and the generally increased naval and military activity, the danger of any sudden attack has passed away. If we are true to ourselves, there will be no risk of war with France, except upon some really grave cause of difference; and no one, we may be well assured, is better pleased by this result than Napoleon III.

But are there any probable causes of national dissension which may really require to be settled by arms? Far fewer, we think, than many are apt to believe. If we could once see a strong Italy and a strong Germany, we might cease to trouble ourselves about the aggrandizement



of France. To imagine, however, that the possession of the frontier of the Rhine is not an object most passionately desired by the great majority of Frenchmen, would be to deceive ourselves wofully; and, as long as the "contradiction of thirty-five wills," or, as we now ought to say, of "thirty-four," goes on at Frankfort, we can never tell when we may be forced into a position of antagonism to our ambitious neighbor. It is undoubtedly true that the old hatred of England is unabated amongst large classes in France; but are we altogether blameless in this matter? Was the tone of "society" in London during the Italian War either just or generous? We know, from one who was in constant intercourse with Louis Napoleon through that campaign, that he was haunted by the fear that he should wake up some morning and find that the Derby government had declared against him. Every year that the Commercial Treaty lasts will knit more closely together the interests of the two countries; and a party will ere long grow up on the other side of the Channel strong enough to push further the principles upon which it is founded. We must not, however, reckon too much, in the case of a people so impulsive as the French, upon the ties of interest. We mistake very much if we suppose that they have any very extraordinary influence even upon ourselves. More is to be hoped from the extended acquaintance with each other's language, and from the closer personal ties which are constantly being formed between natives of the two countries. In the meantime, the race of writers which grew up under the influences of the Napoleonic wars is passing away, and is being succeeded by a generation which studies and understands us. The policy of France toward her other neighbors is more disquieting, but perhaps not unnatural. The emperor was, at the time of General Ortega's abortive attempt, bitterly accused of wishing to stir up strife in Spain. In Italy he has allowed the temptation of doing a great historical action to overpower those traditions of France which induce her to wish that Italy should be weak. Guided, however, partly by these traditions, he has paused in his own work, and has even restrained his natural and laudable hatred toward the Court of Rome and the priestly government.

Brought up in a school which took little account of religion as a motive power in

human society, Louis Napoleon was startled when he returned to France, by finding that the clergy was far more powerful than he had supposed, and had contributed not a little to his own election. To this hour, he does not seem to have made up his mind as to what he may and may not venture on. No one who does not know the provinces as well as Paris, ought to tax him lightly with being too timid. We are inclined to think that he might safely do more than he does; but the aspect of M. Villemain and M. Guizot fighting for the Pope is not encouraging. The influence of the empress, whose devotion is of that bad Spanish type, which "transacts rather than works out the business of salvation," by attention to external observances, is as prejudicial as possible.

In humiliating Austria, he has not only gratified his own personal and dynastic antipathies, but has remained true to an ancient policy of the country which he governs. And who can grudge him the pleasure of humiliating her still further, by tossing the refusal of the Mexican crown to a descendant of Charles V.? To Belgium he has ever been petulant and menacing, and to Switzerland he has not shown the generosity which might have been expected from his antecedents. But in both these cases the instinct of self-preservation must be admitted to have given him some excuse.

The opinions which are prevalent in England with respect to Belgium were very well reflected last year by an article in the *Quarterly Review*. If they were strictly correct we might fold our hands and dismiss all fear of future trouble arising with regard to that country. There are not wanting, however, persons in Belgium who aver that we are too apt to see the affairs of King Leopold through the spectacles of the government newspapers. Such *frondeurs*, if we must call them so, maintain that the heir to the throne has but slender abilities, and is in the hands, not only of the priests, but of the Protectionists; that the fortifications of Antwerp have excited profound discontent, and have increased the jealousy of England, which is usual among the nations which she creates or defends. They say, further, that not only are Hainault, Namur, and part of Liege anxious to be united with France, but that the Flemish population is disgusted by the neglect of its language,

and begins to murmur at the Walloon revolution, casting longing eyes toward Holland. If all this be true, we may one day have a rude awakening. The frontier of the Rhine involves the annexation of Belgium, and if Belgium were once annexed, how long would it be ere we should be again told that Holland is the alluvium of French rivers? What is the meaning of the gigantic works at Antwerp, if it be not that there should be a fortified district into which the Belgian court and army may retire until England comes to help them?

It is not probable that in any European contest, Holland would be found in a different camp from ourselves. Till recently, the heart-burnings caused by the part which we took in the Belgian revolution, and the strong Russian influence at the Hague, tended to keep the two nations apart, but the force of common interest and common ideas has been too strong for intrigue and prejudice. "In all that relates to her external policy," said on one occasion an eminent Dutch politician to the writer, "Holland may be regarded as a part of England." This is true, because it can hardly be that our paths are likely to divide; not because Holland is weak, for the countrymen of Van Tromp and De Ruyter are by no means likely to yield to dictation. The ideas of the two peoples are moving in the same direction. English literature exerts a prodigious influence throughout the whole educated class in Holland, and we only require to be more familiar with Dutch thought, to be in our turn considerably influenced by it. In elementary education the Dutch are far ahead of us, and hardly less so in all that relates to ecclesiastical affairs, while they can look back as upon a period of danger that is past, upon that change, from a middle age and feudal to a modern and democratic organization, which with us is still in progress, and may not inconceivably, before it is accomplished, give rise to serious inconvenience. Ere long the last blot upon their scutcheon, the perhaps profitable, but bad and oppressive "culture system" will disappear from their eastern, as slavery lately disappeared from their western colonies. It would be well for the progress of liberal ideas throughout the world, if the European subjects of the House of Orange could be quadrupled.

The friendly and almost protective rela-

tion in which we have long stood to Portugal, gives us an interest in her prosperity, or at least in her immunity from external dangers. Nothing that is menacing to her appears at present on the horizon; her difficulties for the moment are all internal. Few countries in Europe have lagged so far behind in material improvement. The strife of factions has been almost as prejudicial to her as despotism has been to some other countries. Now, however, there seems reason to hope that a better period is opening. The state of the finances excites the attention and uneasiness which it should do. Railways are being pushed forward. A great change has been made in the tariff, and with the exception of the not unnatural disturbances which broke out when the sudden and unexplained deaths of the king and several of the royal family made the people fear treason near the throne, there has been no interruption of the public tranquillity. The marriage of the reigning monarch with the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, puts the seal upon the liberal policy of the House of Braganza, and nothing but the maintenance of order, and the increase and good distribution of the wealth which the great resources of the soil ought to supply, is wanted to make Portugal a useful ally to Great Britain.

We must not, however, unless indeed the example of Colonel Sibthorp may give us comfort, be too sanguine in anticipating the future of a country, in which a prominent member of the legislature within the last decade observed: "Roads; what do we want with roads? they will only facilitate a Spanish invasion." The late king, who was somewhat too much oppressed by the sense of his responsibilities, was, we trust, in too desponding a mood when he observed to an English naval officer: "I have honest men, and I have able men, but honesty and ability are not very often found together in Portugal."

There is no country in Europe which has, during the last ten years, made so marked a progress as Spain. Its resources are so enormous that it only requires peace and good government for a quarter of a century to make it a power of the first class. There is but one reason which should make us look with any uneasiness upon this resurrection of an old antagonist. Spain can only acquire real power by following the same path which has led

us to power; and if she does so, we shall have a new market for our manufactures, and a new reservoir from which to draw a great number of products of which we stand in need; we shall have a new outlet for our accumulated capital, and we shall have a ready ally against any too ambitious designs which may be formed beyond the Bidassoa. We must not flatter ourselves, however, that Spain will be otherwise than hostile to us as long as we hold Gibraltar. The possession of that place is valued by the Spaniards, not so much for any real advantage to accrue from it, as because it is the point upon the acquisition of which all their patriotic hopes have concentrated themselves. Even if their empire were as great as it was in the days of Philip II., the presence of the red-coats upon the Rock would be like Mordecai sitting at the king's gate, to the jealous Castilian; and therefore we think that those writers have done wisely who have tried to force the consideration of this matter of Gibraltar upon the English public. It should be studied in a fair spirit, and with the help of all the lights which military knowledge, political expediency, and a far-seeing, not merely penny-wise economy, can bring to it; for sooner or later it will become a practical question. If we deliberately determine that the fortress is to be kept at all hazards, by all means let us fight for it; but if we come to the opposite conclusion, let us solve the difficulty, not by the rude arbitrament of war, but by some arrangement which may be profitable not only to England, but to Spain, and to Europe. Religious toleration, free trade, and slave emancipation, are all lessons which Spain, if wiser, would learn without a bribe, but which it is better she should learn with a bribe, than not learn at all. Of course, it may turn out that the material and moral revival which we witness will not go very deep. The influence of Sister Patrocinio is a bad symptom, and the base compliances of the O'Donnell cabinet are even worse. More than one local insurrection has broken out in the midst of the general tranquillity, and it has been observed that these, unlike the numerous military revolts which we witnessed down to 1854, have had something of a Socialist character. More information about Spain than is readily accessible to any one not living in the political circles of Madrid would be

necessary, in order to give any very positive opinion about her future; but, excepting always the question of Gibraltar, her future, whether happy or the reverse, can hardly have any but an indirect influence upon ours. To those who are not aware how much Spain has advanced within the last few years, we should strongly recommend the work called *Das Heutige Spanien*, by M. Garrido, translated by the editor of the once famous *Hallischen Jahrbücher*, M. Arnold Ruge. After making all allowances for the fact that M. Garrido is an ultra-democrat, and a very sanguine politician, there is much in his book to rejoice over. Readers who have little time at their disposal will find many curious statistics bearing upon this subject in the third number of the *Home and Foreign Review*.

Of the many difficulties which still lie on the path of Italy, far the most important are the question of Rome and the question of Venetia. The first of these might, no doubt, be settled easily enough by the Emperor of the French, if he were not deterred by two considerations. He fears, at least for the present, to do any thing that may excite a more violent outbreak of hostility on the part of the French clergy; and he is unwilling to incur the obloquy of abandoning an outpost which gives to France great influence in the affairs of Italy. His tenacious and patient intellect has never relinquished the idea that the prosperity of the country for which he first bore arms, is to be sought in federation rather than in union; and he bides his time, fully believing that his anticipations will yet be justified by events.

It is very probable, however, that this question may, after all, receive a peaceful solution. We wish we could be as sanguine about the other. But although the arguments of those who maintain that Austria has a moral right to the Quadrilateral are no stronger than those which can be advanced for the possession of the Rhine by France, or of a large intrenched camp on this side of the Vosges by Germany, we are inclined to think that the considerations stated for English hearers by Mr. Price, in his lecture at the United Service Institution, have so much weight with Austria, that she is extremely unlikely to retire from Venetia without having suffered a defeat such as will paralyze the forces of the empire. "The Quadrilateral," says Mr. Price, "is perhaps the

most magnificent economy in Europe, for it makes every soldier do the work of three." Nor must it be imagined that the monstrous pretensions of Austria have no sympathizers in the non-Austrian parts of Germany. A writer in the July number of the *Home and Foreign Review* aptly quotes, with reference to this subject, a speech of the Prussian General Radowitz, who will not be suspected of having desired the aggrandizement of Austria. Speaking of what would result from the loss of Verona, he said: "Our expensive system of defense on the Upper Rhine would be useless; the positions in the Black Forest, the strong fortress of Ulm and the Upper Danube, would be turned. The conflict would begin in the plains of Carinthia and Bavaria, instead of the Upper Rhine. One third of the German empire would be lost without firing a shot, simply by the strategic disposition of the two parties. . . . If Germany is to be safe at a point which has been menaced for centuries, the territory of Venice, and the country as far as the Mincio, must not fall into the hands of strangers."

As long as the four fortresses remain in the hands of the Austrians, Italy will be obliged to turn towards military objects those revenues which she might far better leave to "fructify" in the pockets of the people or expend in promoting the internal prosperity of the country; and the compensation to be gained from the spreading of a warlike spirit through the whole of a generation is at least equivocal, and may produce in the future disastrous effects. If the Quadrilateral is won for Italy by war, war will seek also to win the Italian Tyrol and Istria. If, on the other hand, the Quadrilateral is used by Austria, at some future time, as a means of reconquering her ascendancy in Italy, it will be hardly possible to avoid a European war, into which we ourselves are pretty certain to be drawn, unless a most unexpected reaction takes place in English opinion.

The security of Switzerland has been more than once menaced since the year of revolutions. First by Prussia, in the affair of Neuchâtel, and next by France, in the annexation of Savoy. On both these occasions she has shown great patriotic ardor, and an almost too great readiness to resent any infringement of her rights. The indignation excited by the treaty which transferred Chablais and Faucigny to

France, found an echo, as will be remembered, in our own parliament; but the strong things which were said there only feebly reflected the fury of a large party in Switzerland. Others took a less excited view of the question; and the pamphlet of M. Dubs, called *Savoyer Frage*, which had an enormous circulation in German Switzerland, summed up the whole question better than any other paper on the subject that we have seen, and materially tended to dissipate unnecessary alarms. In the end of 1860, the small squabble about the Valley of Dappes threatened Europe with another sensation; but this, too, happily passed over.

The first question with respect to Germany which the English politician has to decide is, whether or not there is any valid reason to prevent his being willing to see that transformation of the existing confederation of States into a federative State, which is so ardently desired throughout the Fatherland? We do not think that there is. Germany, strong and united, would not, perhaps, be so peacefully inclined as some are apt to suppose. The Teuton is a bad master, and his nationality has shown itself very much inclined to be aggressive upon every frontier; in Hungary as in Schleswig, on the Mincio as on the Vistula. A united Germany, however, would be surrounded by united and powerful neighbors, and her strength would have enough to do in repelling aggression. There is great force in the warnings which have been addressed to ardent centralizers beyond the Rhine, by M. Montalembert and others; but still we must give the Germans credit for understanding their own affairs, and admit that, on the whole, the evils of their present divisions are greater than those of the state of things which they aspire to bring about. Their interest is our interest, for we shall hardly be expected to combat the suspicions of those who think that England is averse to see united Germany from jealousy of a possible new rival on the seas.

More important is the question, to which of the two parties into which German constitutional reformers are divided, we ought to incline. Are we to be "Klein-Deutsch," or "Gross-Deutsch?" Are we to wish for a smaller confederacy with Prussia at the head, or a larger confederacy under the lead of Austria? We have no hesitation in choosing the former alternative. When the Emperor Francis elected to be



Emperor of Austria, and abandoned his proud ancestral position as German Kaiser, with all its shadowy and mysterious attributes, as well as its acknowledged powers and duties, he took a step on a road upon which there is no returning. Sooner or later, his descendants will have to wake up to a consciousness of their position, and to see that when their ancestor turned his back on the Rhine, he turned his face toward the Danube. In the valley of the great river, the House of Austria must make its future, if that future is to be a prosperous one. Austria, if she were to step out of the German Bund to-morrow, resigning Venetia for an equivalent upon the Lower Danube, might still play a part in history greater than any which she has played before. For Prussia, on the other hand, the hegemony of Germany is an absolute necessity, if she is not to sink into the position of a second-rate power. The present king, when he ascended the throne, had all the popularity necessary for the task that lay before him. The alarm of 1859 brought to his assistance the powerful organization of the National Verein. Nothing but folly the most insensate has prevented him playing the part which Austria has lately essayed at Frankfort, with this difference, that he would have been supported by the ardent sympathies, not to say by the revolutionary energies of the whole of Northern Germany. He has chosen another part. He has rallied round him whatever was petty in Prussian bureaucracy; whatever was rude, brutal, or interested in the Prussian military caste; whatever was stolid or selfish in the Prussian squirearchy; for of nobility, in the sense in which the term is used in Scotland or France, in England or in Italy, there is, in Prussia, very little to rally. He has done all this, not so much from evil will as from sheer stupidity. Nevertheless, if the unity of Germany is to be achieved at all, it must be by Prussia. The puppet of the infamous Bismark may conceivably undo all that has been done for the House of Hohenzollern since the days of the great Elector; but he can not interfere materially with the great destinies of the Prussian people.

The majority of Englishmen settle the Schleswig-Holstein question quickly and easily, and they settle it in favor of Denmark. This is very natural. They feel that Denmark is weak and brave, while Germany, though strong and inclined to

bully, is yet half-afraid to strike. They remember also that they once did the Danes an involuntary wrong, and would willingly make them reparation. Our national habit of compromise, and love for "practical" solutions, makes in the same direction. What on earth have the Germans to gain by acquiring Schleswig; or, if they must meddle with it, why can not they be satisfied with the proposal long ago made by Lord Palmerston: draw a line across the peninsula, and add one half to Jutland, letting the other go with Holstein? So say many, and it is difficult to give any quite satisfactory reply. Leaving on one side, however, the large historical question, as to the respective rights of Germany and Denmark, and merely indicating by the use of the compound word Schleswig-Holstein, that we think that there is very much more to be said for the German view of the matter than most Englishmen imagine, we come to the immediate subject of dispute, and with regard to this we have little difficulty. We are bound by the Treaty of London of 1852 to respect the integrity of Denmark, and we can not recognize the right of the German Bund to order a Federal execution in Holstein, for the purpose of enforcing a claim which, if admitted, would give to the Bund an indirect control through the estates of Holstein, over the proceedings of the Danish Parliament sitting at Copenhagen. Assuredly the Danes are not blameless; and there is much in their conduct toward both the duchies, since the suppression of the rebellion, which can not be defended. But the demands of the Bund at this particular conjuncture are extreme, as well as singularly ill-timed. The Schleswig-Holstein question, unfortunately, is not one which is likely to be soon decided. Grounded in history, it has become identified with the national pride and aspirations of the German people, and as their language extends up the Peninsula, it is likely continually to become more formidable. It is clear, however, that at present, the maintenance of the independence of Denmark, except in so far as her federal obligations in Holstein and Lauenburg extend, has been determined upon by all non-Teutonic Europe, and the attempt to enforce the claims lately put forward, if seriously made, can only lead to war. Denmark will meet that war, strong in her naval superiority, in her easily de-

sensible position, in her great material prosperity, and in the rising enthusiasm of her people, inflamed as it is by the sympathy of the whole of Scandinavia. For many months the government has been looking to the probability of a rupture. Fortifications have been repaired, ships have been built, and preparations have been made for opposing to an invading army the terrible barrier of an inundation. We would fain hope that the powerful alliances of Denmark may yet avert by diplomatic means the calamities which will be entailed even by a successful resistance, and allow her to pursue unchecked a career of improvement, which, commencing with the great and sudden changes of 1848, has gone steadily on, and has enabled her to occupy so respectable a position in the family of nations, in spite of the continued peril to which she has been exposed by the hostility of powerful neighbors, united in little else but in hatred to her.

Sweden has, within the last few months, attracted the attention of Europe, first by her attitude towards Russia, and secondly, by her diplomatic support of Denmark. The young king, more impetuous than discreet, the Victor Emmanuel of the frozen zone, seems to long for some opportunity of showing that the descendants of Bernadotte have not forgotten the career of their ancestor. In spite of Prince Dolgouroukow, who enlarges on the "Question Finnoise," we are not persuaded that the anxiety of the Finlanders for restoration to Sweden is so great, as to make us wish to see the modern Charles XII. go to war in this quarrel, unless a combined movement against Russia be ever resolved upon by the other powers. A war with Germany in support of the cry "Denmark to the Eider" would be a far safer outlet for his energy. Sweden, however, has a great deal to do at home; her cumbrous constitution, her unsatisfactory relations with the all but independent Norway, and the furious intolerance of her church, are stumbling-blocks upon her path, which she will do well to remove before she again seeks for warlike renown. A contest, however, brought on for the assistance of Denmark, might be regarded by her as a defensive one, more especially if the projects which have found favor with the courts both of Stockholm and Copenhagen, are ever translated into acts.

The Polish question is perhaps the most difficult and painful which has arisen in our times. Russia has indeed done much during the last few weeks to take away one element of difficulty; she has so conducted the war as to make armed intervention perfectly justifiable in *foro conscientie*. Whether armed intervention would not be a political impossibility is a very different matter. We derive some comfort from the pamphlet on the Polish insurrection, which has been republished from the columns of the *Speculator*. Its author tells us, that the common belief that the Poles will accept no terms short of the limits of 1772, is, in his opinion, a mistaken one. Fresh from the seat of war, and from conference with many of the patriots, his judgment is worthy of all attention. If there is the chance of compromise, there is hope. Indeed, nothing but the quintessential folly and baseness of the King of Prussia prevents that hope being a confident one. If, however, it is to be a war for all the vast countries which once were Polish, nothing can be attempted, for it is vain to expect, it would be perhaps unjust to desire, that Russia should withdraw further from the west than the line of the Niemen and the Bug.

What would be the real character and tendencies of a reconstituted Poland is a curious subject of speculation. Are we to believe, with a writer in the *Revue Germanique*, who has ably sketched the persecutions of the Unitarian Protestants in unpartitioned Poland, that the fierce sectarian animosities of old days have entirely passed away; or are we to fear that that intense religious spirit which gives so much romance to the Polish movement, whether reflected in the *Nation en Deuil* of the great French orator, or in the soberer pages of the *Recent Traveller*, would crystallize in quieter times into stern and oppressive bigotry? Would Poland be a real barrier against Russia, an outpost of western civilization, or only a weak and turbulent tool of France—a new *point d'appui* of the religious reaction? Certain it is that under no circumstances can Poland be now so dangerous to Europe as she would have been if the schemes of the Marquis Wielopolski had succeeded; if all the progressive elements of Polish life had been swept away, and he had been enabled to glut his hatred of Germany and of the West, by

fusing together all that was essentially barbarous in Muscovy and Sarmatia, and hurling it against Europe. It is difficult to know even what we should wish for. Every day must be exhausting the military power of Russia, and that is good; but every day is increasing the fanaticism of her masses, and giving to the struggle the character of a national and a holy war; while it seems probable that the present contest will hardly end without the loss to Poland of half her "ablest and best gentlemen."

The peculiar character of the war has prevented the attention of the English people being arrested by it as much as could be wished. There have been no great battles. Nay, there has not even been one engagement as important as that which took place in Hungary after the war of 1849 had virtually ceased, when the gallant Kmetz struck one last blow at Lugos for his fallen land's good right. A different system of tactics on the part of the insurgent leaders might have, or indeed may yet permit us to consider them as belligerents, and materially to aid them during the winter months by recognizing them as such. Every day, however, that passes seems to diminish our hopes.

Our relations with Russia, even in the immediate future, are sufficiently doubtful to make us speculate with caution upon the chances of coming years; but there is one thing which seems pretty certain: Russia is no longer to be dreaded as a powerful and semi-barbarous empire, contemptible in all the arts of peace, but transcendently accomplished in all those which "urge Bellona's iron car."

The disasters of the Crimean war broke the system of Nicholas far more completely than would have been done by a whole series of battles as bloody as Friedland or Borodino. In the gigantic body politic, corrupt from base to summit, there are no forces which can be restorative of despotism, and the only hope lies in a frank abandonment of the course of policy which was entered on in 1825, and in a thorough transformation. What the Crimean war began, the Polish war can hardly fail to complete. Poland, as has been truly said, "is a vast bridge stretching from the Vistula to the Black Sea, for the solemn entrance of revolutionary opinions into Russia."

It is curious to contrast the abject terror with which so many Germans were in

the habit of looking upon Russia, even so lately as the spring of 1854, with the tone which now prevails. Many a man would then have accepted, as a true description of the actual state of affairs, these bitter words: "L'Allemagne n'existe que de nom, ce sont de provinces *Baltiques*, aux quelles on a laissé, quelques droits, illusions, par exemple celui d'être non seulement sujets de Nicholas, mais en même-temps sujets de leurs petits princes." Nothing but the most inconceivable folly on the part of the princes or peoples can now cause any danger to Germany from her huge neighbor. Of course, if we are to be presented throughout the whole of the next fifty years, from time to time, with such phenomena as the present King of Prussia, or the present Elector of Hesse, it is impossible to say what baits may not be held out to Slavonic ambition; but that is, we trust, improbable.

It should not be forgotten, however, that there is another possible future for Russia. What if she develops into a vast State organized upon a socialist basis? There is a school which sees in the Russian village not only one of the earliest forms, but one of the last lessons of civilization. If the pedantic military system which now prevails, and which is in no way Slavonic, but purely German, breaks down, what then? Is it to be anarchy or a new form of human society? And if the result is a new form of human society, will it have no sympathies for the socialist aspirations of Western Europe? These are questions which such works as M. Herzen's *Du Développement des Idées Révolutionnaires en Russie* make us ask, but which few perhaps will venture to answer. Yet, like all the problems connected with that "enfer frappé à la glace," which extends over one sixth of the globe, they are full of grave import for our children's children.

To prevent Russia reaching Constantinople has long been, as we trust it will long continue to be, a favorite object with English statesmen. It may be doubted, however, whether their efforts have not of late taken an unfortunate direction; and it is certain that the impression in most continental countries is, that England is ready to protect the Turk, not only against Russia, but against his own Christian subjects. Lord Palmerston evidently thinks that there are only two alternatives in the Eastern Peninsula, the rule of Turkey or

the rule of Russia. Of these, the first, however bad, is *not* dangerous to Europe, while the second *is*. He despises the anti-Mussulman cry, which is rarely heard in this country, but which is the key-note of Russian policy, and is familiar enough to those who have mixed with the reactionary circles of Germany. We can perfectly comprehend his view, and all that we have to object to it is, that it is becoming impossible to act upon it. The Christian races are gradually growing too strong, while Europe is beginning to realize more and more what Turkish rule means. No one in this country asks for any sudden change of policy, much less for any demonstration of hostility against the Turk. All that is wished is that our moral support should not be given to his domination. Mr. Layard last session made a very long and interesting speech on the subject, but how did he meet, and in what way did he detract from the force of Mr. Gregory's awkward revelations about the pro-Turkish pressure put by Sir Henry Bulwer upon our consuls in the East? Do these officials receive a hint to look at Turkey, whenever they possibly can, through glasses which give to all objects a pleasant rose-tint?

We do not say that much might not be effected if a long succession of really able and honest men were to rule in Constantinople; but who will seriously maintain that there is any chance of this? How many statesmen equal to Fuad Pacha does Turkey possess? And is it such men as Fuad who regenerate a nation?

The task which has just been intrusted to the young king of the Hellenes is one of the most difficult that can well be imagined. It is not only that the whole edifice of good government has to be built up, but the materials with which it is to be built are extremely bad. "Not to mention other defects," says that admirable historian, Mr. Finlay, quoting Polybius but obviously expressing his own mature judgment, "no Greek who is intrusted with public money can refrain from peculation, even if ten commissioners be appointed to watch over the expenditure, and although ten bonds be signed, with twice as many witnesses, as a security for his honesty." M. About's opinion is hardly more cheering. It is said that Count Sponeck, who is, we presume, to be the virtual king of Greece for the next few years, has much the appearance and bear-

ing of Cavour; let us trust that he may have something of his power of political construction, for, after all, there is one great difference between the Greeks and the Turks—the state of both is deplorable: but the Turks are sinking into death; the Greeks are rising slowly into a new life. The one is a conquering horde, which never had any virtues except those of warlike barbarians; the other is a race in whose veins, in spite of much foreign admixture, nevertheless flows some of the blood which flowed in the veins of those whose intellect is

"Still the fountain-light of all our day,  
Is still a master-light of all our seeing."

Full of faults as is the Greek people, we trust we may yet see them succeed in putting down brigandage within their borders, that chief curse of their country; in making the roads which are hardly begun now when they ought long since to have been finished; and in taking their place among the solvent communities of Europe. If perfect honesty in high places is substituted at Athens for the perfect dishonesty which has been hitherto in fashion there, much may be done to promote that useful virtue among the officials; and, when all these good things are accomplished, the sooner that Greece annexes Thessaly and Epirus, the better will England be pleased.

Egypt has of late years become so closely connected with the political system of Europe, that it is hardly possible to pass it by without some notice. There are not wanting persons who would fain see us once for all settle the question of our communications with India by landing troops at Cosseir and Suez, and by marching upon Cairo. Many now living will remember to have heard such sentiments from the mouth of one of the greatest of our Indian warriors, whose mind was continually disturbed by the fear of a French occupation of Egypt, and by the vision of an army of Fellahs, superior not only in discipline but in most other military virtues to the Sepoys. Who can forget the splendid prophecy in "Eöthen" of the day "when the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful?" We trust, however, that our rulers, who in less enlightened days than these were not tempted by the dazzling prize of Sicily, which was so nearly in their grasp, will not be



led astray by this apparently more desirable, but still more invidious acquisition. It will be, however, as necessary for us to enforce in this matter self-denial upon others as to practice it ourselves. It is difficult to look forward to any state of things, under which, if we continue to hold India, the freedom of transit through Egypt will not be of vital importance to this country, even although the railways of the future may restore much of the commerce of the East to the countries of Western Asia, and any attempt on the part of France to infringe that neutrality would probably be the signal for a desperate war. We do not, however, anticipate any thing of the kind. The same maxims of prudence and far-sightedness which are beginning so much to influence our policy, are slowly winning their way in France, and we think that it is not Quixotic to look forward to a time when she may be willing to coöperate with us, with a single eye to the prosperity of Egypt, and when we may be willing to avail ourselves of her coöperation undeterred by that distrust which we now feel, and which, although it is often just, is, we fear, not less often unreasonable. Turkish rule in Egypt what it is every where else; and to get rid of it, or to compel it so completely to change its character as to make it virtually cease to be Turkish, is absolutely necessary. No one can read the extracts from Mr. Senior's *Journal*, which are now being published in a monthly cotemporary, to say nothing of the even more remarkable original, which can not yet be given to the world, without praying that the system which barbarizes the Valley of the Nile may speedily come to an end. Egypt should be placed under some European ruler, who should carry out his reforms in the way which he thought best, but after a distinct understanding with the great powers, as to the objects which it was desirable to attain. It should be treated as one of the highways of commerce, and its neutrality should be guaranteed by solemn treaty. In the meantime, the more that can be done to prepare the way for this the better. The transit has done much. The annual influx of travelers is doing much, and the Suez Canal will, if the obstacles which impede its construction can be successfully and permanently overcome, do much also. It is true that all these have their dark side. Yet the brutality of ignorant young officers,

the occasional exactions or violence of privileged travelers, and the forced labor which the impudent speculators of the Canal Company vainly seek to conceal or gloss over, are not, after all, very enormous items to be set against the vast benefits which will accrue to the subjects of Ismail Pasha, if the interests of Europe once become so closely connected with theirs as to oblige the great nations of the West to insist, ere very long, that Egypt must be governed on European principles.

We have in the preceding pages pointed out several European arrangements which seem to require alteration. Let us now inquire how far England should interfere in any of these continental quarrels where she is not obliged to do so by distinct treaty engagements. It may be safely assumed that it is so desirable, not for Englishmen only, but for the general advancement of the human race, that this country should remain at peace, that the considerations whether of interest or duty urged in favor of any interference, not obligatory, ought to be of a most cogent description. We say advisedly, of interest or duty, for we are not of those who think this island has a right to take up the attitude of "a modern *Coreya*."

The doctrine of non-intervention, about which so much has been said, has no real claim to be called a doctrine at all. There are periods in history in which it is an excellent rule of conduct; and that in which we live is one of them. This generation has witnessed an outbreak of political passions as strong as the outbreak of religious passions which followed the Reformation. We have learnt to know well, what has been so aptly called "that friendship of political opinion, which sticketh closer than the brotherhood of citizenship;" and they must have attended but little to the teachings of their time, who do not see that we have more than once been on the verge of a great war of opinion. No one who knows the strength of the reactionary forces in almost all countries, and the imperfect organization which is to be set against the number and power of their opponents, should be anxious, if he be a friend to liberty, to precipitate a trial of strength; and so, on the whole, the feeling in favor of non-intervention has been useful to progress. To subscribe, however, to the opinion of those who preach it as a gospel, might be to cripple the action of this country at some moment when

it would exercise a decisive influence for good. Accordingly, we by no means put out of the question an armed voluntary interference in the affairs of continental Europe, if such interference is nearly certain to settle one of the great questions, to the general benefit of the political state-system in which our lot is cast.

Such occasions, however, must always be very rare, and all statesmen of liberal and progressive inclinations ought profoundly to distrust their own impulses to draw the sword. Reformers and Revolutionists are too apt to be born like Lammenais, "with repeaters in their heads, which are always striking the hour," and their teachings and exhortations must be scanned with a searching and somewhat skeptical glance by those upon whom falls the terrible responsibility of bidding a nation pass from thought to action.

Our chief dependence must be upon moral force reposing upon an adequate reserve of physical strength, to make it possible for us to resort without fear to the "last argument of kings." It is the fashion to sneer at our "moral force," but we can hardly see how any one can do so who knows the *dessous des cartes* of the Italian movement, to say nothing of what has recently passed in Greece, before the eyes of all the world. Our moral force is even now very great, but it is susceptible of almost indefinite extension. Every English *savant* who pushes on human knowledge; every English scholar who takes away our reproach of being in classical learning mere pupils of Germany; every English theologian who states fearlessly the conclusions of Biblical criticism; every English artist who shows that if we only apply ourselves earnestly to painting, or architecture, or sculpture, we can hold our own against others; every English manufacturer who produces goods which no foreigner can equal; every English merchant who opens new routes for trade; every English politician who throws over prejudice and looks at things as they are, ready to learn from the Continent as well as to teach it; every English author who enriches our literature; every English traveler who carries into foreign society a higher culture, or a loftier standard of right and wrong than he finds; every Englishman, in short, who makes himself respected by men of other nations—increases our moral force.

Our physical strength, whether consid-

ered absolutely or relatively to that of other European powers, has, we trust, by no means reached its *maximum*. All internal reforms, all increase of real enlightenment, all equitable settlements of outstanding political or social grievances, will tend to make it greater. The conciliation of Ireland would alone be worth fifty thousand additional troops in a really serious struggle.

The attention which has been given since the Crimean War to the health and comfort of our soldiers has already added several regiments to the army; and some obvious reforms which are now talked of will add several more. It is difficult to say what advantages we may not gain from bringing the knowledge of nature which is now possessed by our *savants* to bear on several departments of the nation's business. We doubt if there is one man in the present cabinet who has even a moderate acquaintance with any one of the natural sciences, excepting, of course, mathematics.

If the great reforms in Church and State which are desired by our really consequent Liberals are carried out in this generation, we may—without indulging in any dreams, or imagining that "here is the way to virtue and to wisdom" will be found written over "the evening gate of this century," any more than, in spite of Jean Paul, they turned out to be written over that of the last—confidently trust that England will maintain her proud European position for many a long day to come.

Unless, indeed, the conservative and reactionary forces in this country are far stronger than we believe them to be, there is every reason to hope, that the distance between us and other European nations will for some time continue to increase. Holland, the only considerable European State which can claim to rest her prosperity on the same ground as ourselves, the enlightenment and happiness of the people, is prevented by its size, by its language, and by the terrible physical difficulties with which it has to contend, from entering the lists as our rival. Prussia, at the head of a united Germany, might run a great career, but before her hegemony is assured, she has many a struggle to go through, and even if she could step to-morrow into her proper place, there is a bureaucracy to remodel, an army to reorganize, and fifty years of

leeway to make up in refinement and civilization. No Catholic power has any chance whatever, until she frankly accepts the advice conveyed in the words of the dying Cavour to Padre Giacomo: "Frate, Frate, libera Chiesa, in libero Stato!" Nor would she, even after the attainment of that desirable state of things, be at all in a position to compete with a nation whose Protestantism was free from the superstitious alloys which now too often mar its luster.

We are speaking of course only of the next few generations. A time may come when our great mineral resources will have been worked out, when every avail-

able acre of land will be cultivated, when our wise maxims of government, or others even wiser, will have become the guiding rules of all civilized nations, when many superstitions which are now respectable and powerful in foreign countries will have gone the way of the belief in witchcraft, when we shall have nothing to teach our neighbors either in physical or political science. At that far-off period, the scepter may pass to other hands; but if we only press forward now, every year gained upon our rivals before the end of the century will be ten years more of pre-eminence to Great Britain in the years to come.

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## THE INFLATED GIANT BALLOON.

THE latest novelty (at the Sydenham Crystal Palace) is the Géant balloon, with which M. Nadar and eight companions, at the end of last month, performed their perilous voyage from Paris to Nienburg, and which all but carried all the passengers to death's door. This leviathan of the ether now floats, fully inflated with atmospheric air, in the center transept, nearly filling the southern end; and over and above the interest it excites from the dangers through which it has passed, its enormous yet graceful proportions will attract general admiration. The novel car—which is, in fact, a small cottage in wicker-work, such as Robinson Crusoe would have counted almost a palace—is suspended from it, and round it are ranged the anchors, buffers, hoops, axes, and all the various rigging with which aéronauts provide themselves for the navigation of the heavens. The Géant is by far the largest balloon ever yet made. Its entire height, including the "compensator"—a small balloon under the large one, containing a reserve of condensed gas—and the car, is close upon two hundred feet, and when fully inflated it will contain 215,363 cubic feet of gas. By way of comparison, it may be remembered that the great Nassau balloon, in which Mr. Green made his famous voyage from Vauxhall to Weilburg, in Nassau, in 1836, only held eighty-

eight thousand cubic feet. For greater security it has two skins, both of white silk—the outer colored a yellowish white—of the finest quality, and of which more than twenty thousand yards were consumed in the manufacture. All the gores are entirely hand sewn, and the work occupied three hundred men and women for more than a month. M. Nadar tells us that the towers of Notre Dame would only overtop it by about forty-five feet; but perhaps we shall give the best idea of its magnitude to English readers by saying that it could not be got into one of Captain Fowke's great domes. It seems here almost to knock its head against the high roof of the center transept, and, looking at its vast bulk, one can imagine the mingled terror and wonder which seized the Hanoverian peasants when they saw the giant monster tearing through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, dashing down every thing before it, and apparently hurling its living freight away to certain destruction. It is easy to understand, too, how hard it must be to control this enormous body of gas so as to manage a safe descent, and novices in aéronautics may be permitted to doubt whether, until the valve machinery is improved, safe voyages can be performed by balloons of such a size. M. Nadar himself attributes the unfortunate issue of his last trip more to

the deficiency of the valves, which did not permit the gas to escape with sufficient rapidity, than to the failure of the anchors. The *Géant* is calculated to lift four and a half tons, but the utmost it actually has done is to raise thirty-five soldiers, who were crammed into the recesses of the car on the day of the last ascent from the Champ de Mars.

The car will, probably, be with many a chief object of interest, and it certainly is a great curiosity in its way. In its outside appearance it is not unlike, on a small scale, one of the caravans to be met with at the outskirts of country fairs or by the side of a gipsy encampment; and its interior may remind many of those singular sojourning places which shippers facetiously advertise as commodious saloon cabins. It is about fifteen feet long by twelve wide, and is partitioned off into a 'captain's cabin, with sleeping-berth, four small cabins with berth, washing-room, and printing and photographic operating rooms. It is fitted with wheels on movable axles, so that there may be no difficulty in the return, supposing a descent to be effected far from ordinary means of transport. There are windows and doors on each side, but after all there does not seem much room for nine people to turn in comfortably; and the sensation must have been something like being slung up to the top of one of Pickford's warehouses in a good-sized wine hamper. For those who prefer the open air there is the roof, with which a strong high bulwark running round makes a kind of airy terrace or quarter-deck. It was here that the whole party were huddled together in the last half-hour of their perilous journey, in

which they were whirled more than twenty miles, clinging for dear life to the cordage, bumped violently against the ground every two or three minutes, and expecting at every bound to be crushed to death. Our readers have no doubt perused with interest the vivid account of this perilous flight which we extracted from the foreign journals at the time, and M. Nadar, though still smarting, grows quite enthusiastic in relating their hair-breadth escapes. "*Après tout c'était beau*," he cries, as a soldier might sum up the compressed excitement of half an hour's hard fight. The balloon itself, though it frequently beat the earth with its head, does not show many signs of its wild career, beyond the rent which was made by the axe of the courageous Godard, and one or two others which it received in tearing through a forest. The car, which is strongly built of ash, rattans, and osiers, with internal stays of inflated india-rubber, is more seriously injured, and the side which was dragged so long along the ground, banged against trees, and finally burst through the telegraph wires, bears evident marks of its ill-treatment.

M. Nadar has accompanied the balloon to this country, but does not contemplate making any ascent with it here, at least for the present. In fact, he is still hardly able to move from the effects of his accident; and, moreover, before trying another voyage it will be necessary to make some improvements in the machinery of the balloon, particularly in the valves. An adventure like the last would not terminate so harmlessly in a thickly-populated country like England, as in the sandy plains of Hanover.—*Times*.

PHœNICIAN KEY TO ASSYRIAN RECORDS.—Sir Henry Rawlinson has made a discovery which promises to be of material assistance in reading the monumental records of Assyria. "I have found," he says, "that a considerable number of the contract tablets have a memorandum in the cursive Phœnician character scratched upon their margin, intended, as it would seem, to assist the Nineveh librarian in the arrangement of the documents. These Phœnician legends are rude and in many cases nearly illegible; but wherever I have been able to read them, I have found them to give the same names as are inscribed in the cuneiform character on the body of the tablet—the much-desired test of bilingual writing being thus at length obtained."

SHIPWRECKS IN FRANCE.—The *Courrier du Havre* says: "The maritime world was astonished at the number of 1160 disasters at sea during the first half of the month of November; that is, 230 total losses of vessels, and 930 accidents, more or less serious. It is now no longer astonishment, but stupefaction and consternation which we shall provoke, in announcing that for the first fortnight in December of this same year, 1863, we have to enumerate 1158 accidents of different kinds, including the wrecks of vessels more or less susceptible of recovery; 230 vessels irrevocably lost; 27 missing with all hands, their fate being unknown; and 13 fishing-boats completely wrecked; or a total of 1428 maritime disasters of all kinds."



From the Dublin University Magazine.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK IMAGINATION.

IN glancing at the generic type of the Greek head, antique and modern, the peculiarity which specially strikes the observer is the straightness of the profile, and the great breadth between the eyes, to which portion of the cranium phrenologists have assigned the organ of individuality and form—an organ, however, whose action reciprocates with the predominant faculties of the brain, of which it is a development; thus while the ancient Greeks were illustrious in art, of which form is the foundation, the modern race, whose blood is half Slavonic since the incoation of the fifth century, are now eminent for the calculating powers concomitant with their character for commercial enterprise and speculation. While the rude exercises of ancient Greece afforded its artists a perpetual study for statuistic art and painting, in which their characteristic organ of form found a natural field for exercise, it is no less marked in their literary compositions, logical and poetic; from both of which we may gather that the upper story of the Greek head, where the reflective, ideal, and imaginative faculties reside, exhibited a preponderance over the general observing, and that hence, in virtue of the excess of the organ referred to—although in philosophy, for example, the results were always symmetrical—their speculations not being based or conducted on the positive method, soon came to revolve in the same fruitless, metaphysical circle.

A sort of statuesque symmetry distinguishes the antique Greek mind in its best epoch. In the different orders of composition, prose and poetic, the action of the imagination seems always restrained by the principles of taste and art in the production of orderly forms. The structure of a Greek temple, a Greek drama, dialogue, or epigram, in their simple majesty and restrained beauty, have all a reciprocal resemblance. It is the earlier poets only whose genius evinces an affinity to the unchecked luxuriance and extravagance of Asian imagination.

Whether the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were the work of one or several rhapsodists, is a question which must now for ever escape decision. What we, at this distance of time, dealing with a composition in a dead language, recognize as unity of style and manner favors the first supposition; the number of anachronisms and contradictions which Müller has detected—such as Ulysses dining three times the same day, with Agamemnon, Achilles, and Diomedes—the second. There seems, however, good grounds for supposing, despite the similarity of ballad style which the successive members of generations of Ionian Aoidoi may have attained, that the "Iliad," at least, is the composition of a single national poet, who, culling his materials from the popular songs, traditional and written, in which the characters and events of the great war waged by the Greek States with the Babylonian satraps of the Northern Asian mainland, were vaguely conserved, reduced them to order, turned them to shape, animating the details by his genius—at the same time painting the life of his day, just as Shakespeare dealt with the early theatrical literature of England. Such mistakes and absurdities as those alluded to might easily have escaped the author of so long a composition—add to which that passages may have been omitted or altered during the transcription of the poem which occurred throughout the many centuries before Lycurgus carried it to Greece. Homer possessed the strongest order of imagination—the objective imagination for character and action. He is not an artist, but a great natural story-teller, evincing alternately the simplicity—the fire and enthusiasm of the poetic character. To his mind the subject of the seven years' siege was endless and inexhaustible; but while he exhibits the Greek organ of order and form in the connection and keeping of his story, which is as varied, yet as uniform, as a line of battle, or sacrificial procession on a temple pediment, it is only occasionally that the occurrence he details

seizes on his heart and imagination in a transcendent degree, and that the traits he embodies are everlastingly reflections of nature, true as the shadow of a pine-plumed mountain on still water—of a noble tumult of morning vapors—of the evening star looking from the clouds of the west, mirrored in the placid ocean. Such are the scenes between Hector and his wife, the battle scene after the death of Patroclus, that where Helen passes by the old men to view the day's war from the battlements, where Priam comes to beg the corpse of Hector from Achilles, etc. Homer's imagination, indeed, gives as much animation to his entire poem as the connective details of one so long admit of. "He sleeps sometimes," as Horace says. His dull repetitions are the simple resource of a mind dominated by a sense of form, and thus endeavoring to give unity to his endless song; while its higher exercise is displayed in the grand consistency of lines in which his characters are drawn, all whose developments are true to their ideal.

The conceptions of the imagination of Æschylus are remarkable for a sort of colossal sublimity and power resembling the poetry of the Book of Job; and those poems of his, none of which is a complete drama, but which embody a connected story, may be said to resemble the stupendous avenues of the temple of Elora—with the vast scenes and vistas, its strange, daring, though rude, sculptures, its awful shadowy impending horrors. Like the architecture, the poems, too, seem hewn out of some massy region of mountain rock. Æschylus appears as an austere poet-soul, brooding among the grand, awful, and terrible myths which have floated from a primeval world, in which traditions of the deluge, of the early rudimental struggle between barbaric power and nascent civilization, were still vital. The drama which he originated was regarded by his cotemporaries as a religious ceremonial; and by them their gods, ghosts, furies, and *dramatis personæ* were looked upon as existences absolute and historic. It is strange to consider the condition of the old Greek mind, and the influences by which its imagination was affected in this epoch, when Strength and Force were supposed to have a spiritual personality; when the Titans had still a life in the earthquakes; when the old god of the ocean was supposed to have a

visible existence; when the Gorgons were believed in as firmly as witches in Elizabeth's time; when the awful realm of the dead, with its ministers and shadowy multitudes, extended under the ground the people trod; when the volcano had its deity, the woods, mountains, rivers, the seasons and passions, each its presiding one. The object of Æschylus was to inspire his audiences with terror, hence he selects the gloomiest passages of mythic and heroic history, and crowds his poetry with fearful, sublime, and beautiful images; his thoughts and language are not unfrequently bombastic; and in the choice of themes, and in the elevation and irregular fire of his genius, he bears a close resemblance to the originator of the English drama—Marlowe. The "Prometheus," from which Milton possibly derived his idea of Satan, is his finest play, both in its scenes and its ideal. Prometheus represents the first human civilizer and savior; and his contest with, and overthrow, and tortures by Jupiter, the combat between the brute force of a savage world and intelligence. Like Satan, his speeches breath alternately the deepest anguish and the most unshaken intrepidity; and nothing can be more sublime than the last scene, in which, while the frame of the world is being convulsed, and earth, torn asunder, is opening to launch him into the tortuous abysses of Tartarus, he utters his defiance to the king of brute power, and triumphing in the consciousness of immortal being, appeals to the sun—the principle of light—to witness the wrongs he suffers, etc. There are some beautiful traits of description in his soliloquies, and some of the chorusses are full of imagination. The whole play, however, has an uncouth primeval air;—what prodigious geography appears in his prophecy of the wanderings of Io, in which all quarters of the world are jostled in juxtaposition. In the poetry of Æschylus may be noted the unconscious conception and art of a great imaginative soul, as in Shakspeare.

"Æschylus does what is right without knowing it," said Sophocles. Thus his greatest drama, like all his highest poetry, was the result of the tranced insight of the imagination, rather than the principles of art. The other dramatists, Sophocles and Euripides, produced tragedies; but the Prometheus is tragedy itself, as Schlegel remarks. Sophocles, indeed, whose criti-

cal spirit is strongly marked in his creative efforts, displays a fine power of rendering imaginative nature, but the turn of his genius was less to the terrible than the beautiful and pathetic. His imagination always energized under the direction of art, and none of the Greek dramatists have displayed so noble and graceful a union of these relative powers and principles. He is always thinking of making his subject ideally perfect, addressing himself to the finest minds in the community, and never deviating into an attempt to attract popular applause by lowering his genius to his audience—a respect in which he differs widely from Euripides—ever on the *qui vive* to introduce wise, beautiful, and brilliant thoughts into his dramas, to the loss of imagination, conception, and nature.

The nearest approach to the strong poetic power of Æschylus, as regards description, image, exaltation, and a sort of primeval Asiatic intensity, is to be found in Pindar, several of whose odes, despite the want of arrangement, subordination of parts, etc., which they display, are magnificent bursts of eulogistic poetry, embodiments of the full force of a fiery spirit dealing with a class of themes which required all the resources of his mind to acquire animation and variety, while their images, metaphors, and language generally, are highly imaginative. Several of these may truly be compared to the singing flames of Dante. Horace has announced the impossibility of reflecting the metres of Pindar in Latin, and from the arbitrary nature of his imaginative images, and the poetic combinations of words which gave such originality to his diction, it is alike difficult to convey an impress of this poetry in any language. So also, from the same cause, it now is with respect to Aristophanes.

For versatile beauty and natural grace, the fancies of Anacreon—for, unlike his nearest modern parallel, Herrick, he seems to have been devoid of imagination—are incomparable in their order. His fancy plays with the various themes which present themselves to his mind or sight—a rose, a dream, a pigeon or grasshopper, a drinking-goblet, a medal, with an image of Venus, a spring day—with the airy ease of a zephyr sporting with a laurel leaf in the sunshine. Nothing can be more simply symmetrical and charming than those little songs and effusions which the poet would seem to have written, soft-

ly laughing, stretched in some grape-shadowed cavern or bower of a summer noon. Of Anacreon, no passable translation exists; and the best way to realize the natural beauty of the original would be to render his songs as literally as possible, in their seven-footed, unrhymed lines.

Sappho appears to have had a fine imagination for the sensibilities and feelings—the amatory chiefly. At present few specimens of her writing exist; the celebrated ode, however, which Horace and Catullus have imitated, was, perhaps, one of her most perfect emotive efforts; though whether those were the verses which that exquisite judge, Pericles, said “he would not be content to die until he had committed to memory,” it is now impossible to say. We are inclined to think, that from the passionate, subjective style of her best poetry, Sappho was a sort of female Byron of antiquity, whose verses are marked, however, by more nature and the exquisite natural grace so peculiar to the Greek intellect in all branches of art—whether manifested in the grouping of statuary, the moulding of a vase, or the setting of a thought.

The sense of beauty, which is the basal element of the idyllic, and even elegiac genius, was eminently possessed by Theocritus, whose imagination brooded not in the mythical past of the dramatist, with gods, ghosts, heroes, and heroines, or the heroism of Olympic contest, but with the simple rural life of pastoral society in his own day. The fancies he puts into the mouths of his shepherds and shepherdesses are delightfully natural, and in many places his painting of scenery is distinguished by picturesque selection, truth of tone and color; but, like all the Greeks, his orderly sense of beauty in this respect was extremely narrow—his selection of objects limited; nor were the latter drawn in the ideal or emotional relations. The landscape of Theocritus, with its open green plains, group of pines, fountain, cave, and bed of flowers, is not more extended than that of Homer. For correspondence between sound and sense, however, the diction, in which he expresses the murmuring of his streams, the whispering of his pines, and buzzing of his summer bees, etc., is unequaled—a merit due in a great degree to the various music of the wonderful Greek tongue. Lines and passages also, conveying such impressions (origi-

nally taken off in some happy moment of sensuous imagination) he is fond of repeating; such marvels of music being impossible to be surpassed. Wherever a picturesque imagination, such as that of Theocritus, exists, it is capable of higher themes than the erotic eclogue or elegy, an evidence of which we have in his heroic idyls, in which he displays an elevation as little anticipated from the general tenor of his poesy as that said to have been exhibited by the soft, rich, diffusive genius of Ovid in his tragedy of "Medea." Theocritus having exhausted the themes of pastoral life, and such series of pictures and images as are recognizable by the antique mind, left little for Virgil to do but eclecticize his beauties, and render them in the ivory beauty and mild splendor of his Latin verse.

As the themes of Plato were philosophic, etc., the vast imagination which he possessed energized in the exhaustless speculative sphere of ideality, not in drama or picture, passionate or objective; and had thus no other scope for display than in the sublimity and brightness of his thoughts and images, and the oceanic beauty and majesty of his style. His was the imagination for thought—for endless excursion into the domain of combinative ideas. The most glorious monuments of this power are the *Phædo* and *Banquet*; the latter, the most beautiful effort of his spirit which has reached us, remains the noblest and most perfect dissertation in literature; never were philosophy and poetry so marvelously allied. Even the followers of his school seem to have inherited in a degree this fine, imaginative

faculty of their master, such as Porphyry, Plotinus, and Iamblicus, whose phantast genius has eliminated conceptions and ideas not a few, which for mystical sublimity resemble the remote splendid meditations of Sir Thomas Brown.

Long after the works of the great age of Greek intellect had assumed an eternal unapproachable prominence, throned in the empyrean of time; and in the second and third centuries, the imagination of Greek writers, though incapable of approximating, as far as poetic conceptions were concerned, tragic and comic, to that of their mighty forerunners, was, nevertheless, still remarkable for its vigorous inventive power. This, of course, is chiefly evidenced in the romancists, Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius, who display great versatility of fancy in dramatic incidentation, with considerable power of objective painting, and the latter exhibits no little knowledge of passion and feeling. But both those works of the later Greek mind—the materials of which were, perhaps, derived from the Milesian tales—are surpassed by the *Pastoral* of Longus, which for original invention, variety of incident, diverse and charming scenic painting, for fine keeping of tone and the delightful naïveté—a little exaggerated for artistic purposes—with which it is written, still remains unapproached—the first, as it still is the most beautiful essay of romantic pastoral genius. This, with the exception of the charming legend of *Cupid and Psyche*, in Apuleius, is the last literary work of antiquity in which this exquisitely characteristic symmetry of the Greek intellect is manifested.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## A D O O M E D P E O P L E .

THERE is a certain group of islands in the North Pacific the approach to which is perhaps as beautiful as mariner ever beheld. The first objects he discerns are two magnificent mountain-peaks capped with perpetual snow, and contrasting grandly with the blue of the tropic sky.

"A rude and irregular outline of high lands then presents itself; and on the north side are seen, on a nearer view, the dark forests which clothe the lower region of the mountains; while giddy precipices front the sea, of from one thousand to three thousand feet in perpendicular



height, against whose walls the waves beat, and surge, and thunder through the caverns which they have hollowed for themselves in their ceaseless war. In some places, streams which have united their waters on their way, rush together over one of these palis, or precipices, into the ocean. Still nearer, the white foam is seen pouring in sheets over coral reefs, of which there is sometimes an outer and inner ridge."

These islands are all lofty, with elevations from one thousand to four thousand feet above the sea. Once through the reefs, or anchored in a leeward roadstead, scenes of gentler beauty are discovered—"pleasant bays, with sandy shores, a native village, often with its small chapel, and generally with its school, sheltered by groves of palms and cocoa-nut, and the deeper green of the bread-fruit tree; rivers running to the sea, down some of whose cascades the native girls and youths cast themselves with laughter, and take a bath which must exceed any douche ever experienced at the severest of our water-cure establishments. At the mountain foot grassy plains meet the forest, roamed over by herds of cattle, which, in many instances, have become wild." These beautiful islands are but domes that roof in seas of fire. In one of them is the largest active crater in the world. The dimensions of another, which has not given any dread signs of vitality within the recollection or tradition of man, is nine miles in diameter, and two thousand feet in depth. In another extinct crater lies a salt-lake a mile in circumference, but whose average depth is but eighteen inches, and its elevation above the ocean only a few feet. Upon this, at certain seasons, a crust of salt forms so abundantly as to bear the weight of a man; the level of the pool is affected by the tides, which appear to act through some hole that exists in its center, to which no bottom can be found. Earth and sea play weird and wondrous antics around these isles. Ships sometimes feel a blow from beneath while traversing midmost ocean, as though they struck on ground. Marine geysers not unfrequently occur, in the neighborhood of which the water is scalding hot. During the present century, not only have water-spouts burst upon these island shores, but the sea has, no less than three times, receded and gathered itself up into one overwhelming wave, to rush back on the

land and sweep before it houses, canoes, and trees, and human beings. The inhabitants were following the retreating waters full of delight, (picking up the stranded fish,) when suddenly they rose like a steep wall, "its height being twenty feet above high-water mark," and "rushed towards the shore with a noise like thunder." These awful visitations are not the fatal calamities in these enchanted isles that they would be elsewhere. To the islanders, male and female, grown folks and children, the sea is their native element, and drowning a death unknown. They go

"All naked to the hungry shark,"

but not to die; only to evade and taunt him; and finally to slay him with their daggers. In this land of wonders the people are not less singular than the scenes which they inhabit. "The biography of the nation is so circumscribed, that its story from its pre-historic period to the present time embraces scarcely more than eighty years; yet so extraordinary is the aptitude of the people for civilization, that from a state of savageness and idolatry they have already attained to a government which, youthful as it is, will bear comparison with those of the best ruled states of Europe."

In 1779 Captain Cook first landed on these islands, to meet his death (with the manner of which we are all more or less acquainted) at the hands of naked barbarians, and in 1860 we have this account of their chief city:\*

"The central portion of the town consists of regularly laid out streets, many of the houses standing within gardens. There are two stone churches belonging to the American Congregationalists—a native church, and the Roman Catholic cathedral. A distinguishing feature of Honolulu is, that this large town is built without a single chimney—a cheerful city, under its brilliant, unclouded sky; the blue sea spreading at its feet, with a silvery line of breakers on the distant reef. The masts of shipping in the port rise into view, the spreading roofs of the houses and stores; the flags on the fort and at the consulates flutter in the fanning breeze;

\* *Hawaii: an Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands.* By MANLEY HOPKINS, Hawaiian Consul-General. Longmans.

and the sound of hammers—welcome indication and type of industry—comes from the ship-yards of the harbor. People of all nations are meeting in the wide streets; English, American, French, German, Chinese, South Polynesians, are represented here, busy with commerce, with politics, with dinner at the very excellent hotels, or in that rest-inviting climate, busy doing nothing. The Queen's Hospital is to be visited; or a salute from the battery on Punch-bowl Hill announces that a foreign man-of-war—in the neater American form, a national ship—has arrived. Numbers of Hawaiians, more or less in European dress, fill the streets, giving a smile, and the cheerful aloha or greeting as they pass you."

The Royal Hawaiian Theater is open this evening, and brilliant theatrical stars are announced; though, like those of the Southern Cross, they are unknown in our northern hemisphere. The Equestrian Circus also invites to its new and amazing "acts;" and it will not be left empty by a people devoted to horse-flesh, and among whom that animal is so plentiful that a mare and two fillies have been actually sold for a quarter of a dollar, or one shilling sterling! The full particulars of these amusements may be ascertained by consulting the advertisement-sheet of the *Polynesian*, the government official organ—a paper of many years standing—published weekly. There are three other newspapers published in English, two of which are devoted to the interests of the American missionaries; and there are two in the vernacular, the *Hae Hawaii*, weekly, and the *Hokuloa*, monthly. Perhaps if the visitor be fortunate, he may catch a glimpse of Emma, Queen of Hawaii, in an open carriage—from Longacre—preceded by outriders, and followed by King Kamehameha IV. on horseback, attired as a field-marshal. His usual court-dress is, however, the Windsor uniform. The royal palace is tastefully ornamented after the European fashion, and possesses, among other things, a very beautiful billiard-table!

Of the rapidity of the progress of civilization there is certainly no other such example as is here presented. Some such spot as the Sandwich Islands the poet has described very graphically, and with scarce any touch of exaggeration, in the well-known lines:

"Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming  
bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole  
year of flowers;  
Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fond a delay,  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day;  
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that  
we live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can  
give."

But even the imagination of Mr. Thomas Moore never added to all these delights the charms of a billiard-table!

The monarchy of Hawaii, which comprehends that of the other islands which make up the Sandwich group, is hereditary. The second person in the kingdom is called the Premier, and is always of the female sex. The administration is distributed in three portfolios—those of the Interior, Foreign Relations, and Finance. The government is really paternal. Education has been more diffused—has embraced a larger proportion of the population—in the Sandwich Islands than it has ever done in Great Britain, in Prussia, or in New England. This last most singular fact is of course owing to missionary enterprise; but the emancipation of the islanders from idolatry appears to have been their own voluntary act, and forms one of the most extraordinary national episodes on record. The principal originators of the movement were the two dowager-queens, the young King Liholiho, (at that time a very Prince Hal for wild dissipation,) and—strange to say—the high-priest Hewahewa! The women and the priest were very determined, but the king, although yielding to them, was alarmed at his own impiety, and *put to sea* to avoid the consequences thereof. He returned, however, in a few days, and finished the work already begun. He broke various superstitious "taboos," which had been a long time abhorrent to the whole nation; among others, a very ungallant one that separated the gentlemen from the ladies at meals. "A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the king's. When all were in their seats, he deliberately arose, walked to the place reserved for the women, and seated

himself among them. To complete the horror of the adherents of paganism, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing the women to do likewise; but he ate with a restraint which showed that he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and of habitual repugnance. This act, however, was sufficient; the highest had set an example, which all rejoiced to follow. The joyful shout arose—"The taboo is broken! the taboo is broken!" Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged; orders were issued to demolish the idols; temples, images, sacred property, and the relics of ages were consumed in the flames. The high-priest, Hewahewa, having resigned his office, was the first to apply the torch. Without this coöperation, the attempt to destroy the old system would have been ineffectual. Numbers of his profession, joining in the enthusiasm, followed his example. Idolatry was for ever abolished by law, and the smoke of heathen sanctuaries arose from Hawaii to Kanai. All the islands uniting in a jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion."

No less than forty thousand idols were destroyed on this occasion, and as many more left contemptuously to decay. Such a revolution, however, was not to be accomplished without opposition. A civil war arose, and when the military champions of orthodoxy were overthrown, its ecclesiastical supporters still held their own, and continued to do so even after Christianity had taken the place of skepticism. "In the vast and wild region, occupied by the great mountain, Monna Loa, its summit idented with a gigantic crater, its sides rent with other openings, through which at times the liquid fire flows, the priests of Pele, the dreadful deity of the volcano, lived in an almost inaccessible seclusion. . . . The ancient worship clung there, nursed by groanings and utterances of the tormented mountain, rocked by the fierce, wild winds and storms, sheltered by clouds and mists, lighted by sudden spectral fires, and terrified by quakings and rendings of the soil." Even to educated Europeans, this spot is terrible enough. A Mr. Hill and his companions visited the place, and thus report of it:

"We looked into the crater, which

nothing could exceed in frightful desolation. Its form is oval, having the length of three miles and a half, and a breadth of two miles and a half, giving a circumference of nine miles. Its height above the sea-level is about six thousand feet. Within, two high black cones rose in the midst of a rude plain of black and pink colored lava, rocky substances being thrown up into hills of no mean dimensions. Around the cones lay a lake of liquid fire, which appeared ready to overflow the cool beds forming the more even part of the lava plain. A curious fibrous substance, resembling threads of flax, but brittle as glass, is found adhering to the bushes around the banks of the crater. In many places it covers the shrubs like cobwebs. *Pele's* hair is the appropriate name given to these fibers found so near the dwelling of that most dread divinity."

Yet even hither did Kapiolani, a converted chiefess, dare to penetrate in 1825, and against the threats and vaticinations of the assembled priests, and against traditions which, till that time, formed a part of her own nature, exhibited the courage of a Christian woman. "She invaded the fiery sanctum of the goddess, ate the sacred berries, and cast them into the heaving lava; and having there praised God aloud, amidst the most stupendous instances of his power, she reascended to reprove the idolatry of the amazed worshippers of Pele, and to urge them to forsake it." Nor were the terrors this woman dared imaginary only, for no less than four hundred persons, the wives and children belonging to a native army, had perished in a moment near that dreadful spot. The rest of the troops imagined they had but halted—"some of them apparently sleeping on the ground, whilst others were sitting upright, with their children embraced in their arms, or pressing their faces together in their usual manner of salutation. They spoke to them, but there was no reply; they touched them, but there was no motion: they were in the camp of death. Every human being of those four hundred was stiff and lifeless, killed by the mephitic vapors that issued from the mountain!"

Captain Cook had arrived at Hawaii a year or two before this catastrophe, and was welcomed by the simple islanders as a god—their own god, Lono, the Hawaiian Hercules, whose arrival had been promised from generation to generation.

"Heralds announced his approach, and opened the way for him through the crowds that thronged him. Those among the people who were more fearful, peeped at him from the houses, from behind stone walls, and from the tops of trees. As he moved, the assemblage covered their faces, and those nearest to him prostrated themselves on the earth in the deepest humility. As soon as Lono had passed, the people sprang up erect, and uncovered their faces, and some among them not being rapid in their movements, got trodden down by the advancing crowd. The evolution of prostration and erection was found at last so inconvenient, and to require so unwonted an agility, that the practical-minded people found that they could best meet the case by going permanently on their hands and feet; and so, at last, the procession changed a good deal in character and appearance, and ten thousand men and women, having little else on them than their nudity, were seen pursuing or flying from Captain Cook on all-fours."

In return for this, the famous navigator behaved in a very unhandsome manner; he permitted his crew to indulge in every license, and at last fell a victim to a not unnatural act of retribution. His men had fired upon and shot a native while he himself was on shore. The account given by the Hawaiians narrates that "when the crowd which was about Cook and the king, Kalaniopuu, heard of the death of Kahniu, the chief who was shot in the canoe, it became clamorous for revenge; and one of the people, with a short dagger in his hand, approached the captain, who, fearing danger, fired his gun at him. A general contest began, and Cook struck a chief named Kalaimano-Kahoo-waha with his sword. This powerful warrior seized him with one hand to hold him, not with any idea of taking his life, for, supposing him to be the god Lono, he believed him incapable of death. Cook, being about to fall, cried out, which dispelled the chief's belief in his divinity, and he therefore killed him. The seamen in the boat fired on the natives, many of whom were cut down, and guns were discharged from the ship, by which more of the people were killed. The king then fled inland to the precipice with his chiefs and people, taking with them the bodies of Cook and four of his slain companions. The king presented Cook's body in sacrifice. The flesh was afterwards removed from the bones in

order to preserve them, and the flesh was consumed with fire. Three children, whose names are known, found the heart, and mistaking it for that of a dog, ate it. Some of Cook's remains were returned to the ship; the rest were retained by the priests, and worshiped."

Vancouver seems to have been a man infinitely superior to Cook, and his memory is held dear among the islanders to this very day. In token of their king's great love for him, he was intrusted with the royal war-cloak, pierced with spear-holes, as a present for George III. "A bird inhabits the mountainous parts of the islands having under each wing a single feather of yellow color, one inch in length. The birds were caught by means of a viscous substance smeared on poles, and the two precious feathers were secured. Of such feathers alone was the *mamo*, or war-cloak, of Kaméhaméha composed. This invaluable mantle was four feet long, and eleven feet and a half in width at the bottom. Its formation occupied nine successive reigns." When this Kaméhaméha died, there perished a king who, in his limited sphere, was worthy to be ranked with Alfred or Peter the Great. It was his boast that no man had suffered injustice beneath his rule. The whole nation mourned for him as for a father. As soon as he had drawn his last breath, a consultation of the chiefs was held in the chamber of death, and one of them, in the agony of his grief, proposed that they should eat the deceased monarch—raw! This method of testifying respect was rejected, but its proposition evidences how far even the Hawaiian court must at that time (1819) have been removed from good-manners.

In the next reign, however, civilization made astonishing strides. While yet a young man, the king and his favorite wife visited England, with the most unhappy results. On reaching London, they occupied apartments at Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi. "Their time was occupied in sight-seeing and receiving visits. The nobility showed them many attentions; their likenesses were found in the picture-shops; they dined, they traveled, they saw sights; in fact, they lived in a whirl of engagements and excitements, which a delicate London girl might bear, but which was destructive to the robust denizens of the Pacific. Before an opportunity took place for an introduction of the king and



queen to George IV., one of Liholiho's household was attacked by the measles. Next day, the king sickened, and by the end of a week, the whole party were suffering from the same malady. The queen became seriously ill. She was attended by Sir Henry Halford, Dr. Ley, Dr. Holland, and Mr. Peregrine; but, in spite of every care, the original disease degenerated into inflammation of the lungs. The chief, Boki, and two more of the suite, recovered rapidly; the king, too, made some progress, and, on the fourth of July, was able to give audience to the newly-appointed English consul to his kingdom. On the eighth of July, the interesting queen, Kamamalu, was seen to be sinking. Her parting with Liholiho was very touching. All that her sorrowful soul had prophesied when she bade farewell to her native shore, had come to pass: she was dying—far from her land and her beloved country. The royal pair held one another in a long last embrace, their tears flowing unrestrained. In the evening the queen died. The king is described as standing by the lifeless body, and apparently receiving some comfort from the new religion, of which he had been but a partial scholar. Lifting upward his eyes, he exclaimed: "She has gone to heaven!"

The poor king himself was so depressed at this event, that the partial recovery he had himself made was lost, and he too sank. The bodies lay in state in that London inn, after the Hawaiian fashion, with the room hung with feathered tippets. Their remains were carried back to Honolulu, and received with the most poignant grief by their subjects. Old warriors wept like children, and "the air was filled with such lamentation, that it almost drowned the roar of the surf," notwithstanding that the Hawaiian language is so soft as "rather to be compared to the warbling of birds than human speech."

There is not a more interesting people under heaven than these children of the Pacific; they have an æsthetic love of the beautiful beyond what is found in the most highly-cultivated circles. Some three years ago, there landed on the wharf at Honolulu a beautiful stranger, the native of another island of the group. "This Aphrodite stepping on shore from the lapping waters was instantly recognized as superlatively beautiful. She was immediately surrounded by unaffected ad-

mirers, each of whom, in his unsophisticated adoration, saluted her with his lips. Never was a first-born child more 'petted with sallies of his mother's kisses.' The news of her arrival spread like wild-fire. Men left their anvil and their *poi*, and crowded round the lovely stranger. She stood there like the moon within a colored halo—only the halo pressed rather close, and came near stifling her. The police were obliged to interfere; and even then a fate like that of the late Miss Verey, who was looked to death by admirers, became imminent, when the happy thought occurred to the chief constable, or (but we hope not) to the lady herself, of placing a tariff on her ruby lips of a quarter of a dollar for each salute. The money was cheerfully paid, but the pull against the public had gradually the desired effect, and the beautiful stranger in a few hours was released." The whole Hawaiian race are brave, and kind, and beautiful, and lastly—which enlists our sympathy more than all—they are doomed to disappear from the face of the earth. In no country is greater safety to person and property; crime is almost unknown among them, with one sad exception—that of infanticide. The mothers are idle, they dislike the trouble of bringing up families, and they desire above all things to preserve their charms, which the nursing of children diminishes. They are very far from cruel.

Taking the lowest estimate of the population at the time of Cook's discovery of the islands, the native race has diminished to *one third* in the last eighty years. They are very licentious, and new elements of destruction have certainly been introduced by their European visitors; but even had this not been the case, it is the opinion of Mr. Hopkins, the Hawaiian consul-general, that they would still have been a doomed nation. The inhabitants of the whole of the Polynesian group wither and die while the white man flourishes, but the depopulation of the Sandwich Islands increases with fearful rapidity. Less than a fourth part of the population of one district is under the age of eighteen; whereas in England the proportion of those under twenty to those above twenty, is as nine and a half to eleven and a half. The rising generation is in the ratio of but half a child to each couple of grown men and women; and the population of the whole group does

not now exceed seventy thousand. It is sad to think that a few generations hence, such a people as Mr. Hopkins has described shall have "faded away like a

beautiful dream" from their island homes. But even now, as we read *Hawaii*, it seems more like a fairy tale than the biography of a nation.

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From the London Society Magazine.

## TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

NEW-YEARS' Days are the milestones on the journey of life. What a weary journey it would be without those milestones! The traveler over the waste of time would be like a mariner on a trackless sea without rudder or compass—a castaway! Just imagine mankind without a calendar—seasons following seasons, and years gliding into years without a resting-place from which to look back upon the past, and forward into the future. I do not know how we can realize this except upon some desert journey, where there are no landmarks to tell us how far we have traveled, and how many weary miles yet lie beyond. He who has traveled such a road can tell how long the miles appear, how heavily the time hangs; how weary become the feet! As you trudge onward, seeing nothing to give you assurance that you are nearing the goal, your heart sinks for want of hope. You do not know how far you have come; you can not guess how far you have yet to go. Oh! for a stone or post to tell you that you have accomplished some definite portion of your journey, if it be only one single mile; for then you know the extent of your toil. At such landmarks you sit you down, as on an oasis, and bathe your wayworn feet, and dry your tears, and rise refreshed and strengthened for the next stage on your journey. How infinite is the mercy of Heaven in adapting times and seasons to man's estate and condition! Let us suppose a sudden change, and that the earth occupied two years in revolving round the sun—that the four seasons were doubled in length. How the tedium of opening spring would provoke us! how the glory of summer would pall upon us! how the lingering promise of autumn would make

the heart sick! and how terrible would be the dread of the coming winter! But to realize this more forcibly, let us imagine a day of forty-eight hours—twenty-four hours of day, and the same number of night. As it is, many of us talk of killing Time. But in such a case, would not all mankind be in league to put an end to him once and for ever? So intolerable does the bare idea of such an arrangement appear, that the order of things in the inhabited regions near the poles may almost be regarded as a defect in the Great Scheme. These regions are apt to give us the idea of out-houses attached to the Great Building which were never intended to be inhabited except by reindeer and bears. Tell a fashionable cockney of a place where they never draw down the blinds and light the lamps for five months and he will faint. Perhaps the seven months when the blinds are permanently drawn down, and the lamps are always burning, would suit him better; but he would get tired even of that. The fool's paradise of eternal night-revels would be a pandemonium. Nature has set us an example in the ordering of seasons, and the marking of time, which we have followed in our own small way by instituting minor subdivisions. It may be said, God made years and days, and man made hours, minutes, and seconds. It is well that the plan has been thus artificially extended, for we stand in need of the most frequent reminders of the flight of time. Without these bells of warning, clashing for ever around us, the sands of life would steal away like a thief, robbing us of many wholesome seasons of thought and sober reflection. But we take small note of these minor warnings. *Carpe diem* is a maxim little

heeded. A miserly maxim. As if a day were of any account! A youth with many years in store for him throws away a day as a rich man throws away a guinea. "There are plenty more. The sun will rise to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and my purse will fill with days as fast as it is emptied." Weeks! what do they mark but a brief period in our course of toil or pleasure? Months! Do we not sometimes forget whether it is August or September? Years! But here we pause. Days, weeks, months, may preach to us in vain, but years will make us hold and listen—especially when we have turned thirty. Before that age most young men are proud of the fact that they are growing older. They hear their seniors prate of their age and experience, and they envy age and experience as, at another period of their existence, they envied whiskers and tail-coats. But when thirty years are passed, and the figures are rapidly leading on to two-score, a man becomes as unwilling—aye, as unwilling as any woman—to confess that he is as old as he really is. He would like to be thought younger—he would like to be younger.

This is about the time of life when men begin to exclaim

"Eheu fugaces anni labuntur!"

It has been but a line from Horace hitherto, something to scan, something to quote to show off your Latinity. But now it is a stern, inexorable voice, challenging you on the threshold of a new year. You have serious thoughts now; you are wise now—now that half of your three-score is gone. Why were you not serious, why were you not wise before, when you were one-and-twenty, entering upon manhood and life, ten years ago? "Fool, fool, fool! If I had had such thoughts then as I have now, what might I not have accomplished ere this?" Well, it is no use biting your lips, and stamping your foot. It is a true and wholesome proverb which says you can not put an old head upon young shoulders. There is no fitness in the thing: man must have time to develop his head, as a cabbage must have time to develop its heart. I for one do not believe in William Pitt, prime minister at twenty-three. He might have been as learned as Bacon, but what could he have known of the philosophy of life? How could he have known that which he

never saw? Solomon was not wise because he read books.

According to my experience of life, derived from observation, and the perusal with the keenest interest of many biographies, "thirty" is the golden number in the years of a man's life. This is the middle mile-stone upon which he rests to survey the past and contemplate the future. Woe to him who does not rest and think now! for at this time the mind is more candid and the heart more open to the touch of truth and tenderness than it ever will be again, until, perhaps, the day when there is no hope left. If you look around in your society, and mark the men who have passed the Rubicon of forty-five or fifty, still retaining health and strength, you will find that the *fugaces anni* trouble them little. Men at this age think less of death than youths of half their years. They seem to look upon the midway of their age as the crisis of a disease, and that when they have passed this bridge they have got over the worst. I remember, when I first began to think seriously of the fleeting years, asking a boisterous old gentleman if the thought of his narrowing span ever troubled him. I can recall our brief colloquy word for word.

"Ever trouble me! not in the least; not half so much as when I was your age."

"But," I said, "does it never occur to you that your time is getting very short, and that you must go some day soon?"

"Not at all," said he; "I am strong and hearty, and I feel to have just as good a prospect of life as ever I had. When I was twenty I thought I should die before I came of age. Now I am sixty-three, I see no reason why I should n't live to be a hundred."

I know my friend well, and I am not going to hold him up as an awful example, for that would be to mistake his case altogether. He is not a man hardened in sin, but a man hardened in years. He has got used to living, and thinks he will live on indefinitely just the same, as a man used to wealth thinks he will always have turtle and champagne for dinner. I don't say that this is not a comfortable state of feeling to arrive at, so as you carry with you a pure heart and a clear conscience; but I think you miss the lesson which chasteneth a man to most profit, and teacheth him most fully the philosophy of life, if you escape over the bridge

of mid-life without passing through the valley of the shadow of serious thoughts.

Age does not alone blanch the hair and wrinkle the cheek. I will not say it hardens the heart, but it dulls the feelings and blunts the sensibilities. Neither very young nor very old people feel the loss of friends so keenly as do persons of middle age. The young are too buoyant of spirit to be deeply touched by grief: the old have stood by many graves. At thirty you feel the loss of friends and companions keenly. You set out with them on the journey, full of strength, and life, and hope; and now they have fallen by the wayside, one by one—those you loved best perhaps—and you are alone with strangers. There was a time when you could not have imagined life tolerable without those friends of your heart; but what have you done when they sank beside you on the road, but paused for a moment, and said, "Poor fellow!" dropping a single tear, and passing on. There is a bitter but profitable reflection in this. A man of great mark, much esteemed, and held in high regard by the circle in which he moves, sinks into an untimely grave. Just for the moment there is a hush among those who knew him; a few tears are shed, a few grave looks are interchanged; but to-morrow brings dry eyes and cheerful faces, and his friends eat and drink and make merry before the week is out. The persons who do this are not more heartless than the rest of their kind. It is a failing common to humanity. It is hard to grieve enough. Often and often I have caught myself laughing and making merry when I felt that I had yet a heavy debt of tears to pay to a dead friend. So it will be with you. You will die, and the friends who now "grapple you to their souls with hooks of steel" will be gay of heart with the next sun. There are some who ridicule the conventional ensigns of grief, "the trappings and the suits of woe." They are wrong. It is the only way in which poor weak humanity can give permanence to its sorrow. Let us show it on our hats, if we can not in our hearts, that we are grieving for a friend. Let crape redeem our cold stint of tears. I hold that the least we can do for a friend when he is dead is to pay all honor to his remains. When he is alive, do we not set our house in order to receive him; do we not place the choicest viands before him,

and allot him our best room? Does he need all the superfluities which we press upon him? No. But we are lavish in our attentions that we may show him respect. And shall we have no further regard for him when the spirit has fled, and his clay—that clay which we honored so much in the warmth of life—has grown cold? Away with your hard shopkeeping maxims! Leave me to pillow the head of my dead friend upon the softest satin, and furnish his last house with becoming state. It is the last service I can render him. I can not pay him all the debt of grief I owe him. Let me wring my purse-strings if I can not wring my heart-strings.

I am reminded of Queen Elizabeth's injunctions to the discursive preacher at Paul's Cross. "To your text, Mr. Dean—to your text!"

Well, my text is "Turning over a new leaf," and I am coming to the point in my own way. This night when the last days of the year are ebbing away, a fair hand playing with my dark locks has discovered a gray hair—the first gray hair! I had never seen such a thing—never dreamt of such a thing! At my age: I could not believe it.

It was laid upon a band of black velvet and placed before me.

I can resist conviction no longer. There it lies, blanching and white—white as the driven snow! And it is *my* hair. It seems but yesterday that I was at school, wishing I were a man. And now to-day I am gray, and growing old. What have I done in all this time? Have I fulfilled a man's mission upon earth—have I made any step towards it? Have I done any good in the most infinitesimal degree, for which the world is wiser or better? I can not answer my own questions. I am dumb, and sitting here contemplating that white hair, with the sense that another year is gliding away, I feel that it is time in right good earnest to turn over a new leaf. I have made the resolution often before, but never under the sense of obligation which now weighs upon me. I remember a certain "Hogmanay" night, ten years ago, when half a dozen young fellows sat round a certain hospitable fire, which has, alas! been quenched. We were not, any of us, in good heart, and we resolved with the new year to turn over a new leaf. It was a trifling proceeding—little better than sport. When twelve o'clock struck, one laid down his pipe,



and said, "From this moment I give up smoking;" another threw his box into the fire, and said, "I will snuff no more;" a third said, "I forswear billiards henceforward;" a fourth resolved to master the German language before that day twelve months. These were small leaves to turn over; but the result was not unimportant. These vows made in concert, at the midnight hour of the last night of the old year, were kept for twelve months. The smoker and the snuffer relapsed; but the billiard-player broke himself of a passion for play, and was a richer man for it. The aspiring linguist learnt German well enough to read it, and has been a man of more value in his vocation ever since. Would that I could meet all those friends again on the last day of this waning year that we might resolve anew, and on a broader plan! I would say to them: "Let us begin the new year with chastened hearts, and with a resolve to shape all our actions by the rule of Christian charity; let us measure all we do by the gauge of truth, for then, whatever be the result, we shall have the consolation of knowing that we have striven to walk in the right path! "But, alas! that same company will never meet together on earth again.

It is the fashion with many persons to dance the old year out, as if it were a matter for rejoicing that another period of life is gone. I hold it is no time for dancing nor for mirth. It is a time for thought and serious reflection; a moment to pause and gird up our loins for a fresh start on the journey of life. The time is peculiarly favorable for making new resolutions, and if they are solemnly made by a family, or social circle, by the fireside, as the bells ring out the knell of the old year, they are more likely to be remembered

and kept than if they were made at a less impressive moment.

Thirty years ago, a young man began to feel the burden of a rapidly increasing family. His companions in the race of life pitied him, and prophesied that he would never get on, with so large a family dragging upon him. The young man himself quailed before his responsibility, and almost lost heart, for he had already seven children, and was little more than thirty years of age. But on the last night of a certain year he made a resolution. He said, "I will do my duty by my children; I will strain every nerve to give them a good education to fit them for making their way in the world."

For this end he toiled and slaved, and denied himself; and when his friends and associates saw him in rusty clothes, and with careworn looks, plodding on year after year, getting poorer rather than richer, they sighed for his hard lot, through the curse of a large family that weighed upon him and crushed him.

That imagined curse became a blessing. That man is now in the sere and yellow leaf, happy, contented, and well provided for by his sons and daughters, who, through the superior education they received, are now occupying positions in life which may almost be termed brilliant. This is no parable.

I have preached my sermon, and have only to add one "lastly" to my congregation. Don't dance out the old year; don't let it slip away amid mirth and thoughtlessness. Seize the moment to be sober and thoughtful—to make good resolutions for the future. When these are made, with a strong heart and a firm will, then may we truly wish each other a Happy New Year.

A. H.

**CURE FOR SMALL-POX.**—The *German Reformed Messenger* has received a letter from a friend in China, in which it is stated a great discovery is reported to have been recently made by a surgeon of the English army in China, in the way of an effectual cure of small-pox. The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the

internal organs. This is said to be now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, by general orders, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

**TIME AND ETERNITY.**—A Christian traveler tells us that he saw the following admonition printed on a folio sheet in an inn in Savoy: "Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity; a God who sees you, a moment which flies from you, an eternity which awaits you; a God whom you serve so ill, a moment of which you so little profit, an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

From Chambers's Journal.

## ASTRAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK.

WE talked again of Brock Edmunds. His strange disappearance had been the theme of the mess, since his departure for Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous, and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over to the enemy. He was a Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love, he must forswear his country. Meaner men had superseded him in the staff, and he had revenged himself by perjury and desertion. But though these paltry libels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honor as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or "fly" of the mess-tent, recreating ourselves with whisky and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrade, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive portico of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses trampled garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a lavatory for thousands of wanton soldiers.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmunds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general's tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders, whose quarters were at Rappahannock, a railway station on a river of the same name, eighteen miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o'clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rap-

pahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-fire, still further on, complaining, in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head-quarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket-posts were so close and continuous, that the lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our out-riders brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmunds, and no recent prisoners had heard anything of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were we, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before, had met by assignment upon General B.'s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New-York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

"Heigh-ho!" said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits, "how we miss Brock's jolly laugh."

"Camp has become so insufferably dull," said Bigswig, "that I shall resume the old 'biz,' and throw up my commission."

Bigswig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

"If it isn't positive conceit to repeat any thing that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chickahominy song," said Chockmer, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

"I pray ze," said Saint Pierre, with a supplicatory grimace, "do not, Monsieur Chockmâre."

"Go on," said Wicklowe, drinking again: "any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence."

As Chockmer's wheezy notes rang on the night, I saw the glare of camp-fires reddening the woods and sky; I heard the clatter of bayonets at the hour of guard-relief, and some of the negro servants singing sweetly sonorous choruses. The faint, hollow roll of a distant drum blended mystically with the rustle of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general's tent. A horse stood saddled in one of the broad graveled aisles, and I could hear the "tick, tick, tick" of the telegraph instrument in a Sibley canopy adjoining.

A month had thus transformed one of the pleasantest of solitudes, and the hospitable grounds had been trampled by innumerable hoofs. There were great gaps in the fences, and coarse pencilings upon the walls of the fine old mansion. The furniture had been broken and used to feed Vandal cook-fires. Desolation, following in the wake of armies, had despoiled alike the fertility of nature and the improvements of man. How soon might retaliation affect our Northern homes as we had ruined these?

"Left'nant Mintlin!"

I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognized a tall, athletic orderly. As I faced him, he respectfully saluted, and said: "The ginerall nades ye, sir, immadiately, at his quarters."

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some onerous duty would devolve upon me.

"There's twenty pages of a report to copy," said Bigswig.

"I'll lend to you my leetle *cheval, mon ami*," said Saint Pierre; "you take one dam journey!"

"Hada't you as well worry down another 'smile' before you go?" said Wicklowe, copiously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, refilled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass-

plot and through a broken wicket, stood in the presence of the general. He was seated at a pine table, covered with maps, diagrams, and manuscripts, and the candle threw an imperfect light upon his handsome bronzed face, and broad, prominent forehead. A trunk, marked with his initials, and a small iron bedstead, with two camp-stools, and a short wooden bench, comprised his furniture; but there was a picture of the Madonna, which never left him, suspended from a nail in the rear tent-pole. This picture had survived all mutations. He had carried it in the Mexican war, when but a lieutenant. It had hung in the halls of the Montezumas, when employed at clerk-duties therein. At Fort Yuma, the Siberia of military stations, he had kept it in his quarters for five monotonous years; and when appointed a colonel, early in the civil war, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prairie.

"Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin!" he said curtly; and as I took one of the chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly-quilted saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly-mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the holsters and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullnesses of the fine indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me: and from the starred shoulder-bars and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, reverses, trial, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeyings. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

"Lieutenant," said he, in his quick nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, "your horse is fresh and saddled!"

I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

"I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you a part of the evening with your friends. There is your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to Rappahannock."

A little leap of my heart, and a slight tremor of my lips, followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

"I may say," continued the general, in his curt sententious way, "since I com-

monly take my *aides* into my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General H., to deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply."

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

"Stop!" said he again. "It is eight o'clock: you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not retire to-night. You will be back at three."

"It is a long and stony way," I said hesitatingly, "and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours."

"It must be done," said he, shaking his beard; "the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good-night."

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again, he stared piercingly into my eyes, half impeachingly, half inquiringly.

"Am I to lose another aide?" he said slowly and sarcastically.

The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. "Not unless you insult him twice," I returned.

"I ask your pardon," said he, in his old dry manner; "you are not a *Virginian*!"

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

"Will you have an orderly to accompany you?"

"Not after the doubt you have expressed."

"Forget it," he said, with irresistible frankness, "as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier. Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good-night."

I repaired to the mess-tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, I leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahannock.

The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to their regiments. Camp-fires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades floated dreamily from invisible fields and copses; confused voices of shouting and singing

were wafted from tented hillsides, and grouped batteries, ambulances, and army-cattle came dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw with some solicitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular, the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmunds disappeared? His route to Rappahannock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness and mystery of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only know that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness, and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clew whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub-timber; the road was little more than a cow-path, so sinuous that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom traveled, and the clay roadway was hard, level, and unencumbered by the slush and *débris* that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The hoofs of my horse struck sparks from stony places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the whine of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and eerie music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets, and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghostly from hill-tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half-human through their great windowy eyes; clearings across which the night-winds blew dismally; and quaint old stacks and hay-barracks—



these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way. And when, at eleven o'clock, I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse into a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H.

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing roundly once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field-utensils went lumbering across the fields, and mounted men loomed away in battalion. The multitudinous camps had folded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general called out to me as I moved off: "Have you heard any thing of Captain Edmunds?"

"Nothing."

"He was a fine fellow," said the general, turning away. "I gave him the proper countersign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing."

"Pardon me a moment, general," I replied, "but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?"

"Ticonderoga," he answered shortly. "Good-night." As a rule I give no regard to coincidences. I do not believe in signs; I despise dreams and omens; but there are moments when reason, in spite of itself, gives way to superstition, and such moments were mine, as I turned my face toward Warrenton Springs, and ground my horse harshly with the spur. Not only had my journey corresponded with that of Brock Edmunds in all essentials of time, route, and object, but the circumstances had tallied, not excepting the otherwise insignificant item of the countersign, for the password on this evening was "Crown Point," and that of the previous evening its associate battle of "Ticonderoga." In addition to these resemblances, I could not forget that the disappearance of my friend had pressed upon my mind for days with peculiar and

intense interest; I had dreamed fitfully of his return, I had talked incessantly of his virtues, I had loved him with the fervor of a brother; nay, I had felt a conviction, too subtle to be explained, too positive to be mistaken—and on this evening oppressive beyond melancholy—that with his fate my life was in some way bound up. It was in vain that I puffed vigorously at my pipe, and strove to recall lighter topics—my mother, perhaps awake even now, and praying in the dim watches for her errant boy; my betrothed, who might be murmuring my name amid her dreams; my mess-companions, roaring at their revels; the grim old general awaiting my return, with the blue eyes of his Madonna ever upon him; the troops on the march, roused up at my unwelcome summons—but one by one these cheerful themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a specter, glided before me in the darkness; his name, like a ghostly refrain, came up to my lips with every hoof-beat; and as I halted obedient to challenge, by the last clustering picket, my hollo of "Crown Point" seemed to provoke a thousand dismal echoes of "Ticonderoga" and "Brock Edmunds."

"Have you the time, sentry?" I called to the patrol.

"Twelve o'clock, midnight!" said the deep voice of the horseman, vanishing in the gloom.

For nine miles to come I should meet no living soul. The blowing of my pony, as I spurred him again, admonished me that hard travel was beginning to tell upon him; so I beat the ashes out of my pipe, buttoned my coat close to the throat, and chirping encouragingly, pushed forward gallantly, though not at headlong speed. But the flush and exultation of my ride were over; a strange weird nervousness had succeeded. The noise of wild swine in the brush alarmed me; twice I laid my hand agitatedly upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk. Ashamed of these unmanly weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful stave, but my voice was so hollow and unreal, that I shuddered and ceased. At last, with a loud "Woa," and a chill, quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road, and felt the perspiration standing like night-dew on my forehead.

I too was lost!

For more than an hour I had failed to recognize passing objects. However my tremor and terror had lengthened the miles, I had yet preserved some approximate estimate of time, and knew that, in the due course of travel, I should have been at Warrenton Springs. But in the rush of fears and fancies, in the gloom and shadow of the night, in the certainty that having thrice gone over the same road, I should follow it safely again, I had missed my way. In place of the scrub-maple, oak, magnolia, and gum that shut in the by-road by which I had come, I was now encompassed by dwarf pines and cedars, that revealed the open sky, but gave even more than the ordinary lonesomeness to the scenery. Sterile, uninhabited, interminable as I knew such soil to be, there was the additional fear that I had emerged upon a stretch of Virginia forest, wherein the traveler might wander for months, in dreary circles, finding neither outlet, guide, nor subsistence.

My first impulse was to retrace my steps, but after-thought suggested that I might go still further astray, turning in the darkness into some more devious and dangerous path. I then bethought me of resting for the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me; but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a stammering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim, uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chirping to my beast, went wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farm-house or negro-hut. After the space of a half hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dismally behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log-cabin, I had the satisfaction of dismounting before an ancient Virginia residence,

where a candle still burned in the lower story, and streaming through a window, cast a flood of light across the yard. It was a dwelling framed after a fashion immemorial in the South. Long, open porches, roofed and railed, and ascended by steps, inclosed it in front and in rear, while the brick chimneys at the gables were built outside of the house, and against it. The kitchen was a separate building, but connected with the dwelling by a covered passage-way, or colonnade, and both dwelling and kitchen had peaked or double roofs. There were, as I saw at a glance, two wells, one modern in construction, consisting of a windlass and chain for raising or lowering the bucket; but the other was a description of well found only in America, and even there rapidly falling into disuse, known as the pole or balance-well. It consisted of a long hickory pole or shaft, suspended from a forked or crotched upright, and tied at its short or tapering end to a pendant or rod. To this was attached the bucket, which could be readily lowered by hand, and hoisted by the superior weight of the long end of the pole. I was particularly attracted to this latter well, because, curiously enough, the heavy end of the pole was in the air, and the bucket apparently at the bottom of the well. The well-hole was covered with planks, and from the circumstance of a broken plow being deposited above them, I inferred that the well was no longer used. It had a quaint and venerable appearance, standing thus in the night, and I wondered that its position should be so reversed. The whole place, indeed, had an air of gloom and improvidence. Some of the windows in the dwelling were stuffed with old hats and breeches, the whitewash had peeled from the weather-boarding, the porches were rotten and tottering, and except the cheerful glow of the fire, I saw nothing indicative of hospitality and comfort. Long experience in camps, however, had familiarized me to rough fare, and I felt very grateful for the opportunity to rest till morning, and to feed my faithful pony.

Leaping lightly up the steps, and traversing the porch, I knocked thrice, quickly and loudly. Some shuffling of feet and earnest whispering ensued, and then a hideously-deformed boy opened the door. I do not know that I have ever seen a face so terror-stricken; his lips were quivering, his knees trembling, and

the hand by which he held the latch shivered and rattled in a fearful manner. I saw at a glance that one of his feet was clubbed, and that his right arm was short and withered. Beside a blazing log-fire in a great sooty chimney-place sat two girls and a very old man, who seemed quite as ill at ease. The pale faces of the girls were little relieved by the attitude of the man, who had attempted to rise, but appeared to have been paralyzed in the act. In his hand he grasped the tongs, and his face expressed conflicting emotions of hate, fear, and despair.

"Good-evening," said I soothingly; "I hope that I haven't disturbed you."

"You *have* disturbed me," said the old man, rattling the tongs in his quaking fingers; "you ha' nigh been the death o' me. You ha' given me a turn that'll shorten my days. What are you arter, on folk's property in the dead hour o' night, knockin' at their doors, and scarin' their wimmin?"

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

"Compose yourselves," said I, walking into the room, my spurs clattering, and my sword dragging along the floor; "I am not an enemy, though I wear the uniform of one. I am a soldier, as you see, astray and wearied, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse."

"We ha' nayther bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beggary and tears come upon you all, as you ha' brought them upon us!"

"Nay, then," said I, drawing up a chair, and seating myself resolutely by the hearth, "since you are so inhospitable, I must take what you will not sell. Here I sit, and here I shall remain. If there is food in your stable, I must seize enough for my beast, and at daylight I will leave you."

The cripple looked murderously into my eyes here, as if measuring my strength and courage; but I quietly removed my spurs, cast off my sword, and asked him the way to the stable.

"Get the lantern, Jay," said the man; "if we are to lose the corn, we may as well be paid. Show the soldier to the cowhouse. Gi' him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Marth'-Ann, do you spread a counterpane yer in the corner. Nancy,

VOL. LXI.—NO. 2

fetch up a pail of cider. Stir yer trotters!"

Settling himself in the chair, the old man muttered nervously, and glowered at the fire as he raked the fagots in a heap. Pale and sinister, the cripple limped through a doorway, and fumbled in the darkness of another room for the required lantern. The girls fulfilled their instructions with agitated faces, and cast doubtful eyes upon me at intervals. They were coarsely clothed in frocks of gray kersey, and their shoes were rough and large. The younger of the two had a prettily timid face, with shy black eyes, and her hair was tied with a piece of blue ribbon.

"What's yer name at home?" said the old man at length, looking fiercely up. I replied good-humoredly, anxious to induce a pleasanter reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

"Lightfoot, sir," said he, in a tone of mingled braggadocio and sullenness. "The Lightfoots ha' been one o' the fust families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best speaker that ever sot in the legislater of Virginy. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch o' the family, and owned the best Piedmont horses in this section o' country. Patrick Lightfoot of Jeems River"—

"Yers the lantern for the Yankee," said the cripple, limping into the room. He stared blackly and half-defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to "look alive arter my hoss," led the way across the yard to a log-stable or shed.

"Stop," said I; "the good pony must be watered," and I turned toward the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seized me with the grip of a strong man.

"Don't go there!" he said, with a strangely altered voice; "there ain't no water there! The pole has got wedged at the bottom. Come yer; come this way."

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was not more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so inconsistent, as I thought, with his deformity. Truly I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, but refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling I found a table spread, and some

Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned at length to the old man.

"This is a sad war, sir!"

"You folks got it up."

"We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do."

"Likely. Look at me, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes?"

"Come," said I softly, "let us lay these things aside to-night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you forgotten the palmy time of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at *Ticonderoga*?"

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the iteration of the last word, a deathly pallor came over the old gentleman; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung nervelessly upon his chair. From bold, maniacal, defiance, he had changed to cowed, tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a staircase, and shuffling like a man in a dream disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired; and I was left alone with the cripple, astounded at the effect of my oratory, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with bitter Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unprecedented. There was certainly the extenuating circumstance of the younger Lightfoots' connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way, I could account for their passion; but the more appalling evidences of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some minutes sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leering

darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in no very amiable voice: "My man, haven't you a face in your *répertoire* less devilish than that you are wearing to-night?"

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

"I shall be under the necessity of tossing a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance."

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally it ceased, and the house was given over to silence. Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plentifully, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations. Why were these people out of their beds at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? Had some great remorse with them blended with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disarmed, solitary, and asleep? Pshaw! a cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had unmanned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors?

I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my holsters with my foot, and leaning my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting horse, a popular preacher, a Confederate general, a head of Washington. Opposite, lay a door and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked out upon the two porches. A rough mantel-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coon-skin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish denizens of this place with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was that of my own affianced, Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms upon my breast, and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whiskey and cider



that troubled me; at any rate, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among these fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my mess, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the affianced of my love, they failed in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed, the huge shaft had fallen upon my heart, and bruised it most cruelly; again I had fallen into the well, and climbing to the surface, found that I had been swimming in blood; and, in the end, both shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leeringly upon a bucket, and as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition.

At this latest phase of my dream, I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted by the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent panes, quick, spectral, and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was closed, the room deserted. My sword remained upon the table, my holster and pistols still lay upon the floor where I had thrown them. With a sneer and an execration, I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld, as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a niche in the door towards my holsters. Quicker than the thought, I had leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned toward the well. The great pole stood poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well! One by one I removed the outlying boards. The plowshare rang funereally as I heaved it aside, and the deep well-pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled stubbornly upward. Surely the

bucket attached must be hooped of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view—a heap inanimate, crushed, and swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmunds' face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grappling-hook of the bucket!

For a moment I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of "Ticonderoga," the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the dimness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demoniac hate of this savage family?

A door in the direction of the stable shut here with a shock, admonishing me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the stall where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed toward it, but received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, that nearly felled me. I closed at once with the cripple, for it was he, and, maddened by pain and rage, threw him heavily upon the ground. A few moments served to bind him securely with a halter, and almost instantly I heard the beating of hoofs in front of the house. Four horsemen rode up in the starlight, and dismounting close to the porch, slipped quietly into the dwelling. A minute more, and I should be discovered; another, and I should be cold and dripping, like the heap of mortality that lay in the well.

I caught at my bridle frantically, dragged my beast to the door, and mounting, dashed over gate and bar. I left all to my horse. I shouted maniacally to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fens, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and, clinging by mane and pommel, gave him freedom of rein and bit. A fierce, feverish de-

sire for life, *life*, LIFE, possessed me. I knew that I was followed. The shouts of the fiends behind me rang hoarsely above the dash of hoofs, and the panting of my weary horse admonished me that he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sins and shortcomings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unsaid, came rushing agonizedly upon me. I was about to realize the glory of war—a pass of steel or a pistol-flash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the general wait impatiently till dawn, in vain my beloved chafe for her expected letter, in vain my mother continue to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my mess-mates would recur to me with bitterness, and in place of a solemn procession and an honorable tomb, I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lonesome well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentrated in those awful moments as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. Oh for my holsters, and the good irons they contained! Oh for my naked sword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursuers were closing the gap between us; I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods beyond me; I recognized the saber of a sentry, and with a mad hullo of "Crown Point! Crown Point!" galloped into the midst of a Federal picket! At the same moment, a score of rifles cracked close beside me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Light-foots only the daughters, for the old man was found stiff and pallid in his bed, and

the saddles of his sons had all been emptied. These worthies had run the gantlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their bridle-path on our return, whereby they had made perilous but frequent visits to the old homestead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barns, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well, to raise the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curiously enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: "Pull up, for God's sake. Here are two men entangled in the water."

The cripple had escaped a "drum-head court-martial," but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavored to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honorable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the general's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription-pony. It was discovered that Edmunds and I had similarly lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death-blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted, in the vain hope of assistance, the memorable password, "Ticonderoga." The unwitting reiteration of this word on my part had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the elder assassin.

Such atrocities can be explained only by the bitterness of the civil struggle which now devastates our unhappy land. May God, in his good Providence, abate the wrath of man, and fashioning good from evil, give lasting peace to all my fellow-countrymen!

## GOLDSMITH, BOSWELL, AND JOHNSON.

IN the finely-executed engraving which has been prepared as an embellishment to the present number of the *ECLECTIC MAGAZINE*, the portraits of three men of literary renown, who lived in a former age, have been made to reappear on the stage as by the wand of the enchanter. Their forms, their features, the aspects which they presented to the eyes of living friends in real life a hundred years ago, have been preserved, have been handed down, with exactness, till now at the command of the artist, and by his skillful manipulations on the hard polished steel, there comes out the look, the expression, the personal lineaments which went to make up the portraits of Goldsmith, Boswell, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, as they appeared in the age in which they lived. The character of their minds, the views and opinions they held, the sentiments which they penned, and all the mental portraiture which they recorded in their written and published productions, have long been before the public, and are to be found in many public and private libraries. But a somewhat different impression and interest is imparted to the mind when we can look on the accurate and well-defined features of the authors of those works which we find pleasure and instruction in perusing. The English artist chose a well-known and recorded incident in the personal history of the men whose portraits appear in the engraving, as a subject for the skill of his pencil. A little imagination only is needed to suppose the artist to have been present at the time, and on the evening in question, and to have photographed the scene as they sat around the literary board.

There are two explanations of the scene in the prints. One is recorded by several biographers of Goldsmith. The names of these celebrated men, and their personal history and relations to each other previous to the time alluded to in the print, are so well known to our readers as to require no extended mention in this place. Our illustrious countryman, the late Washington Irving, who has done so much to enrich and embellish the literature of the English language, in his *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* thus describes the inci-

dent and scene in the engraving. "When Boswell had become more intense in his literary idolatry, (of Johnson,) he affected to undervalue Goldsmith, and a lurking hostility to him is discernable throughout his writings, which some have attributed to a silly spirit of jealousy of the superior esteem evinced for the poet by Dr. Johnson. We have a gleam of this in his account of the first evening he spent in company with these two eminent authors at their famous resort, the *Mitre Tavern*, in Fleet-street, (London.) This took place on the first of July, 1763. The trio supped together, and passed some time in literary conversation. On quitting the tavern, Johnson, who had been socially acquainted with Goldsmith for two years, and knew his merits, took him with him to drink tea with his blind pensioner Miss Williams; a high privilege among his intimates and admirers. Boswell was not invited, and his jealousy was excited." This was the place, thus described by Mr. Irving in his *Life of Goldsmith*, and is a sufficient explanation of the scene and incident in the prints.

The other explanation, which it has been said the artist had in view when he penciled the scene, is the following: "Goldsmith's comedy, 'The Good-Natured Man,' was brought out at Covent Garden in the beginning of 1763. It had been previously declined by Garrick, and did not meet with any very decided success, though Dr. Johnson pronounced it the best comedy which had appeared since 'The Provoked Husband.'" It is said these three men went to Covent Garden on the occasion to witness its performance. When it was concluded they repaired together to the *Mitre Tavern*, to discuss the merits of the comedy and obtain refreshments. In the print the artist represents Dr. Johnson as expressing his opinion to Goldsmith, and that the clock in the room, as seen in the engraving, indicates the hour of the night—eight minutes before two o'clock. Either explanation, we doubt not, will be satisfactory to the reader, though the personages and their portraits may be regarded as the chief objects of interest. The latter is the true explanation in the mind of the artist.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**THE OLD HELMET.** By the authoress of "The Wide, Wide World." In two vols. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers, No. 530 Broadway. 1864. Pp. 328 and 363.

We have received from the publishers these two neat and attractive volumes. They contain a beautiful story, admirably told, in style and language rich and gorgeous, which captivates the mind of the reader, as the graphic and alluring train of scenes and incidents moves on like an ever-changing panorama, presenting the various personages of the story in new positions and aspects, scattering word-paintings in rich profusion at the foot of the reader as he traces the windings of the plot among old ruins and castles of old English history, among hills and valleys clothed in richest verdure. Amid all this affluence of beautiful description the gifted author has run a silver cord of moral and religious sentiment, interesting and instructive, which illumines the whole panorama of the story like as the sunlight of heaven is projected upon the canvas of a fine painting, imparting richness and variety to the whole. "The Old Helmet," which is the title and key to the story, as expanded and illustrated in the views and experience of a number of the personages of the story, is very gracefully interwoven in the woof and web of the narrative. The publishers and the friends of the accomplished authoress may well congratulate her on the certainty of success and the great favor with which the reading public will receive her book.

#### CHRONICLES OF THE COTTA FAMILY.

M. W. DODD is about to issue a new book of great historic interest and value, embracing the life and times of Martin Luther in the early periods of his life. These chronicles impart a fresh interest to the annals of this remarkable man, and in many respects give to the reading public what they have not seen or read before. It will be looked for with interest. It is already in the bindery.

**MY DAYS AND NIGHTS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.** A Book for Boys. By CARLTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

ILLUSTRATED with cuts of battle-scenes and localities. The publishers have sent us a copy of this spirit-stirring book, which will fire the patriotism of the young hearts for whom it is designed. This book for boys will be read by all the boys in the land who can get it in their hands. This country is rapidly being educated into military science and love of country, and so long as enemies and traitors to the best interests of our race on this continent are abroad planning mischief, it will be needful to have military men, armies, and the fighting of battles. Terrible as war is, its evils must be sometimes endured for the best good of men.

**AMY CARE; OR, THE FORTUNE-TELLER.** By CAROLINE CHESBRO. New-York: M. W. Dodd, publisher, 506 Broadway. 1864.

THIS is a neat volume of some two hundred and twenty-five pages, making a pleasant story for youth,

from the pen of Miss Chesebro, whose name as an authoress is well known to the reading public.

**WASHINGTON IRVING.** Mr. George P. Putnam has sent us the fourth volume of the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving," by his nephew, PIERRE IRVING. 1864.

THE reading public and numerous friends and admirers of this celebrated man will welcome this new volume of his works, so rich, instructive, and entertaining as his writings are. His letters are models of beauty in sentiment and diction. Incidents and facts gem the pages of this book, of great historic value. These volumes are so desirable for what they contain, that no library should be considered complete without them. They are among the standard literature of our country. Mr. Irving wrote, in March, 1855:

"Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theater during my lifetime.

"I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup de théâtre* would be the last that would occur in my time; but each has been succeeded by another equally striking; and what will be the next who can conjecture?

"The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ———, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon a throne, and ——— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor ———! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two.

"Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of 'such stuff as dreams are made of'?

"I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do right to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale."

**HOW TO REBUILD A PALACE.**—The rebuilding of the Pavillon Flora, forming part of the Château of the Tuileries, was carried on so rapidly during the fine season that it is now ready to receive the roof. It will not, however, be habitable until next winter. As soon as it is completed, the Pavillon Marsan will be taken down and rebuilt in a similar style to the Pavillon Flora. The entire of the Château of the Tuileries will thus be taken down piece by piece and completely rebuilt, but on a larger scale than at present, so as to give better accommodation to the occupants.—*Paris Letter.*



**THE NEW BRITISH CARBINE.**—The British government have recently adopted a new breech-loading rifled carbine, which has the following peculiarities: The barrel is twenty-four inches in length—full length, thirty-seven and a half inches—and weighs altogether a trifle under six pounds. It has an effective range of over a thousand yards, is sighted for twelve hundred yards, and will carry a ball or rifle-shell very nearly one mile, or about sixteen hundred yards. The bore of this weapon is the same as the Enfield rifle, and fires a similar bullet, conical, and weighing about an ounce. The contrivance for loading and then closing the breech is one that sends a steel plug into the lower end of the barrel about the third of an inch. The ball protrudes naked from one end of the cartridge, and when fired entirely fills the bore and grooves, thus preventing windage. It is impossible for it to leak fire. By a simple and ingenious contrivance in the cartridge, the gun lubricates and cleans itself, and does not become the least foul, even after firing thousands of times. At the lower or base end of the cartridge is a wad, cut out of heavy woolen felting, at least a quarter of an inch thick. This is saturated with grease, lard, or tallow. The powder is between this wad and the bullet, and after the discharge the wad remains in the gun. Of course the wad goes out before the next bullet, and as the gun grows warm by firing, the grease melts, and the gun is lubricated and cleaned at every discharge.—*Army and Navy Journal*, (U. S.)

**ALLEGED GENUINE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.**—There is good reason to believe that a cast from the features of Shakspeare has been preserved, although very little has been said on the subject. About six years ago, in the course of removing some buildings in Lincoln's Inn Fields near the site of the old Duke's Theater, a noble bust was discovered, which was believed to be one of Shakspeare, from its remarkable resemblance to some of the other portraits and the curious locality in which it was found. This bust, originally in the hands of Professor Owen, is now in the hands of the members of the Garrick Club, in London. A still more curious circumstance remains to be told. A cast of Shakspeare's face had long been in the possession of a German family, and the tradition was that it had been taken after the poet's death for an eminent German then resident in London. The cast has been treasured as a sacred relic for several generations, but at the sale of the family collection a few days ago, it fell into the hands of a German physician—a friend of the late Prince Consort—and on his departure for Australia, this gentleman left it in the care of Professor Owen, with whom it still remains. On comparing the cast with the bust already referred to, there appeared to be no doubt that an original cast and bust, mutually confirming each other, had been found, and that the "vera effigies" of the poet had been placed beyond all doubt. Strange as the story may seem, there is every reason to believe that the main facts are true, and that a real portrait of the poet has been discovered three centuries after his death.—*Birmingham Post*.

**AN ARABIAN LEGEND.**—As Solomon was one day traveling over the desert, through the air, accompanied by his court of genii, feeling oppressed by the heat of the sun, he requested some vultures who were passing by to fly over his head, so as to form a canopy with their wings; this they refused to do,

on which the king, in a rage, said that for a punishment they should lose all the feathers off their necks, which accordingly came to pass. Soon after this a flock of hoopoes passed, to whom the king made the same request that he had done to the vultures. They at once agreed, and Solomon, pleased with their ready compliance, offered them any reward they might choose, and accordingly at their request granted that for the future they and their descendants should wear gold crowns. This, however, they soon found to be a distinction which involved more danger than honor, as they were pursued and killed for the sake of their crowns; they accordingly petitioned the king to take back his gift, which he did, but that they might not be left without a mark of his favor for their good service, he ordered that they should wear a crown of feathers, and have the power of concealing that when they thought it would make them too conspicuous.

**A WOMAN'S GENEROSITY.**—The following interesting anecdote of female generosity is told by Washington Irving in his account of Gen. Greene in North-Carolina during the latter part of the War of the Revolution:

"Apprehending the rapid advance of Cornwallis, Gen. Greene hastened to rejoin Morgan, who with his division was pushing forward for the Yadkin. He spurred forward through heavy rain and deep miry roads. It was a dreary ride and a lonely one, for he had detached his aides-de-camp in different directions to collect the scattered militia.

"At mid-day he alighted, weary and travel-stained, at the inn at Salisbury, where the army physician, who had charge of the sick and wounded prisoners, received him at the door, and inquired after his well-being.

"'Fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless,' was Grene's heavy-hearted reply.

"The landlady, Mrs. Elizabeth Steele, overheard his desponding words.

"While he was seated at the table, she entered the room, closed the door, and drawing from under her apron two bags of money, which she had carefully hoarded in those precarious times,

"'Take these,' said the noble-hearted woman; 'you will want them, and I can do without them.'

This is one of the numberless instances of the devoted patriotism of our women during the Revolution. Their patriotism was apt to be purer and more disinterested than that of the men.

**A PUNCTUAL man** is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he can not ascend.

**NEBRASKA SALT FIELDS.**—Nebraska contains some of the richest salt fields in the world. In Saline and Lancaster counties, fifty miles from the Missouri river, are about twenty thousand acres, in three several basins, covered with a thick crust of salt.

**THE remains of a gigantic animal of the bear species** have been dug out of a land slip near Talbot, in New South Wales. The animal, when alive, must have been ten feet in length, four and a half feet high, and most probably weighed over a ton.

## THE MOANING SEA.

With her white face full of agony,  
Under her dripping locks,  
How the wretched, restless Sea to-day  
Moans to the cruel rocks.

Helplessly in her great despair  
She shudders on the sand;  
And the weeds are gone from her tangled hair,  
And the shells from her listless hand.

'Tis a sorrowful sight to see her lie,  
With her beating, heaving breast,  
Here, where the rock has cast her off,  
Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas! for the foolish sea,  
Why was there none to say:  
"The wave that strikes on the heartless stone,  
Must break, and fall away."

Why could she not have known that this  
Would be her fate at length;  
That the hand, unheld, must slip at last,  
Though it cling with love's own strength?

For now, too late, she has learned the truth,  
Which none who learn forget—  
And this is the best that she can do  
With the future left her yet:

To rise and wear on her face a smile,  
Though her life be ebbing out;  
And she have not even the wretched hope,  
Born of a wretched doubt.

For there is no pity for grief like hers,  
But only scorn and blame;  
And so, she must come to her feet again,  
And hide from the world her shame.

**THE WRECK REGISTER FOR 1861.**—There have arrived and departed during the year 1861 no less than 267,770 vessels from British ports, manned by more than a million and a half of sailors. Of these vessels, 1494 have been wrecked, and of these men 884 have perished by drowning. As our shipping increases, the number of wrecks increases in even greater proportion. The fearful gales of January, February, and November caused the disasters of last year to exceed the average of the last six years by 260. Seven twelfths of all the casualties happened to ships of the collier class, and were owing in most cases to their total unseaworthiness, or the bad look-out kept by their crews. Very few ships over 1000 tons came to much harm. Ten wrecks took place in a perfectly smooth sea, 14 in light airs, 51 in light breezes, 146 in moderate breezes, 320 in strong breezes, 66 in moderate gales, 350 in strong gales, 311 in "whole" gales, 102 in storms, and 52 in hurricanes. Nearly half these wrecks took place among vessels in the home and coasting trade, but commanded by men not required by law to have certificates of competency. The estimated total loss for the year exceeds one million sterling!

**ALL WORLDLY THINGS TRANSITORY.**—It was a custom in Rome, that when the emperor went by upon some grand day in all his imperial pomp, there was an officer appointed to burn flax before him, crying out "*Sic transit gloria mundi*;" which was purposely done to put him in mind that all his honor and grandeur should soon vanish and pass away, like

the nimble smoke raised from that burning flax. And it was a good meditation that one had, standing by a river side: "The water which I see, now runs away, and I see it no more; and the comforts of this world are like this running water, still gliding and running away from me." It must therefore be our care so to use this world as if we used it not, for the fashion of it passeth away; and seeing we can not enjoy the comforts thereof any long time, let us use them well to God's glory that gave them, and not abuse them to our own prejudices.

**GERMAN LITERATURE.**—The following list of the literary productions of Germany during the years 1861 and 1862, abridged from the official *Börsenblatt*, published at Leipzig, may prove of interest to English readers. It may be remarked that smaller publications, such as pamphlets, flying sheets, and similar issues of the press, are not included in the list:

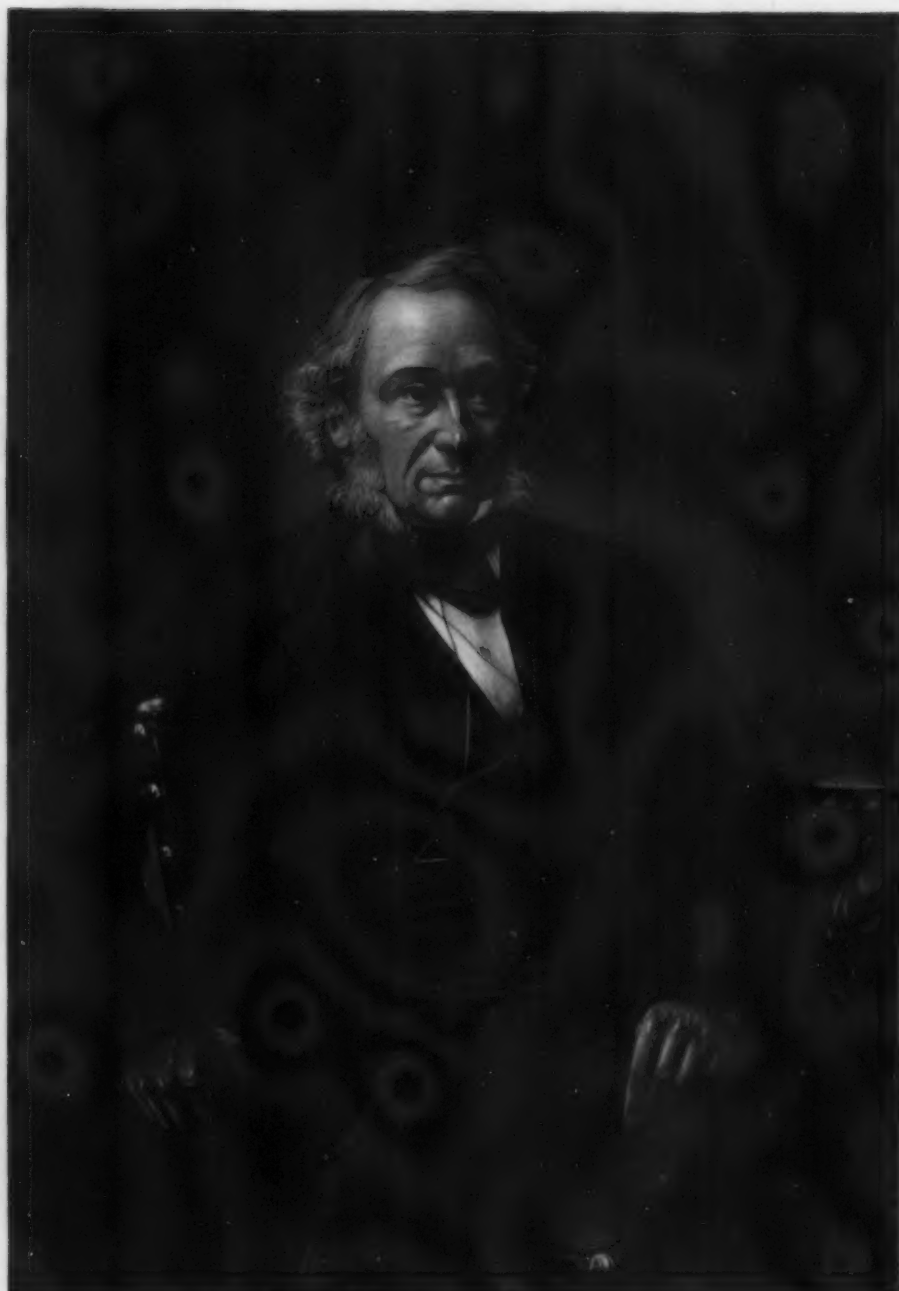
	1861.	1862.
Theology.....	1391	1459
History and Biography.....	619	691
Jurisprudence and Politics.....	986	990
Medicine.....	436	448
Natural History.....	612	483
Philosophy.....	71	84
Educational Works.....	244	812
Juvenile Books.....	244	283
Classical and Oriental Works.....	473	816
Modern Languages.....	243	391
Mathematics and Astronomy.....	96	78
Geography.....	254	243
Strategy and Military Science.....	189	247
Commerce and Trade.....	323	354
Architecture and Engineering.....	181	187
Metallurgy and Mining.....	93	91
Agriculture and Horticulture.....	285	286
Bees and Pigeons.....	209	916
Plas Arts.....	448	494
Works on Freemasonry.....	20	21
Scientific and Hungarian Publications.....	132	189
Maps and Charts.....	168	173
Miscellaneous Books.....	592	624
Total.....	5566	9779

The list shows that the publication of books in Germany is going on at the rate of twenty-seven *per diem*, including Sundays. In Great Britain and Ireland, according to a recent article in the *Spectator*, the production amounts to only 4828 new books a year, or thirteen a day.—*The Bookseller*.

An offer has been made to connect the whole of the West-India Islands by telegraph with the mainland at Cayenne, in French Guiana, and at Key West, near Florida, if a guarantee of six per cent. on the outlay can be obtained. The cost is estimated at £300,000. It is proposed that Cuba should subscribe £2500 a year; Trinidad, Surinam, Porto Rico, Demerara, Barbadoes, and Jamaica, £1500 a year each; Martinique and Guadeloupe, £1000 a year each; and St. Thomas, Cayenne, and Santa Cruz, £500 a year each.

**THE SUEZ CANAL COMPANY.**—The Paris journals publish a very long and elaborate legal opinion on the Suez Canal scheme, occupying six columns, and signed by three eminent counsel of the French bar—MM. Odilon Barrot, Dufaure, and Jules Favre, on the application of the Viceroy of Egypt. These gentlemen, after examining the various incidents connected with the relations which have existed between the present Viceroy of Egypt and the company, declare in emphatic terms that the former has acted with perfect propriety, and that the company is unwise in asking for more than he has thought fit to accord.





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